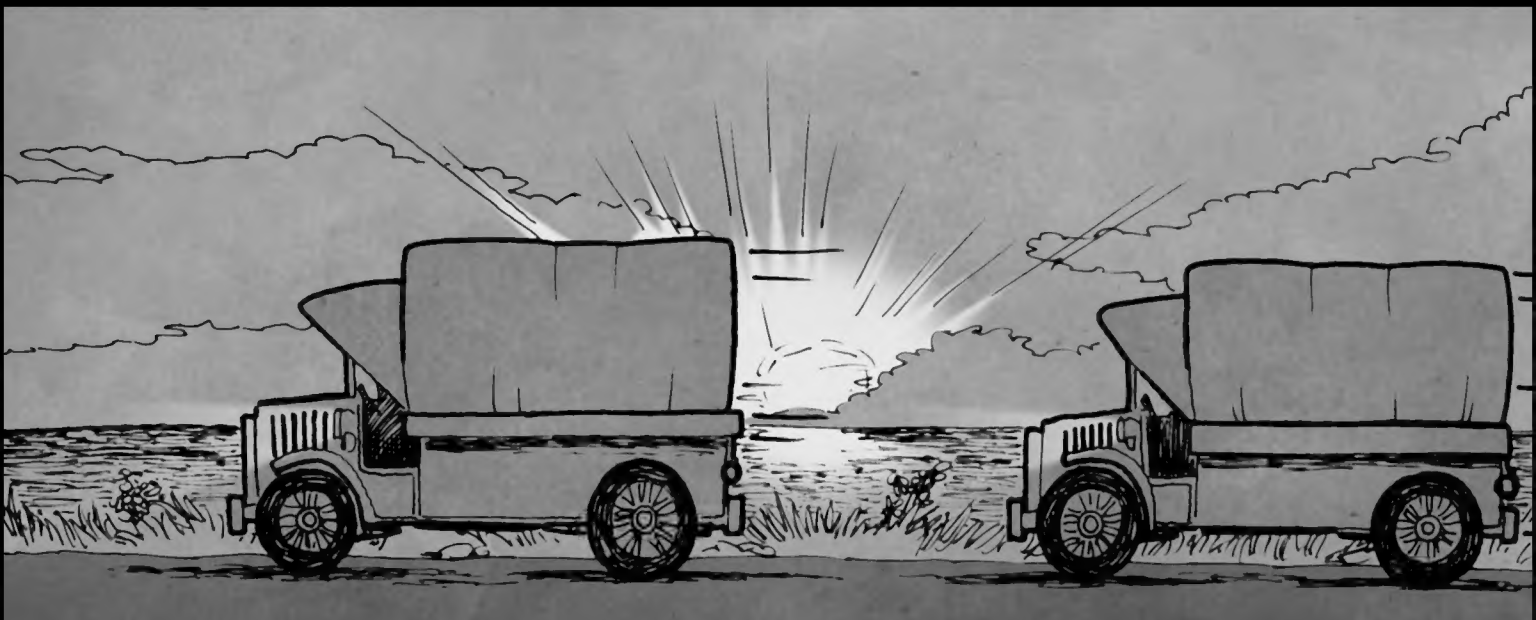
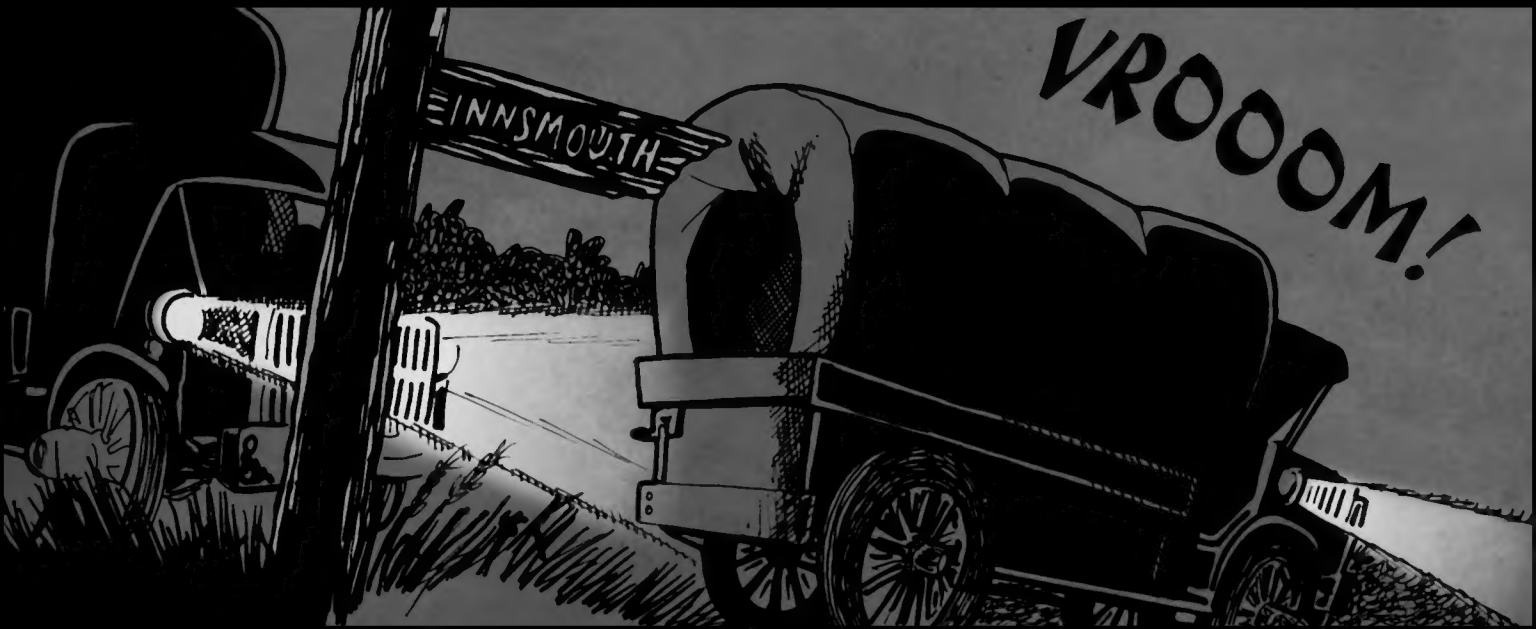


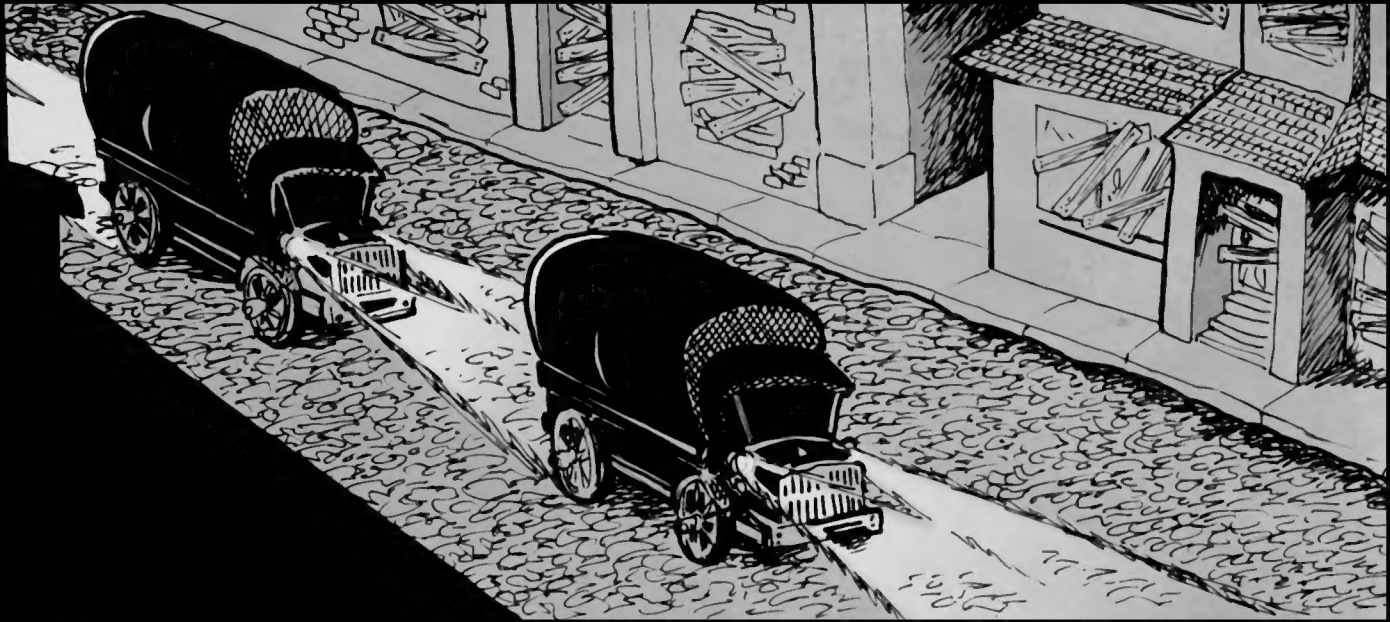
Minnow



Lon Ryden
adapted from a screenplay by
Iago Faustus

Massachusetts,
November, 1927.





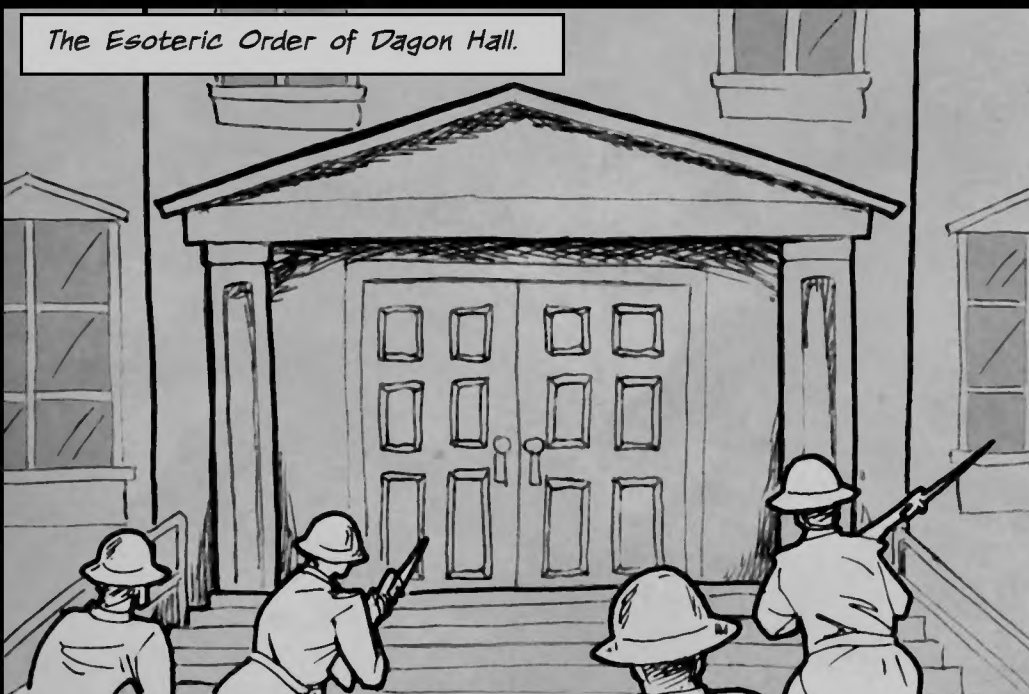
Baker platoon, goes with Lieutenant Fredricks to seize the Marsh Refinery and quell any resistance encountered there.

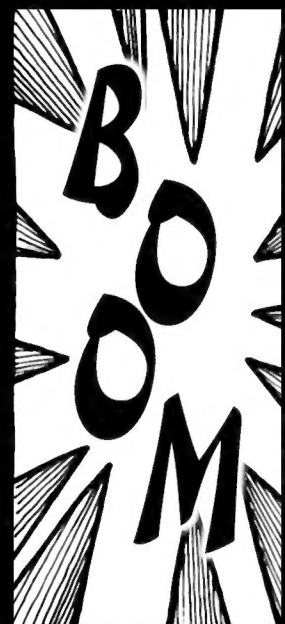
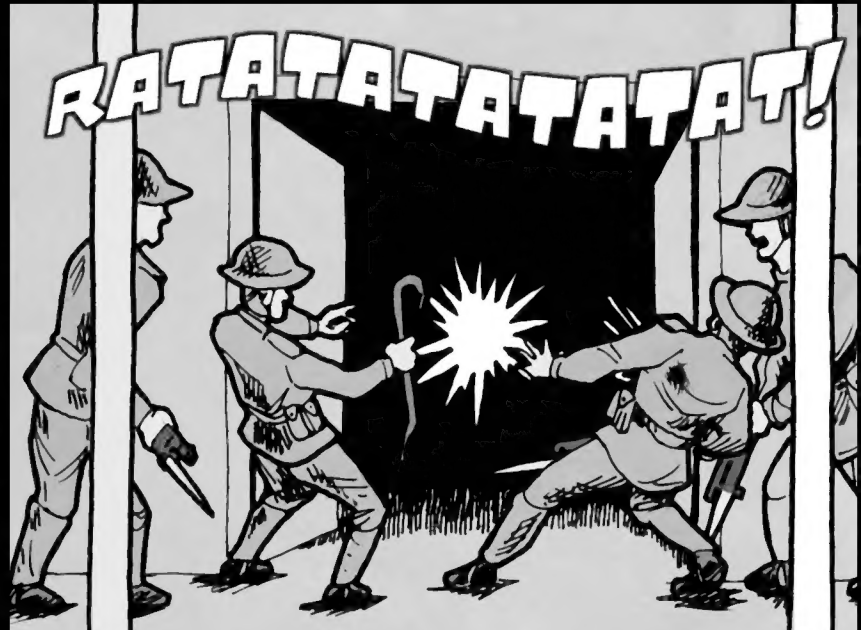


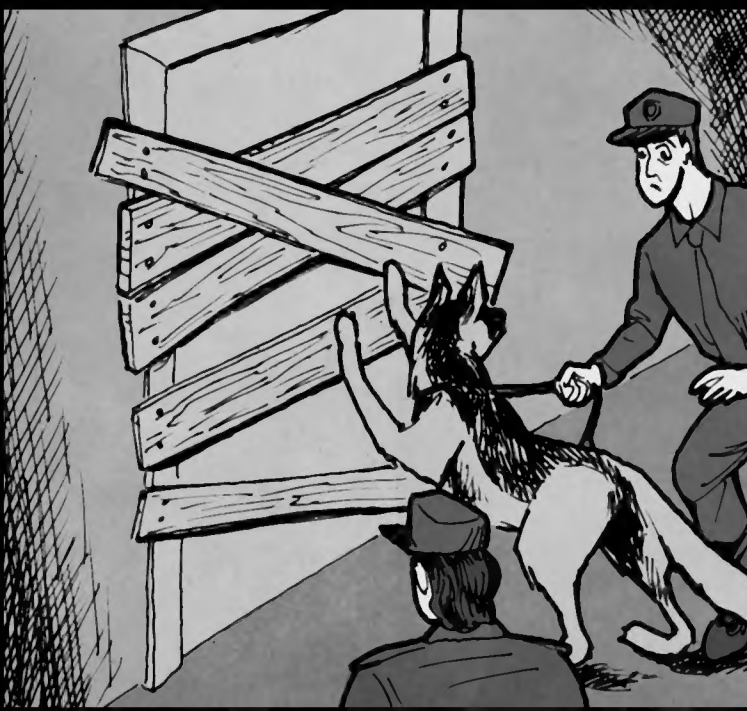
Lieutenant Ward, Charlie platoon is in reserve with you for now. We'll send a runner if we need help. Let's move out!



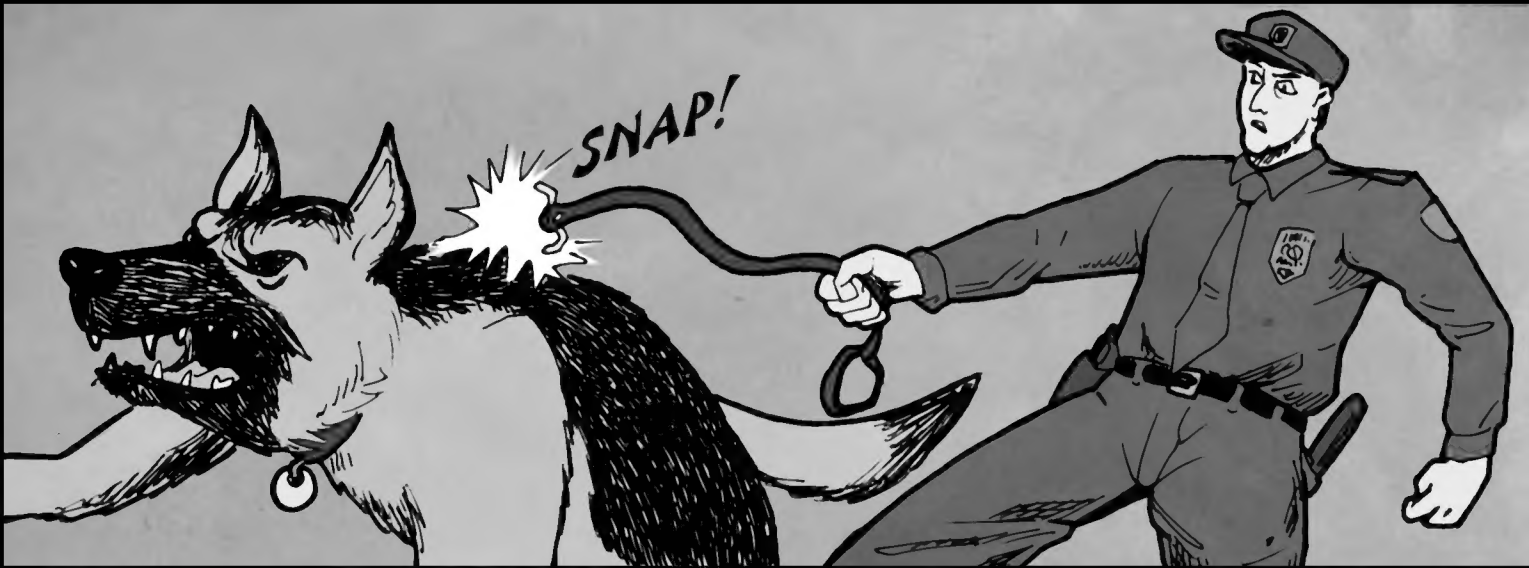
The Esoteric Order of Dagon Hall.











YELP!

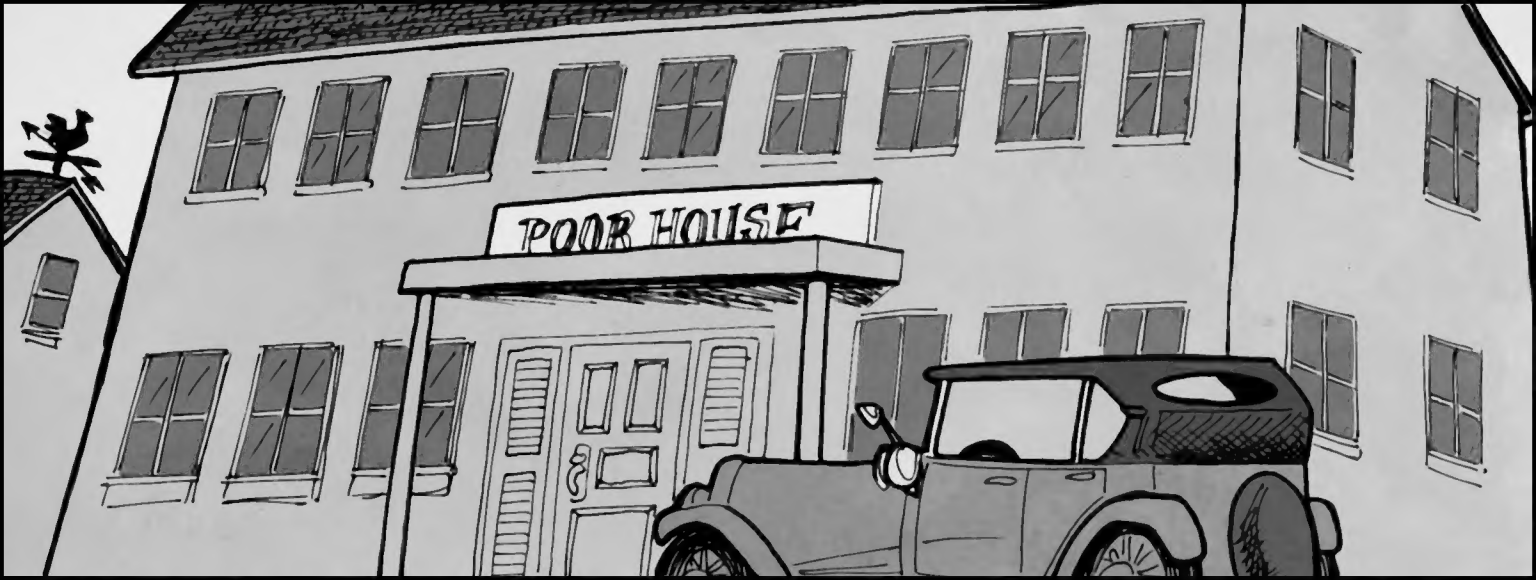
Duke?

WHIMPER

Oh...

my...

Sweet
Jesus.





You needn't worry about that, old-timer. We're not Prohibition Men.



No, gentlemen, we are not. We work for a living.

Heh, heh.



We are instead with a different Federal outfit. The Bureau of Investigation. And we are investigating something.

I am Agent White, and my colleague here is Agent Harris.

Agent Harris here has a little proposition for you all. Agent Harris?

Thank you, Agent White.



This, gentlemen, is a twenty-dollar gold piece.

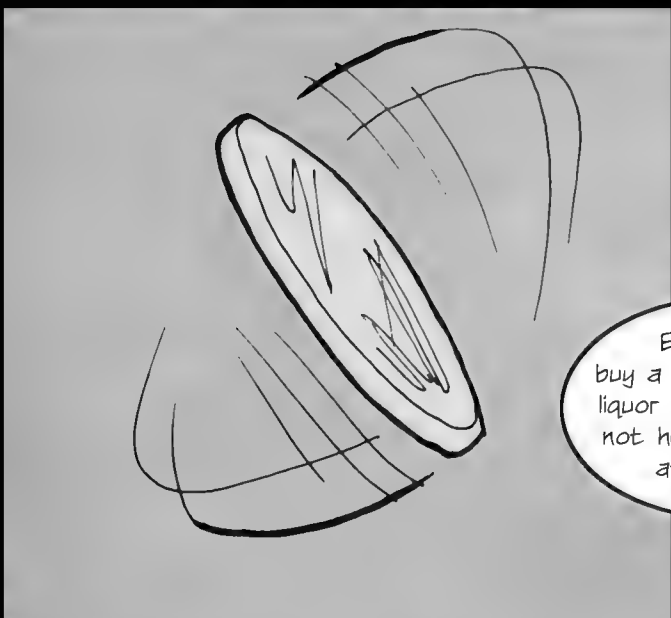
I have five of these lovelies which I am prepared to give away to the man who provides us with the right information.





One hundred dollars, gentlemen.
Think of it.

Enough to get
a man cleaned up and
back on his feet, if
he wants.



Enough to
buy a lot of bootleg
liquor otherwise. I'm
not here to preach
at anyone.



All we want
in return, is for you
to help us find one
Mr. Zadok Allen.

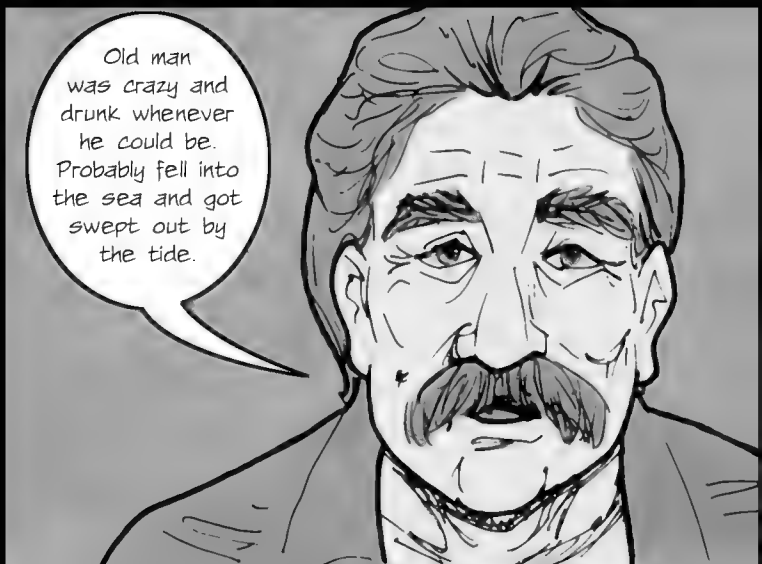


Nobody knows
about Zadok Allen?

We all
knows him,
but ain't nobody
here seen Zadok
Allen for many a
month.



No one
knows?



Old man
was crazy and
drunk whenever
he could be.
Probably fell into
the sea and got
swept out by
the tide.

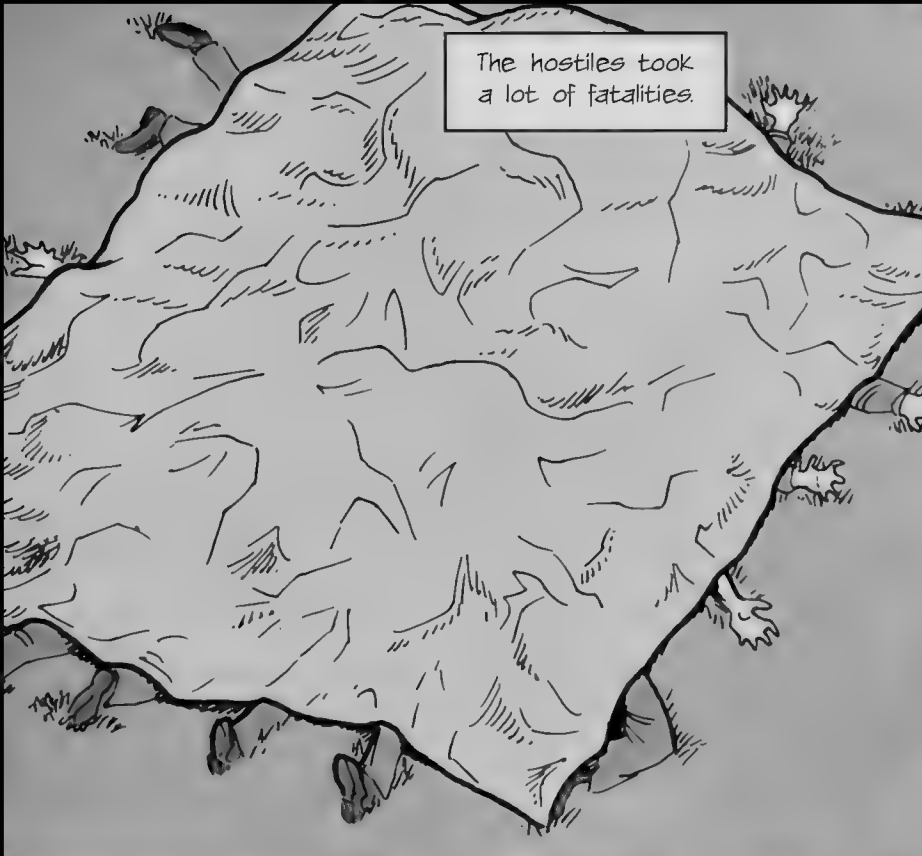


And?

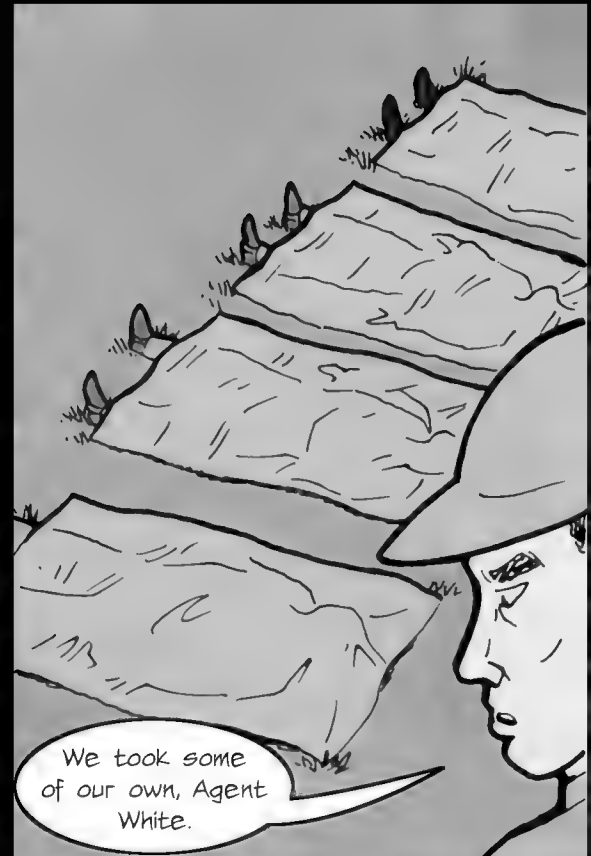


Got nothin'
more to say.





The hostiles took
a lot of fatalities.



We took some
of our own, Agent
White.



Transport is arriving,
Agent White.

No one wants
to remain in this town
after dark, Agent White.
We could always black
up the windows.

We're not
moving them out until we'll
after dark, Captain Wilson.
There are certain things we
don't want decent people
exposed to.

You could,
Captain. But you
can't block out
their *smell*.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1927

HUGE FEDERAL RAID IN ESSEX CO. SEAPORT

A VICTORY IN THE WAR ON LIQUOR?

Prohibition has been a failure in the United States, and the war on liquor is over. The federal government has won a victory in the war on liquor, and the prohibition era is over. The federal government has won a victory in the war on liquor, and the prohibition era is over. The federal government has won a victory in the war on liquor, and the prohibition era is over.

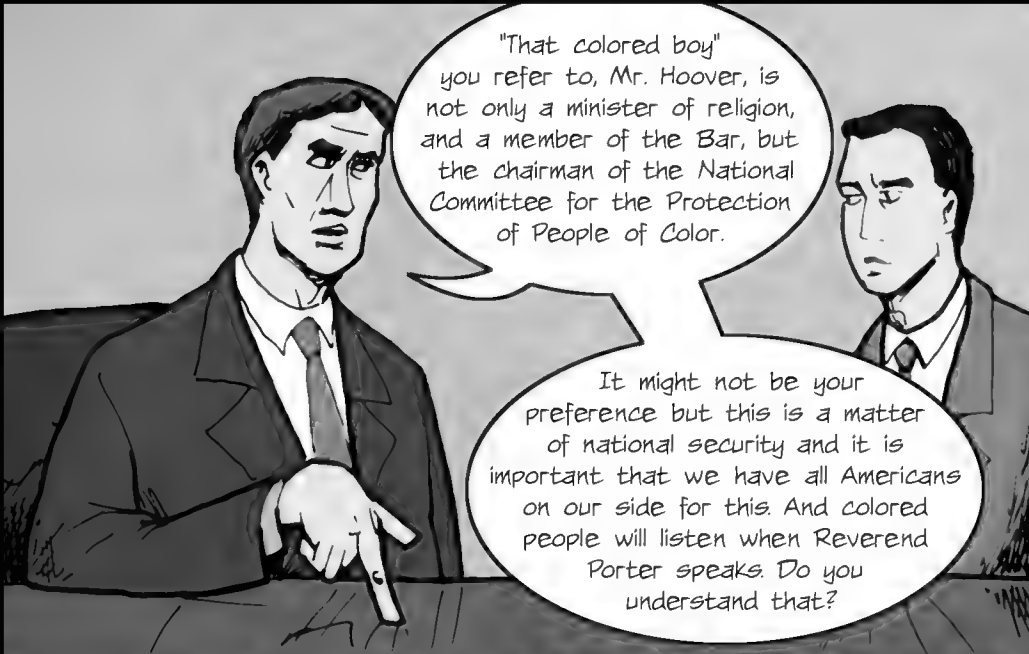
HUNDREDS OF PRISONERS TAKEN

The federal government has won a victory in the war on liquor, and the prohibition era is over. The federal government has won a victory in the war on liquor, and the prohibition era is over. The federal government has won a victory in the war on liquor, and the prohibition era is over.

WASHINGTON D.C.,
SPRING 1928



I understand why we have to talk to the Jew, but do we really have to let that colored boy in here?



≡ KNOCK KNOCK ≡



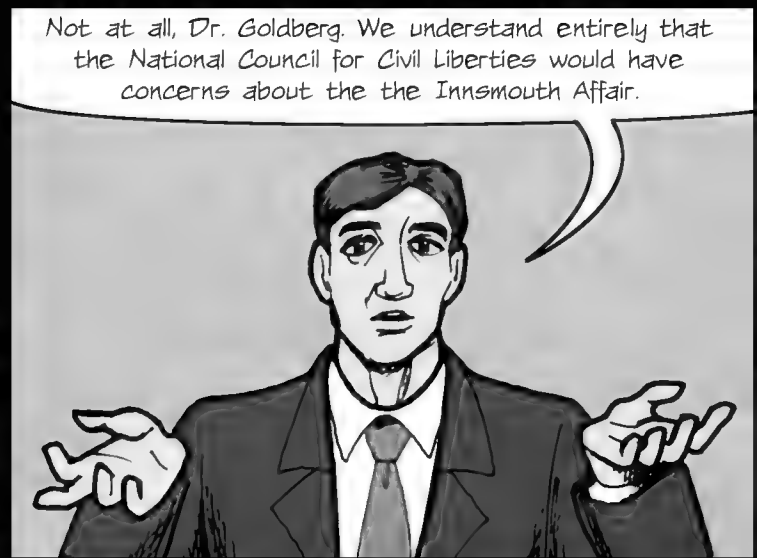


I take it you know Mr. Hoover here, our new head of the Bureau of Investigation.

We have heard of Mr. Hoover, yes.



Attorney General Sargent, I hope you do not find our visit here to be too much of an imposition.



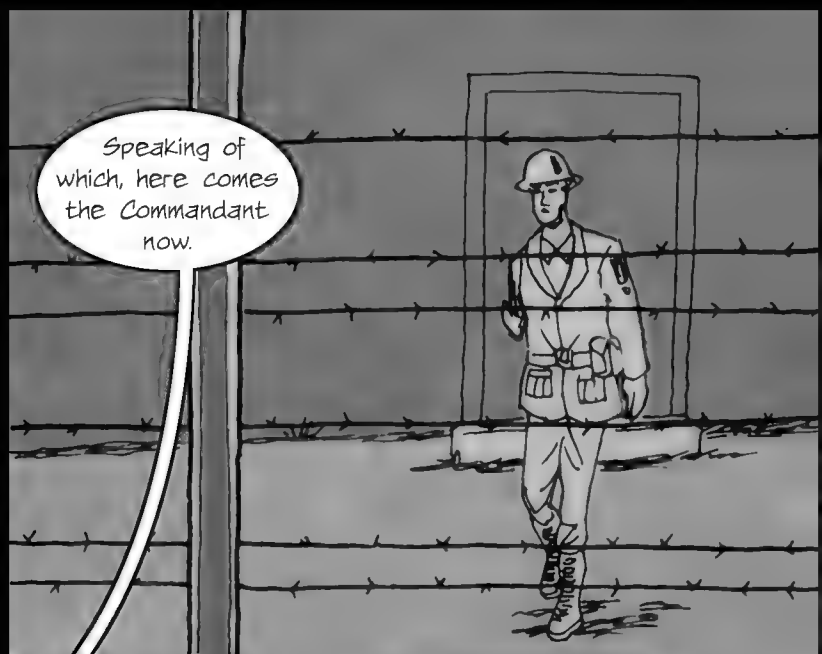
Not at all, Dr. Goldberg. We understand entirely that the National Council for Civil Liberties would have concerns about the the Innsmouth Affair.



Please understand, sir. We understand that issues of national security might be at stake. We are as patriotic as any other American. But when several hundred people are arrested and then there are no reports of any subsequent legal proceedings...

We have, of course, been briefed by your medical officers about possible disease or hereditary degeneration. But with all due respect, you must expect some skepticism.





I must ask you again, sir, whether you think this really is a good idea.





22 pages
today

The Boston Post

EXTRA

SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1928

DANCE HALL EXPLOSION KILLS 40 IN MISSOURI



The explosion at the dance hall in St. Louis, Missouri, which killed 40 people and injured many more, was the result of a gas leak. The gas, which had been leaking for some time, accumulated in the hall and exploded when a light was switched on. The explosion was so powerful that it blew the roof of the hall off and sent debris flying in all directions. The fire that followed the explosion was out of control for some time, but was eventually brought under control by the fire department. The cause of the gas leak is still under investigation.

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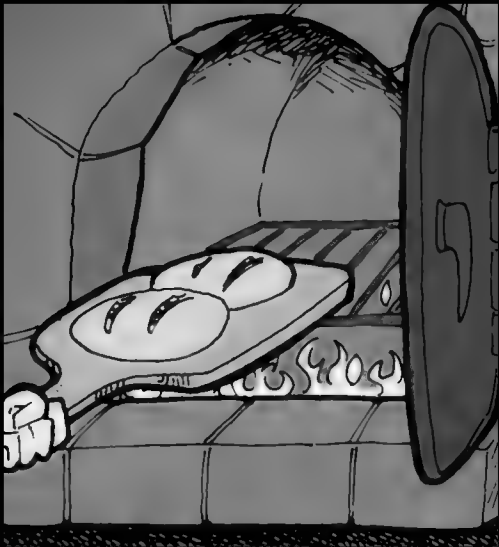
CIVIL LIBERTIES ORGANIZATIONS CONCLUDE PROBE OF INNSMOUTH AFFAIR

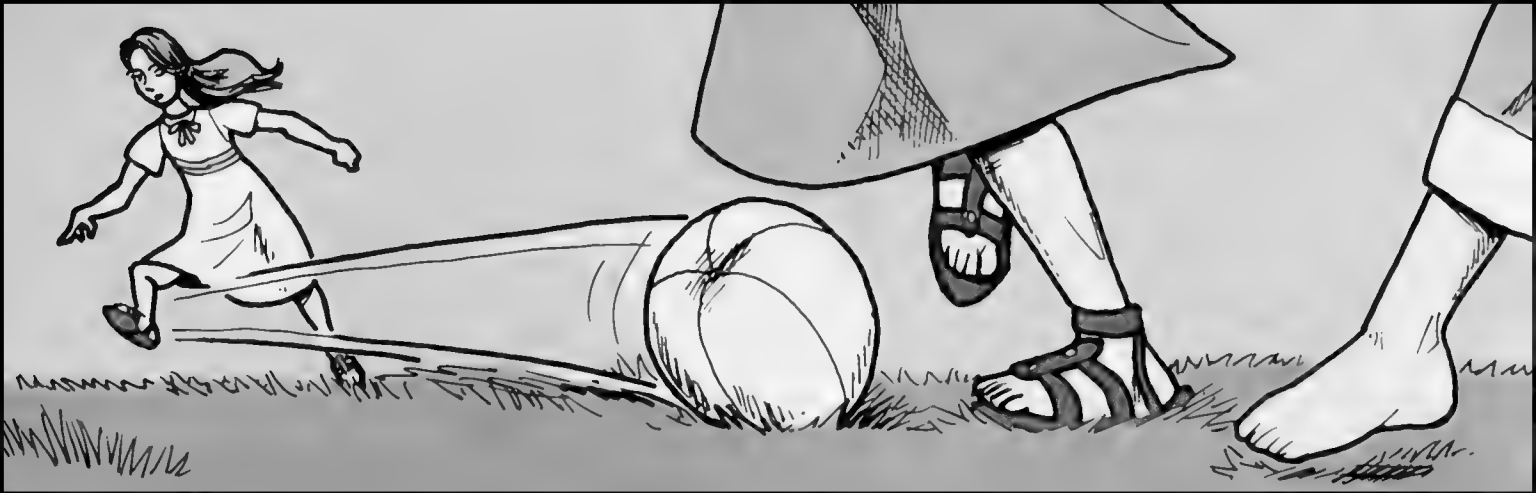
The Civil Liberties Organizations have concluded their probe of the Innsmouth affair. The organizations, which include the American Civil Liberties Union, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and the United Negro College Fund, have found that the Innsmouth affair was a violation of the civil liberties of the people. They have called for a full and fair investigation of the affair and for the punishment of those responsible. The Innsmouth affair, which took place in 1927, was a case of racial discrimination in the housing market. A black family was refused a mortgage by a white-owned bank, and the family was forced to live in a substandard housing situation. The Civil Liberties Organizations have been working to bring this case to the attention of the public and to the government.















Because
you're supposed to,
that's why.



I'm just going
to have to dry it
out after, and I
don't like how
it feels when
it's wet.



Pastor
Ellington
says that girls
must dress in
modest apparel,
shamefacedly and
with sobriety. You
don't want the
pastor to be
disappointed,
do you?

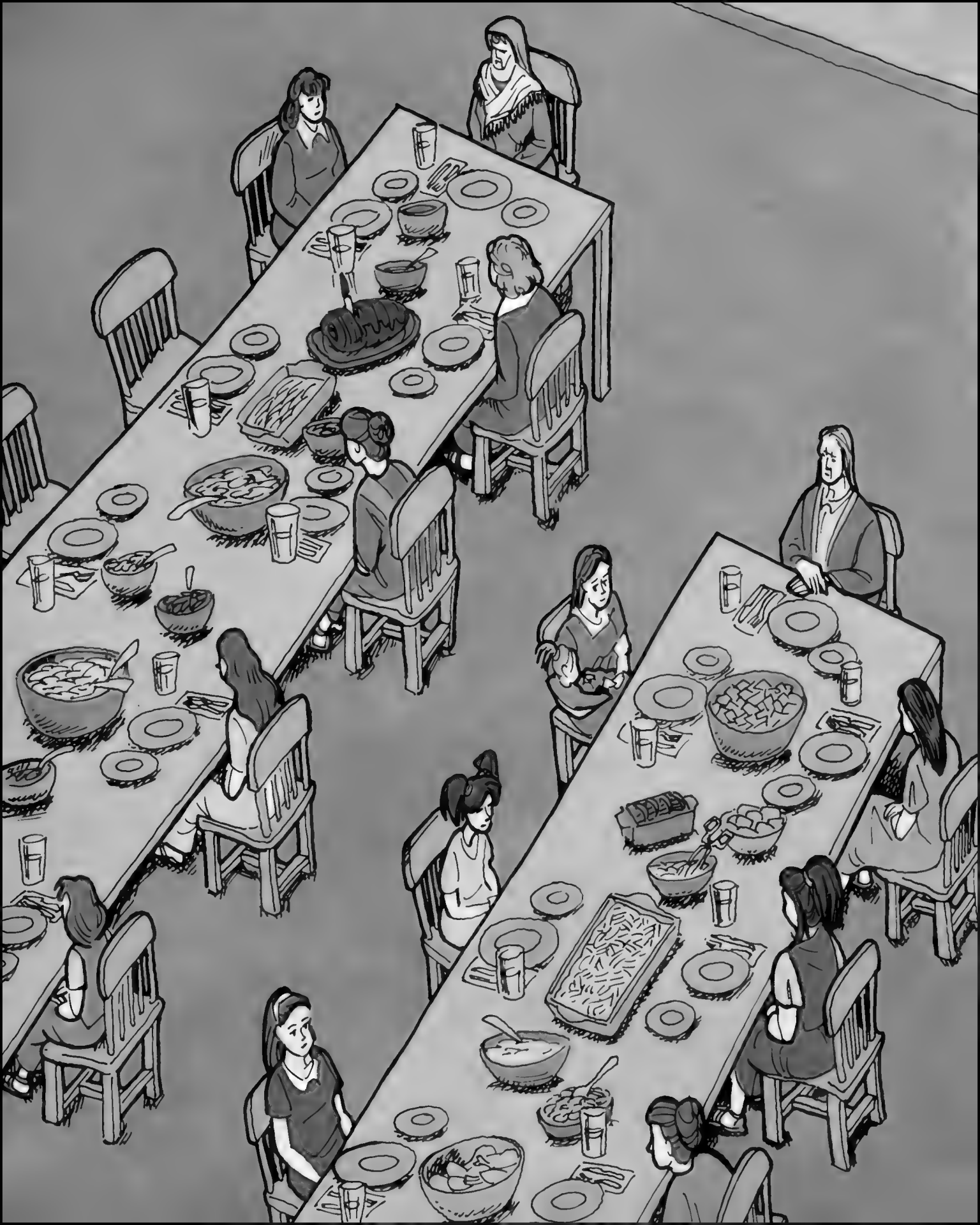














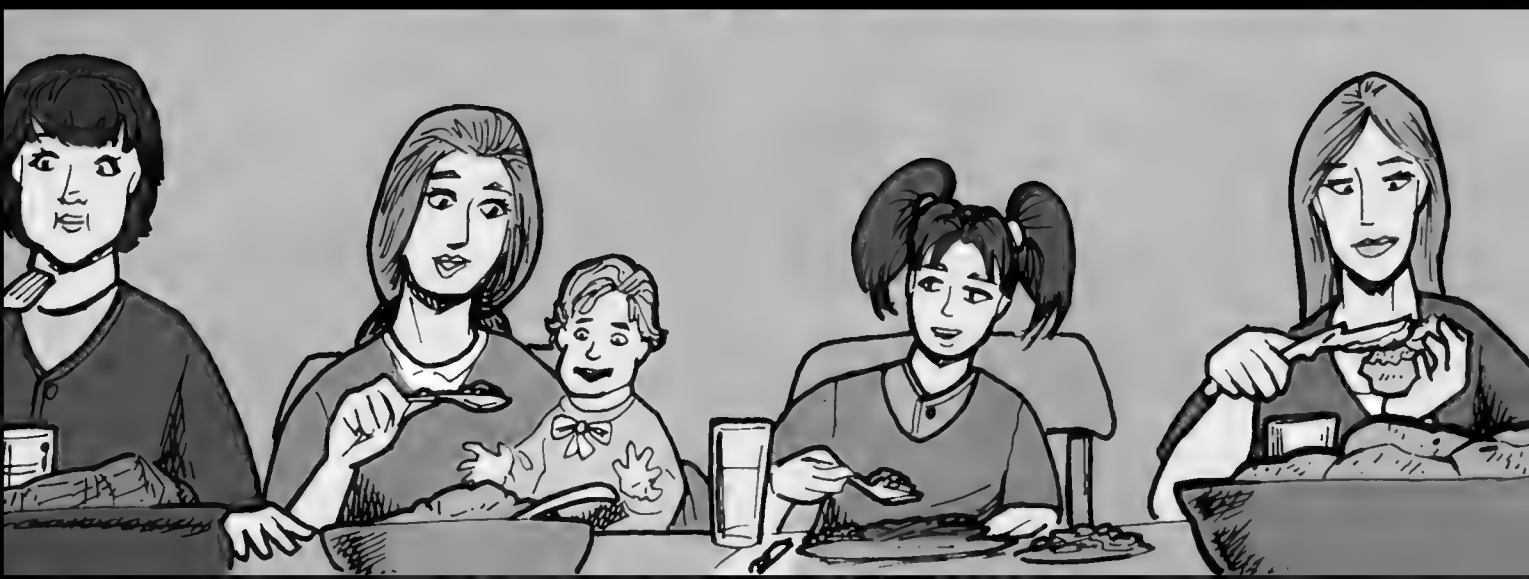
Minnow hid from me. Underwater at the quarry. She gave me a scare, mama.

You deserved it!

Enough of that. It is suppertime and everyone is hungry.

Never could get that one out of the water. Swam like a fish, even when she was tiny.

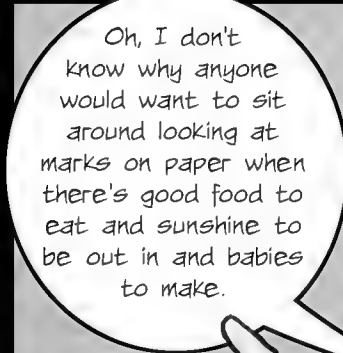
That's why they call her Minnow.







That doesn't seem fair.



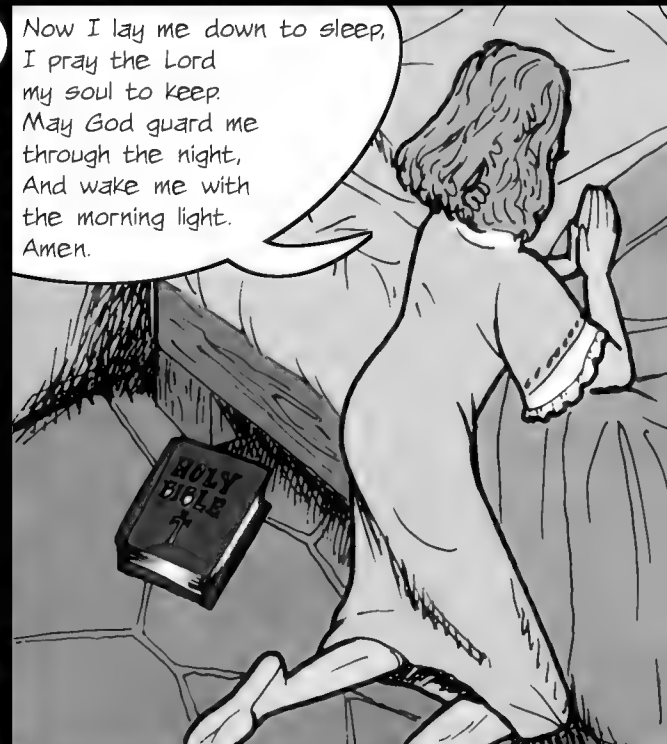
Oh, I don't know why anyone would want to sit around looking at marks on paper when there's good food to eat and sunshine to be out in and babies to make.



The Good Lord has blessed us with a happy life here, Minnow. Now it's late, and it's time to say prayers and go to sleep.

Okay, mama.

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord
my soul to keep.
May God guard me
through the night,
And wake me with
the morning light.
Amen.



Good night, Minnow.

Good night, mama.











SHTUP
OH!

UHN!
SHTUP

We were just... curious...
Grandmother Rose.

Ooh!
UHN!
Aah!



Well, you'll have plenty
of time to gratify your
curiosity about this
sort of thing when
you're older. Unless
of course you are
selected to be
among the Brides
of Jesus. Which
seems quite
unlikely, given
your behavior!




GROAN!
=sigh=

We're sorry,
Grandmother
Rose.


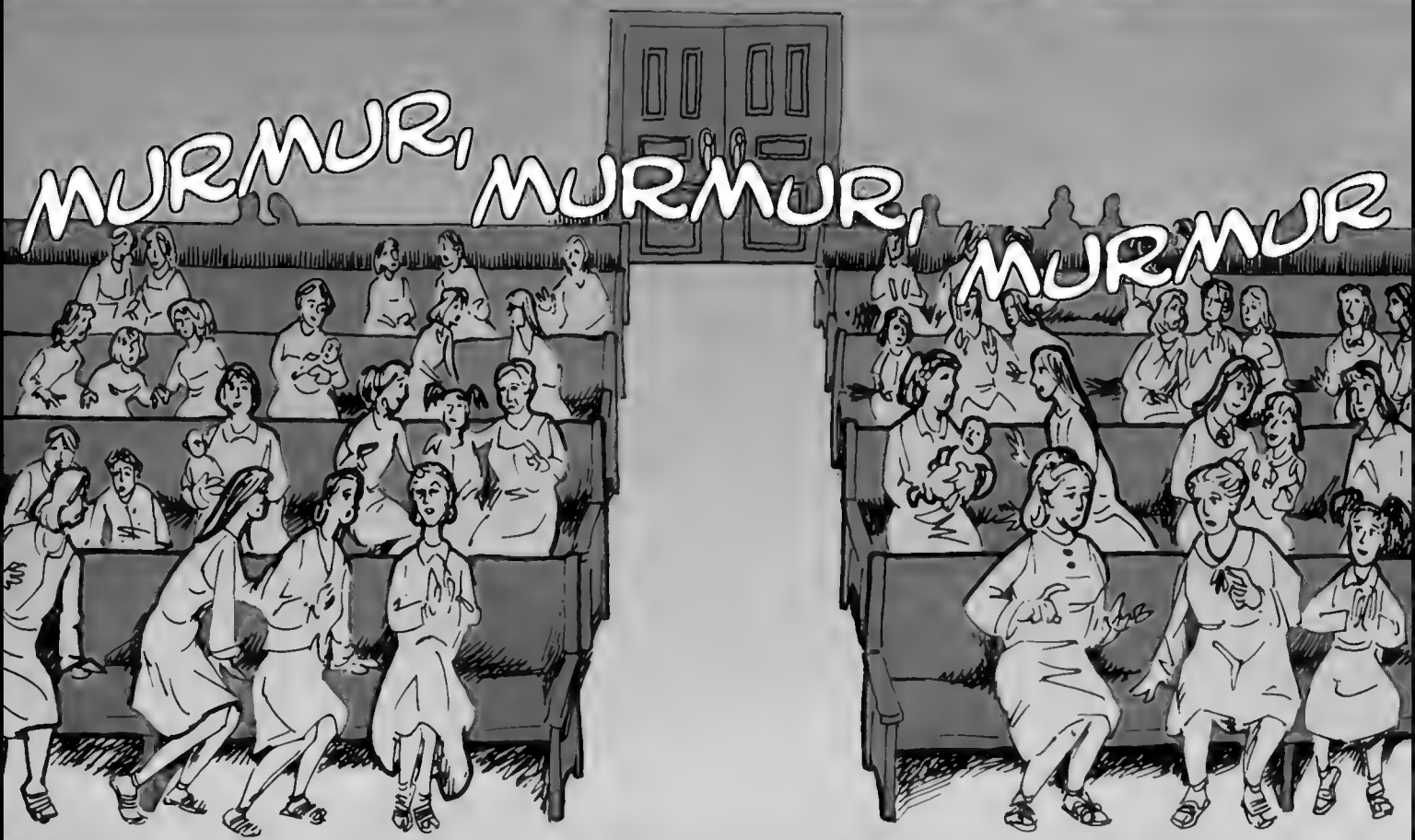


You girls run
along now.



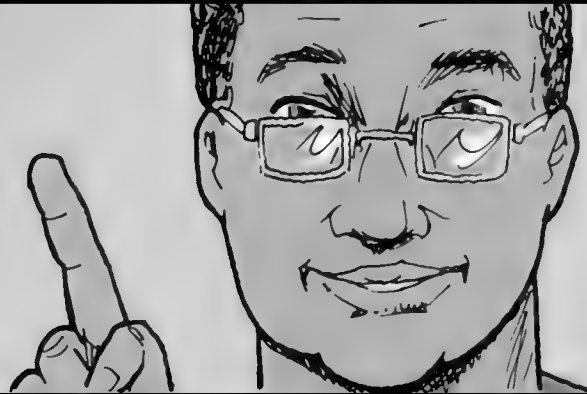


Before this week's sermon I have a special announcement to make. The Helpers Council and I have been meeting over the past week, and we are pleased to announce that we have selected this year's cohort of Brides of Jesus.



Would you please come to the head of the congregation as I read your names? Brenda... Laura... Denise... and Tabitha.





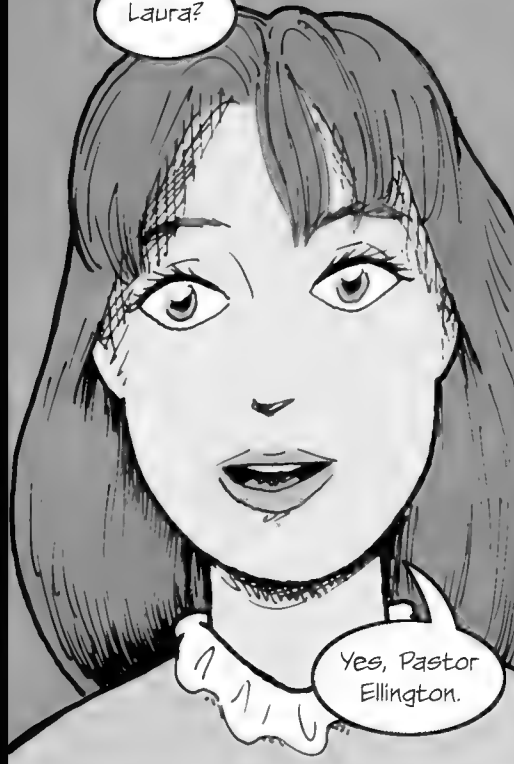
So I shall ask you all in turn:
are you willing to go from this place and devote
your life to the service of Lord Jesus, though it
involve separation from all you have hitherto
known and hardships?

Brenda?



I am,
Pastor
Ellington.

Laura?



Yes, Pastor
Ellington.

Denise?



Oh, *yes*,
Pastor
Ellington!

Tabitha?



I...
Yes,
Pastor
Ellington.



All four
have
consented.
Hallelujah
and praise
the Lord!



It's my turn
for a visit!

Second
day after the
new moon is
my turn!



No one
saw the
new moon!

It's not
my fault it
was clouded
over!



What is
going on here,
ladies?



Officer Bolin.



It's my turn for a visit, Officer Bolin!

No, it's mine!

Now, ladies, let's...

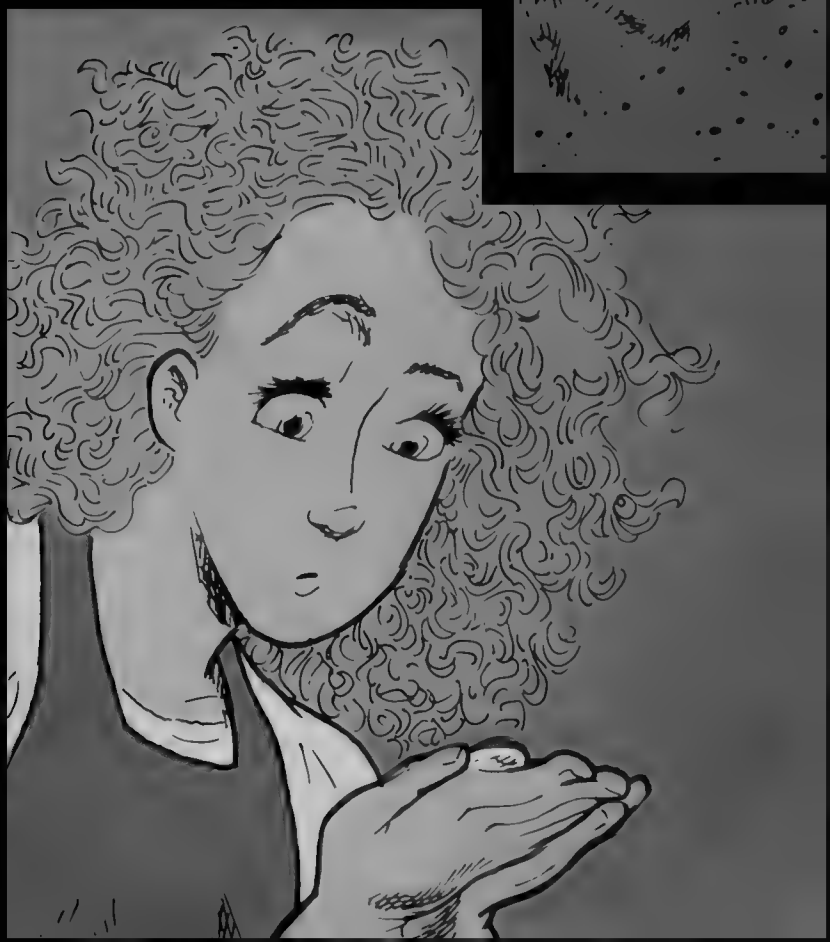
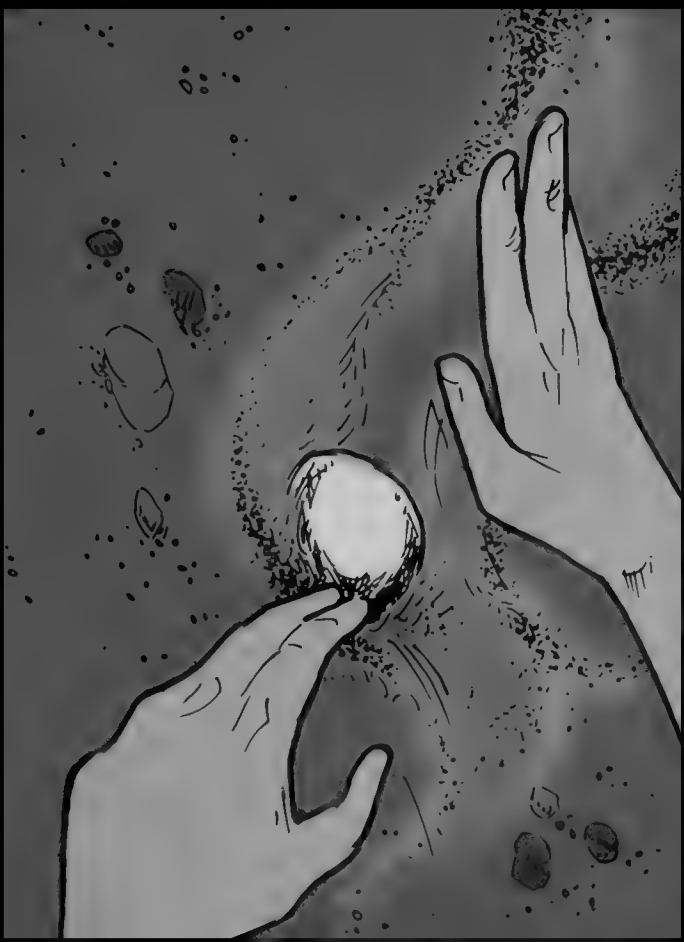
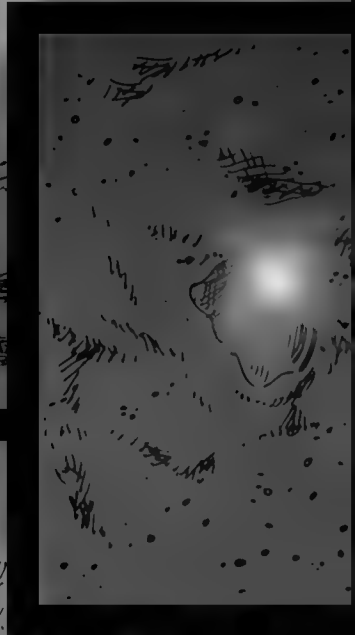
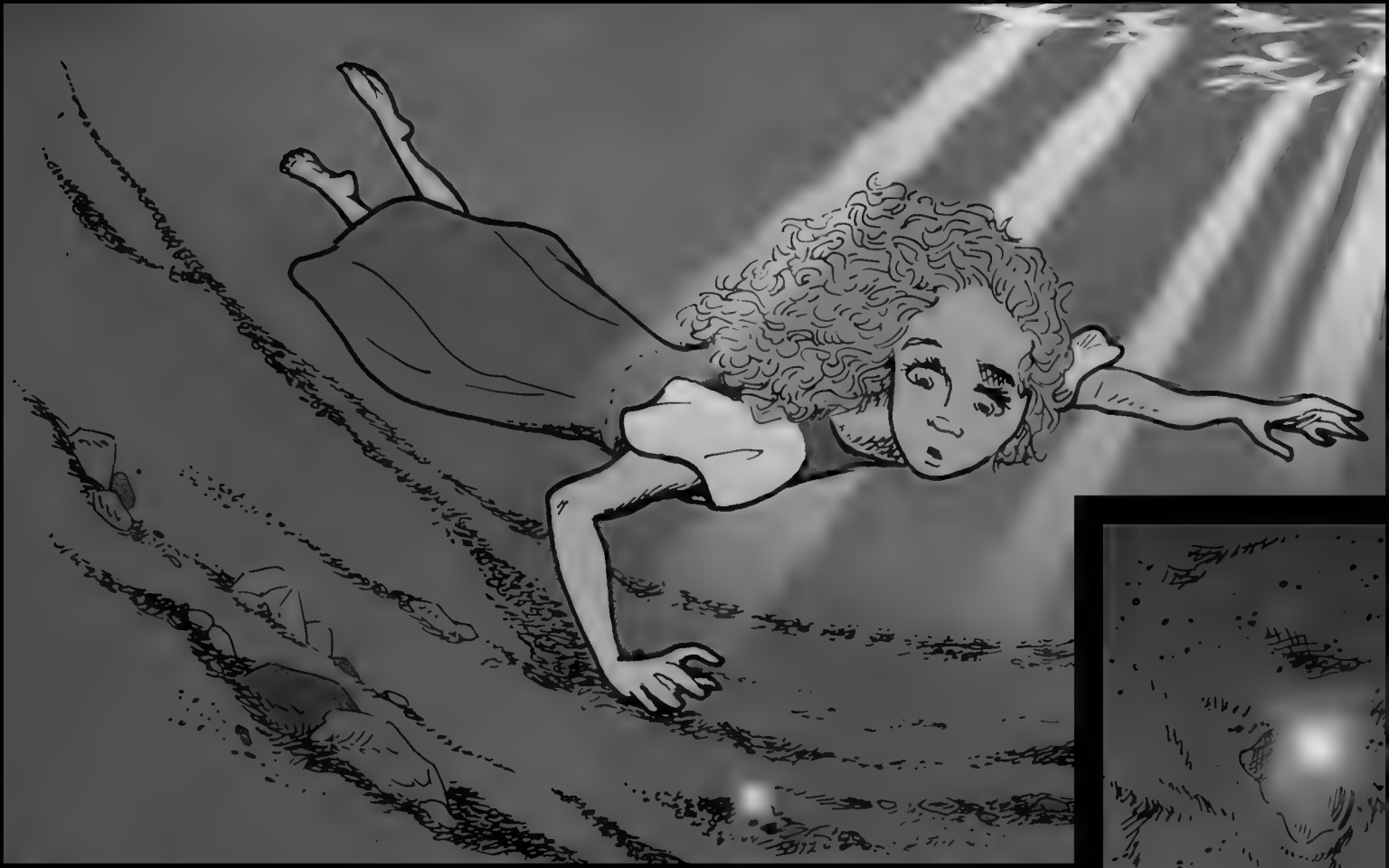
Bet I could take the both of them, no trouble.



Big Dan, you stay out of this. You go on back inside now.



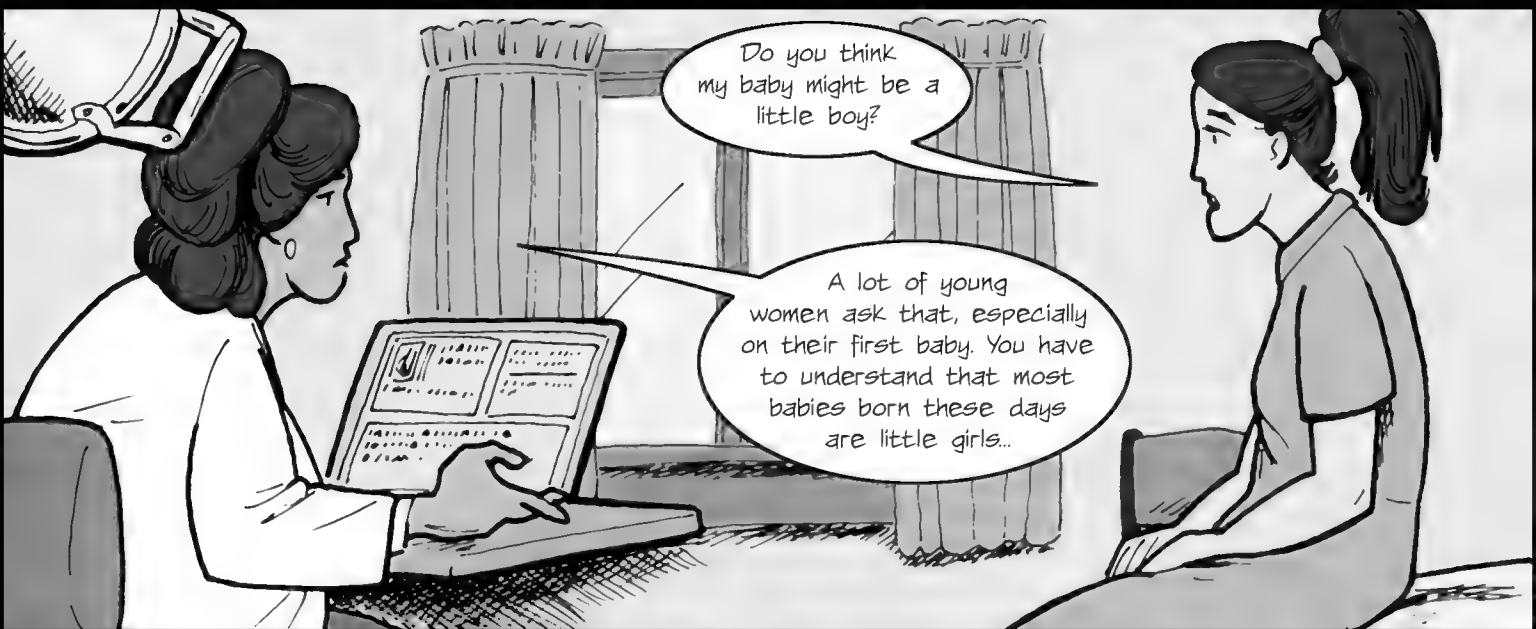


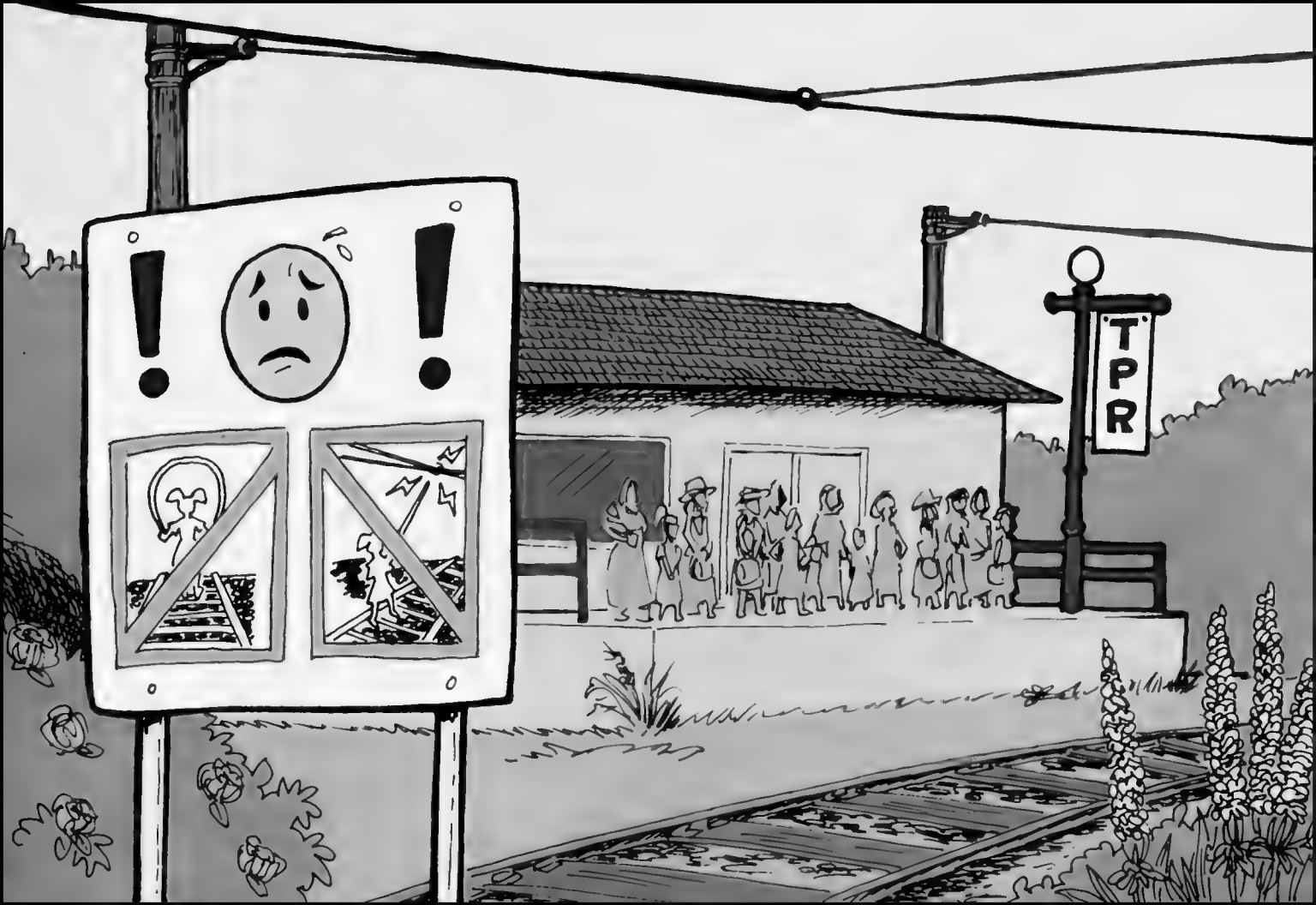










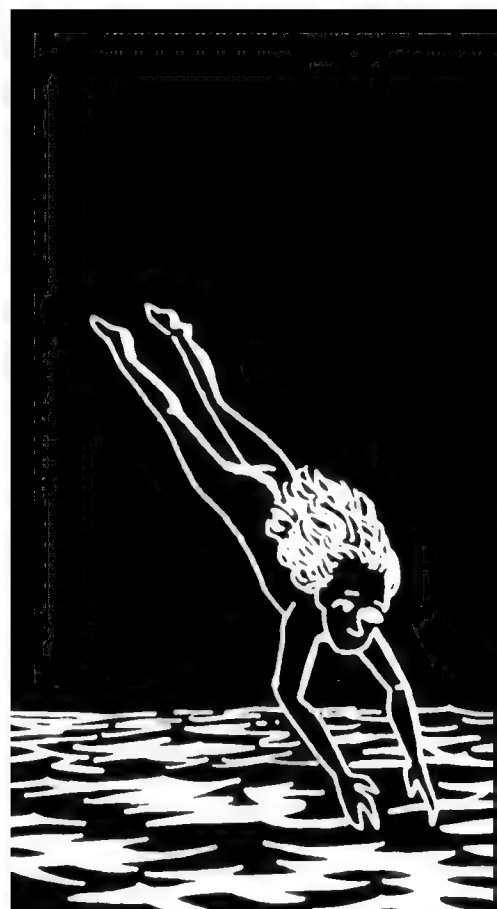






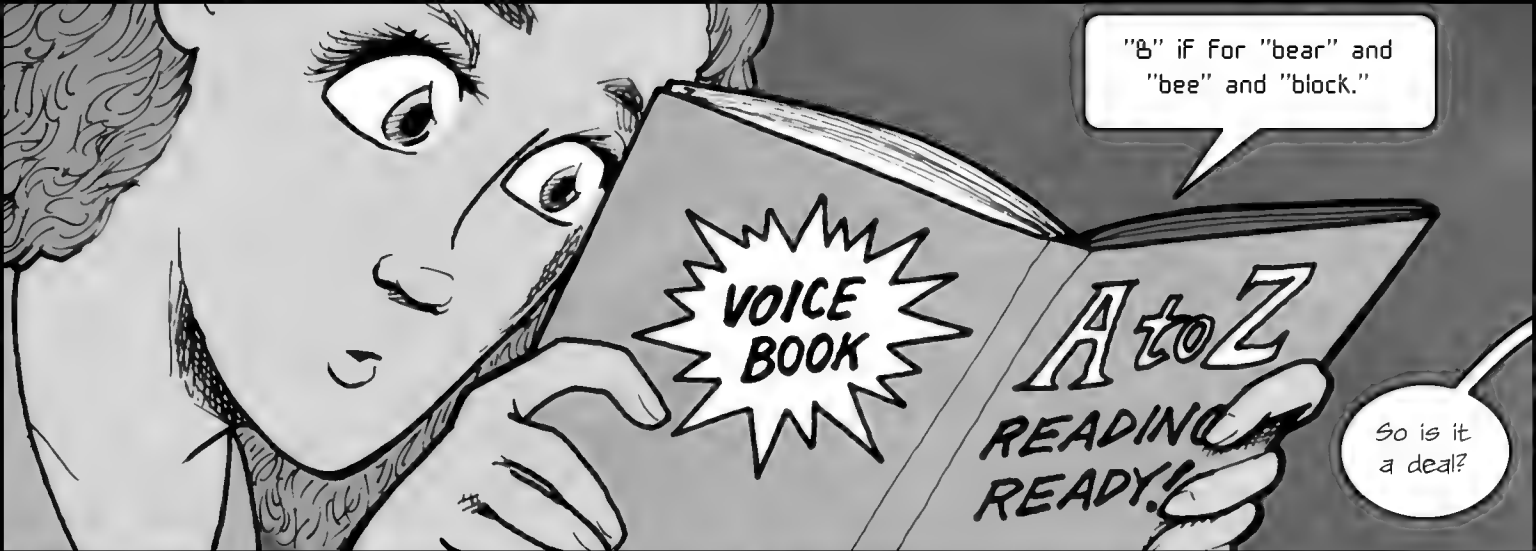
























In Fairy Town, in Fairy Town,
Where Fairy folk go up and down,
Where Fairy children, wee and gay,
Frisk and romp in Fairy play,
Every day's a holiday!




I'd like to offer a special prayer today for a member of our congregation.



For our beloved sister Katherine, whom God is at long last about to favor with another child.



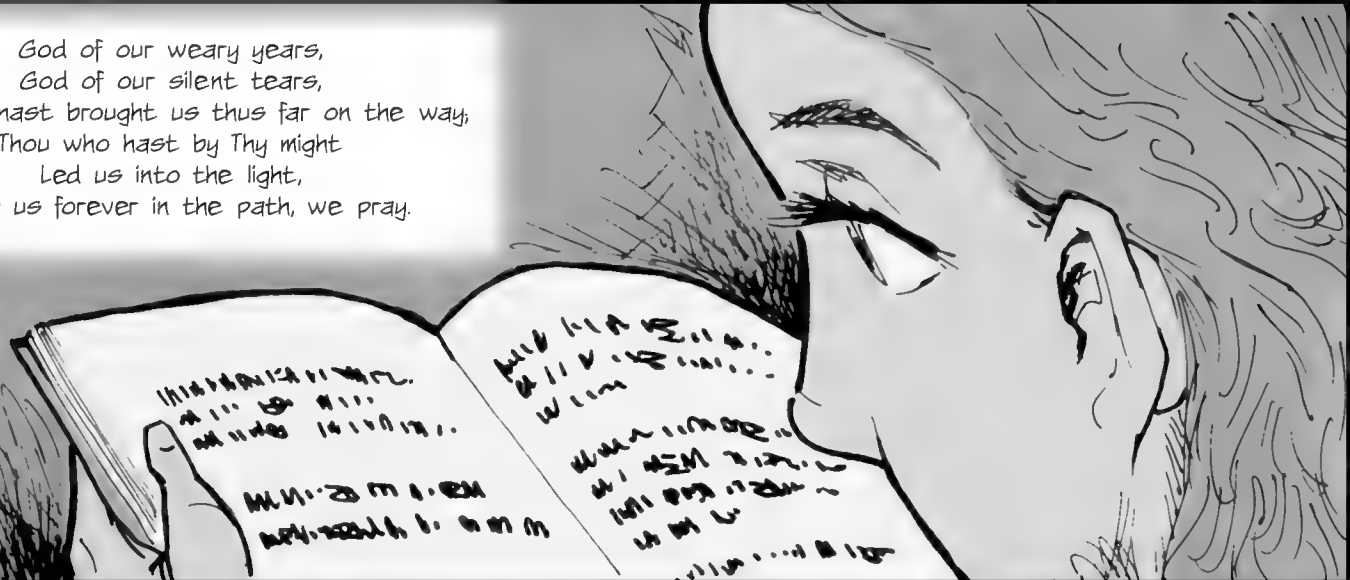
Who is even now in labor under the loving care of Dr. Jones and her nurses at the Helpers' House.



O Lord, who covered us all in our mothers wombs, we beseech you, care for your daughter Katherine and her child not yet born, deliver them from the sorrows of labor that they may again see the light of day and live with us in health and happiness. Amen.

AMEN

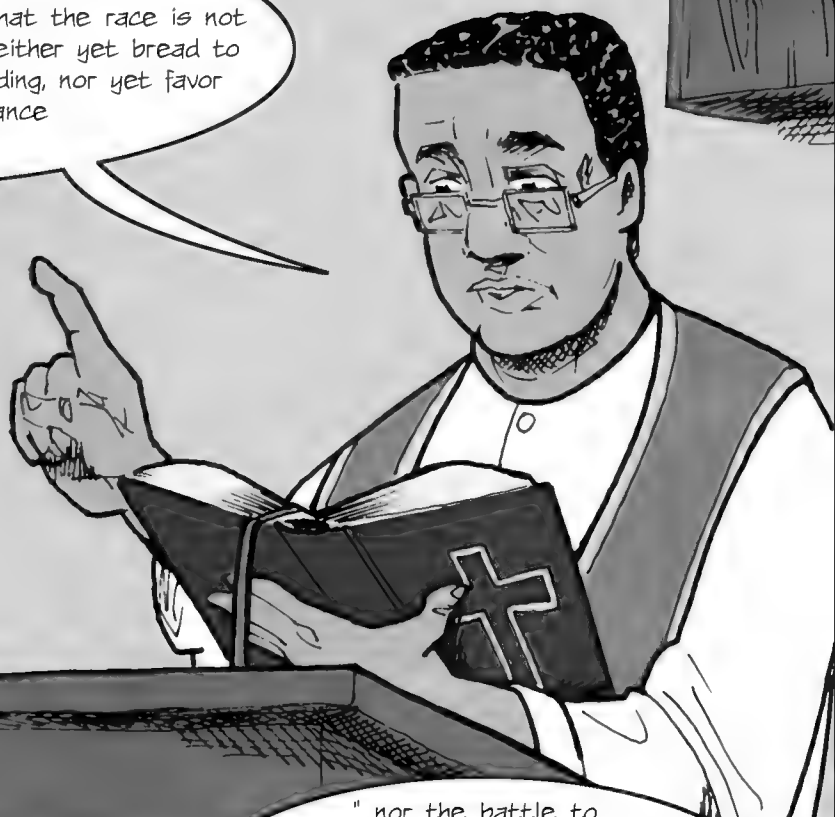
God of our weary years,
God of our silent tears,
Thou who hast brought us thus far on the way,
Thou who hast by Thy might
Led us into the light,
Keep us forever in the path, we pray.



Lest our feet stray from the places,
our God, where we met Thee,
Lest, our hearts drunk with
the wine of the world, we forget Thee,
Shadowed beneath Thy hand,
May we forever stand.
True to our God,
True to our native land.



Our sermon this week will be on this verse from the book of Ecclesiastes, chapter 9, verse 11: "I returned, and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift..." nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favor to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all."

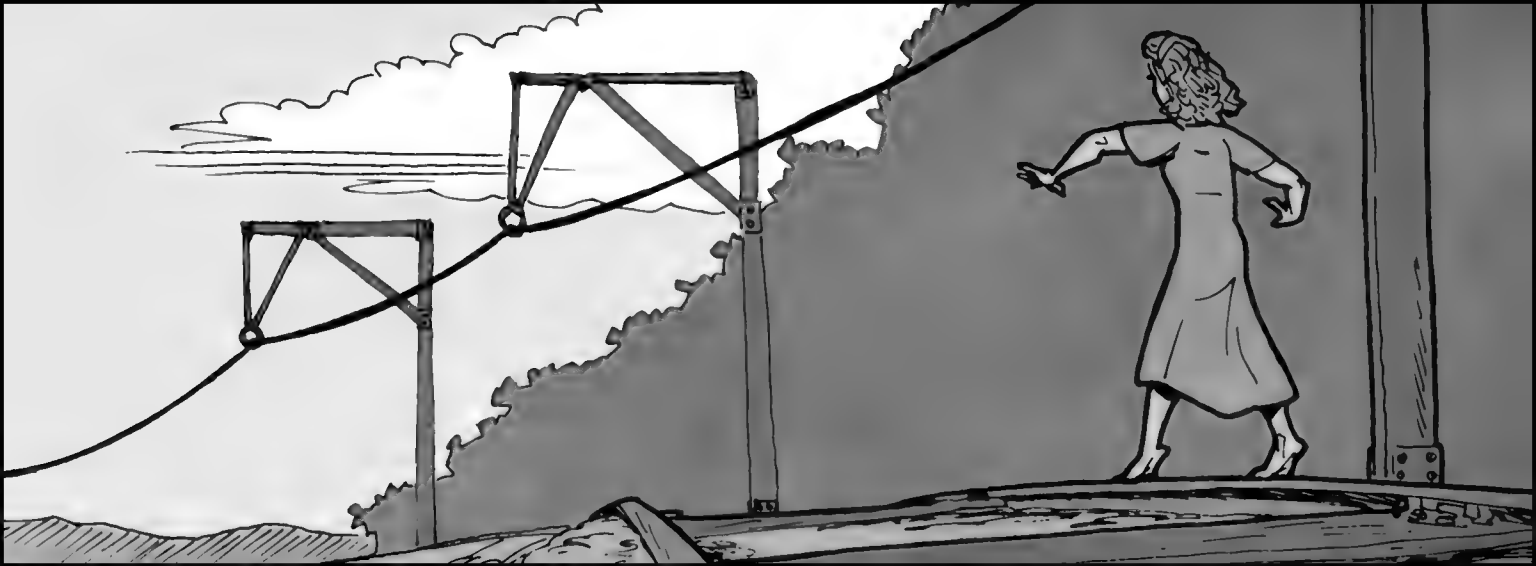


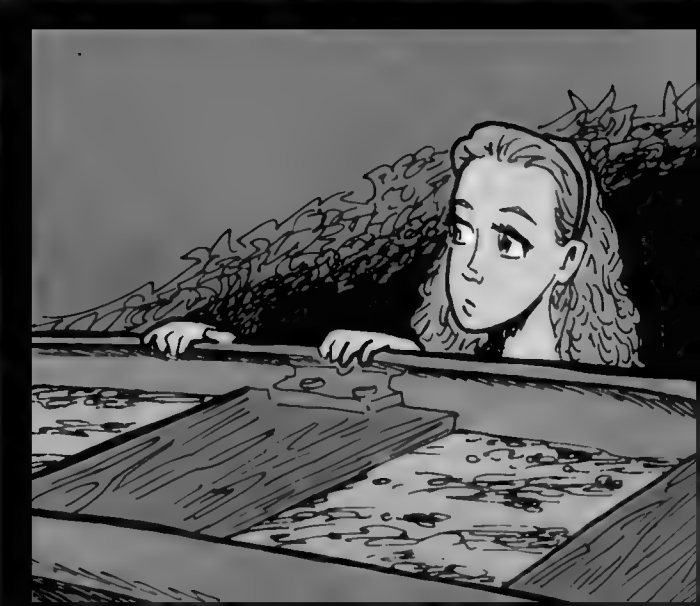
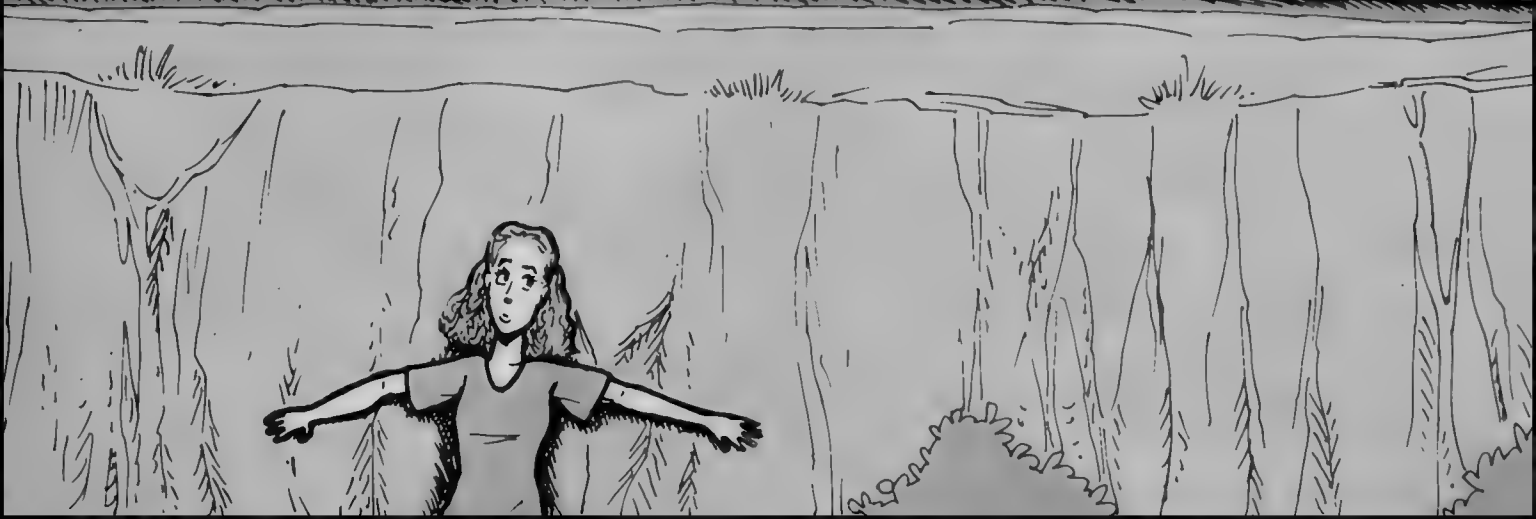
"...nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favor to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all."





whatsoever,
with thy might,
device, nor knowledge
the grave, whither thou shalt
returned, and saw under the sun, the
race is not to the swift, nor the battle
the strong, neither yet bread to the wi
nor yet riches to men of skill; but
nor yet favour to men of skill; but
and chance happeneth to them all:
man also knoweth not his time:
bes that are taken in an evil ne
that are caught
of men shall
upon









So you really did it?
You went to the shack?
What was it like?

It was...
mmm... it was
fun.

And now
maybe you'll
have a baby
soon!

Maybe.



I'm going to go to the
shack as soon as my
turn comes up. What
about you, Minnow?



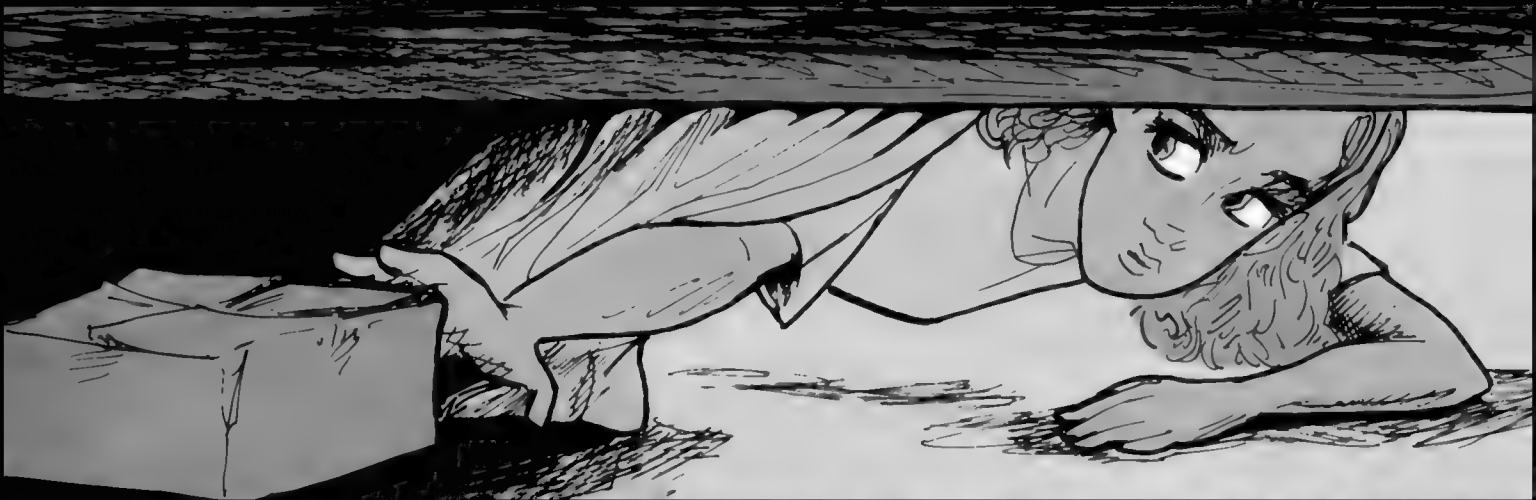
I don't
know. I
guess I
don't feel
ready yet.





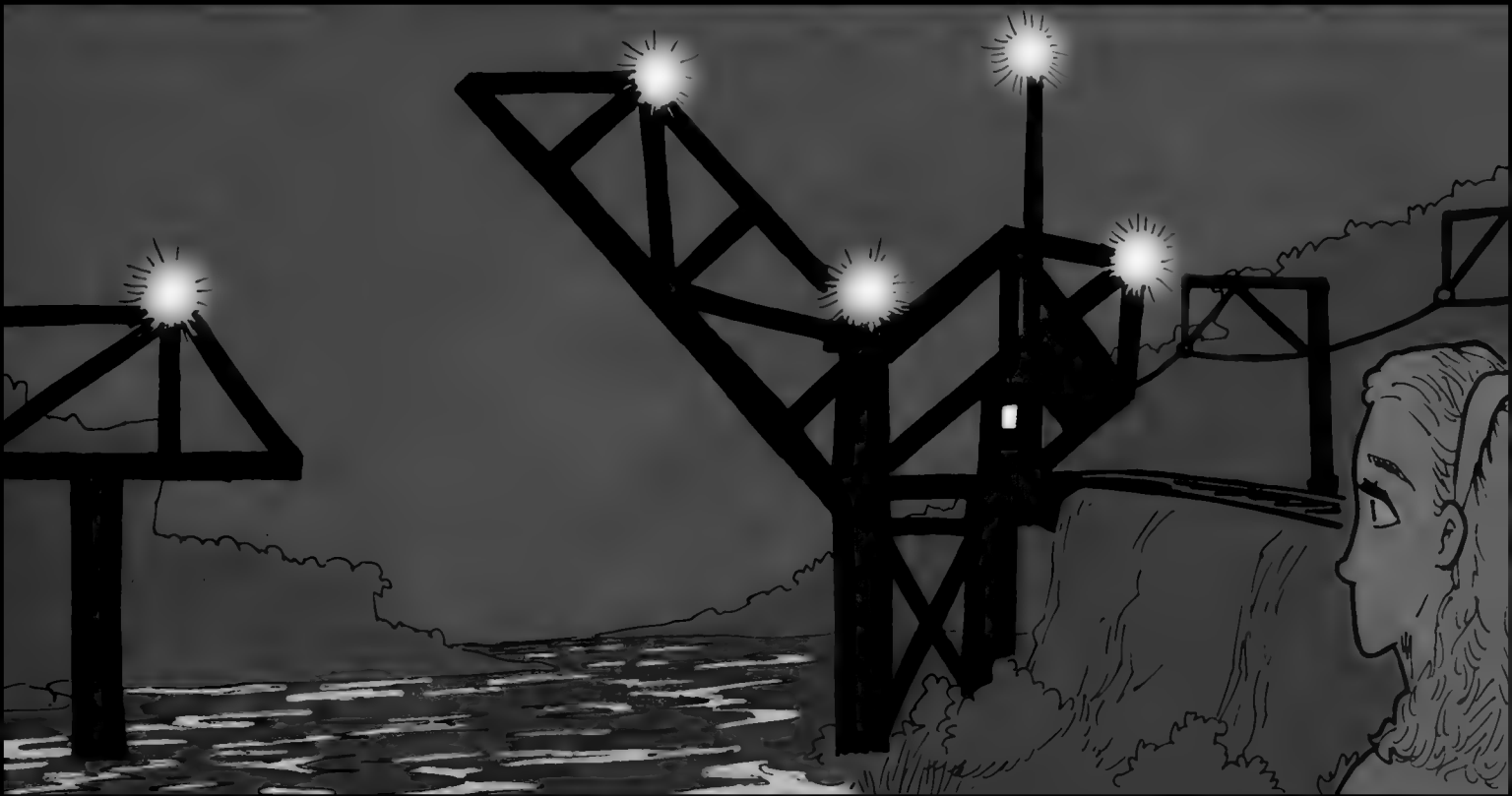
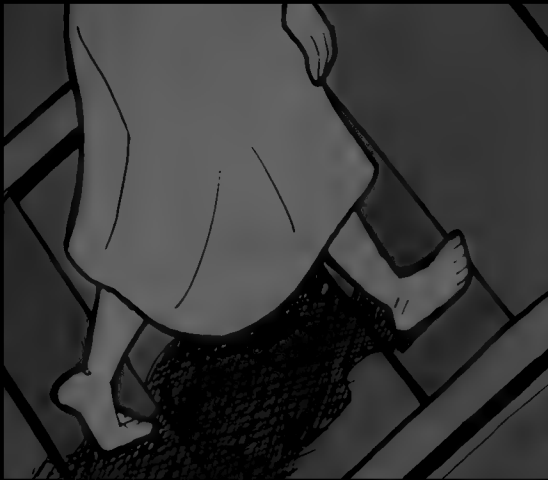


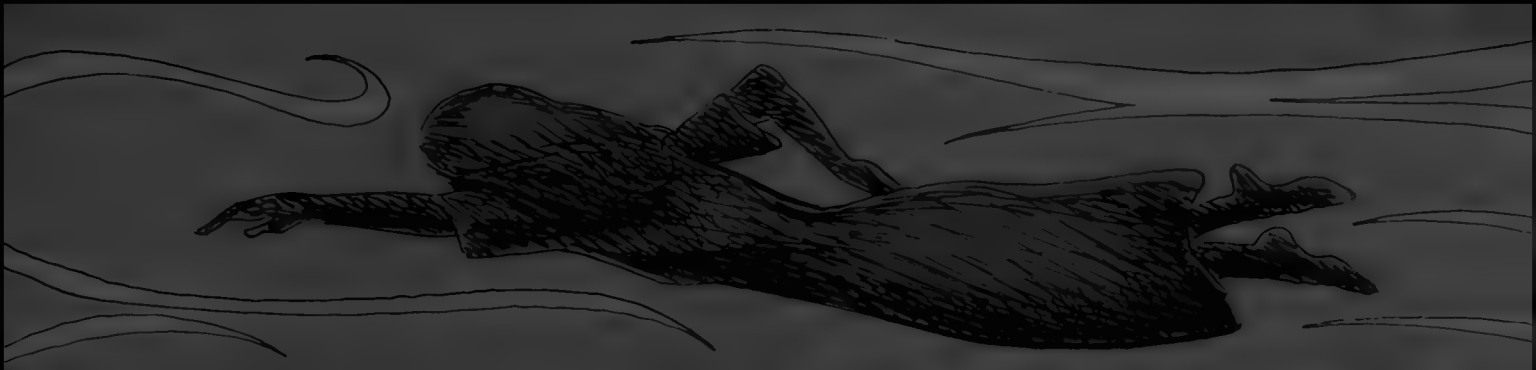


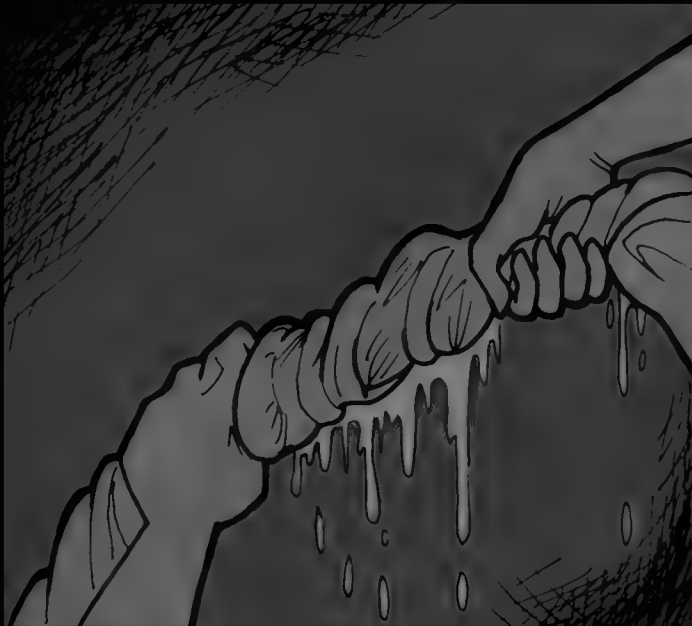


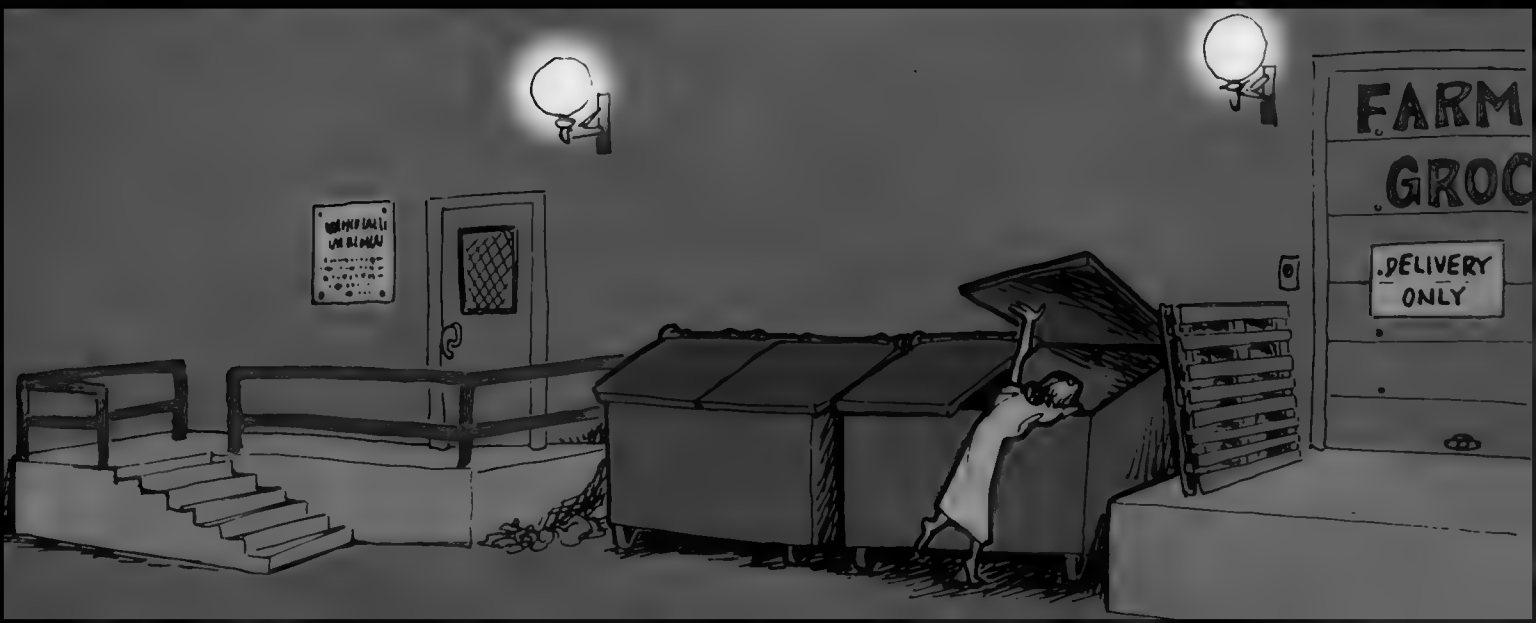
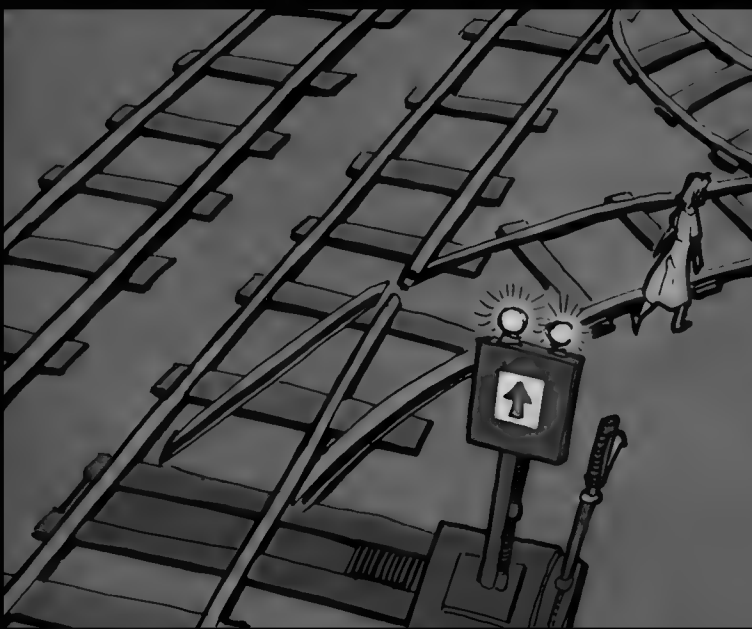






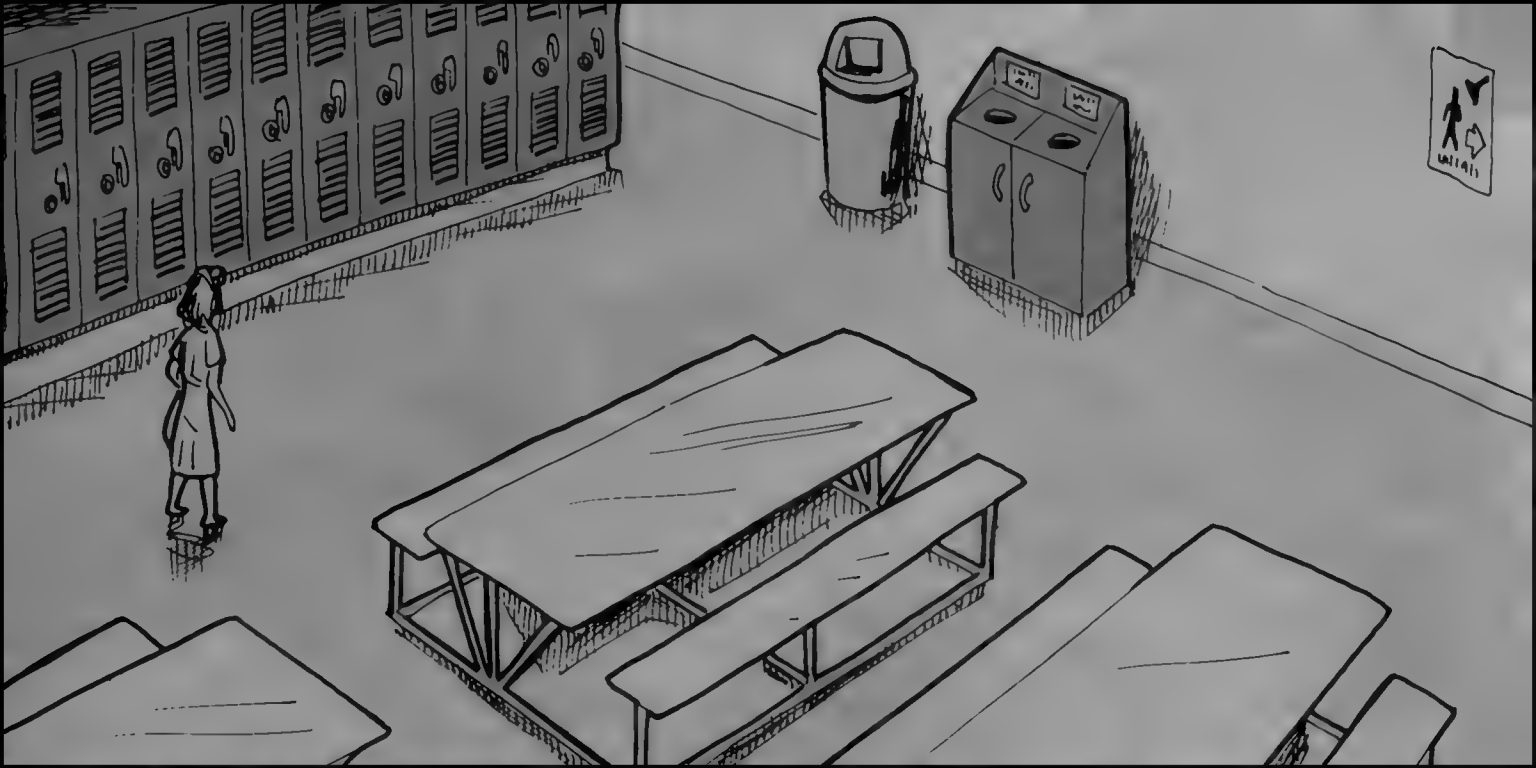


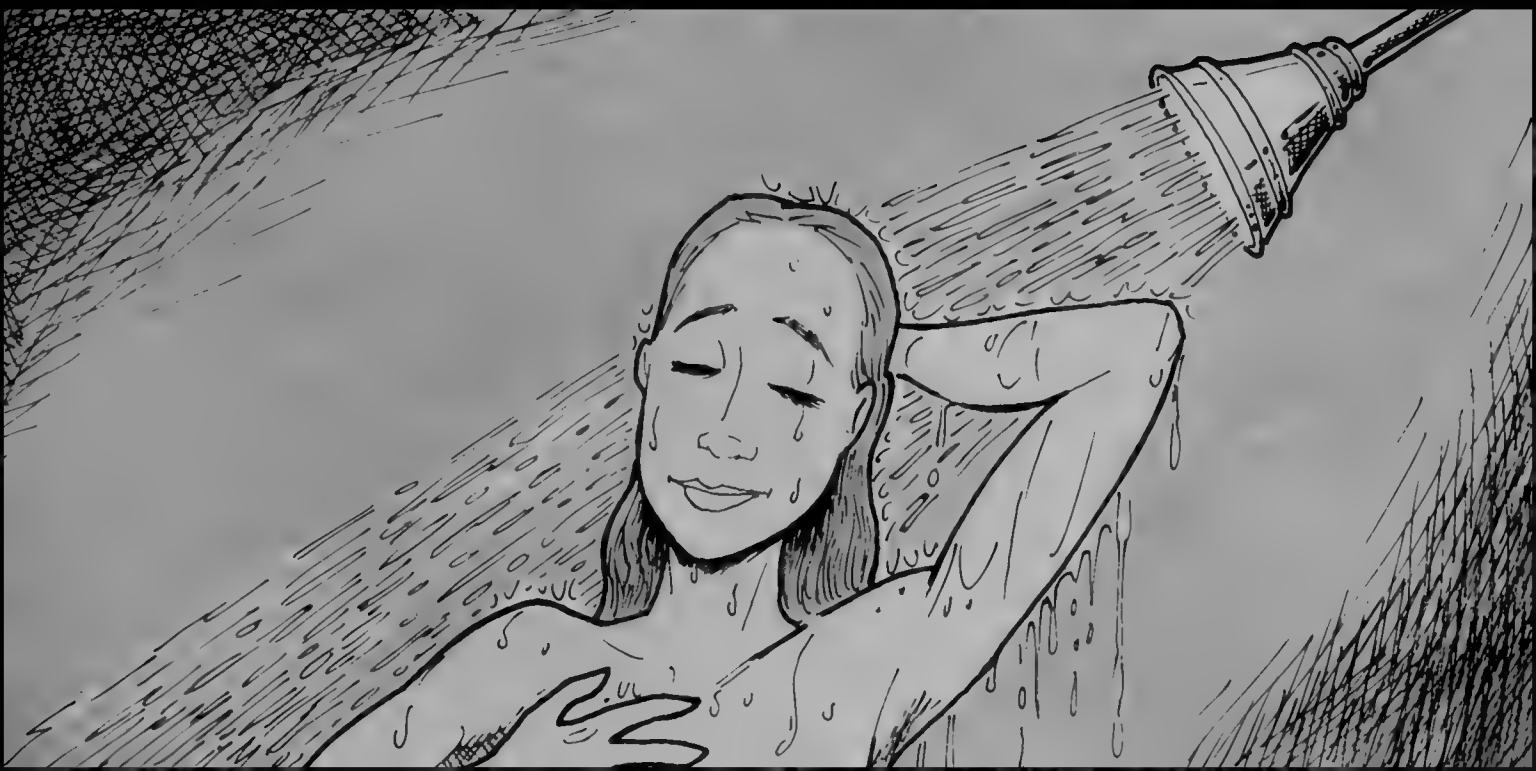
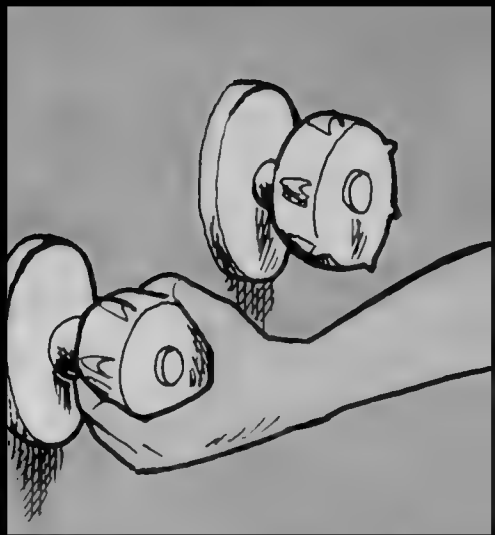
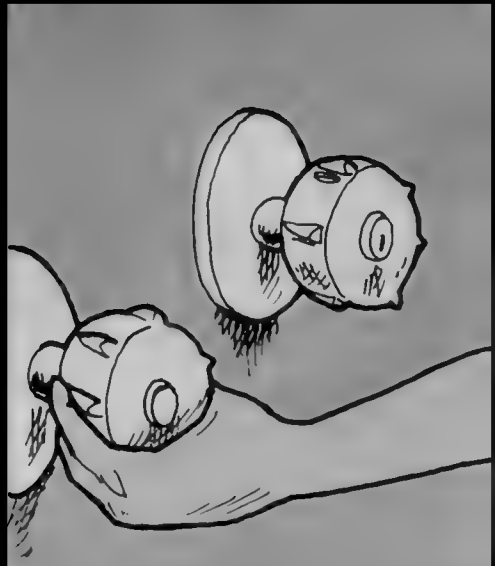
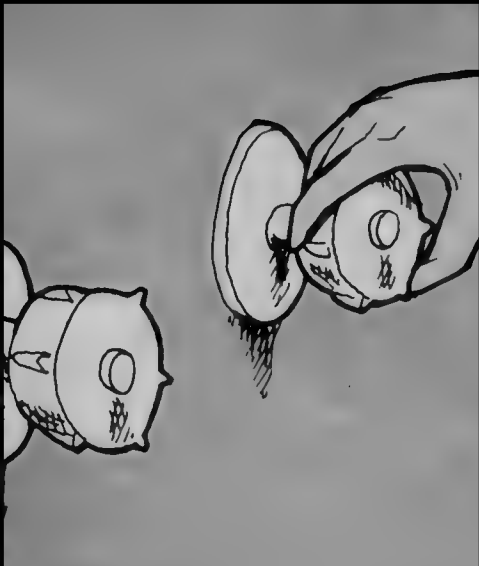


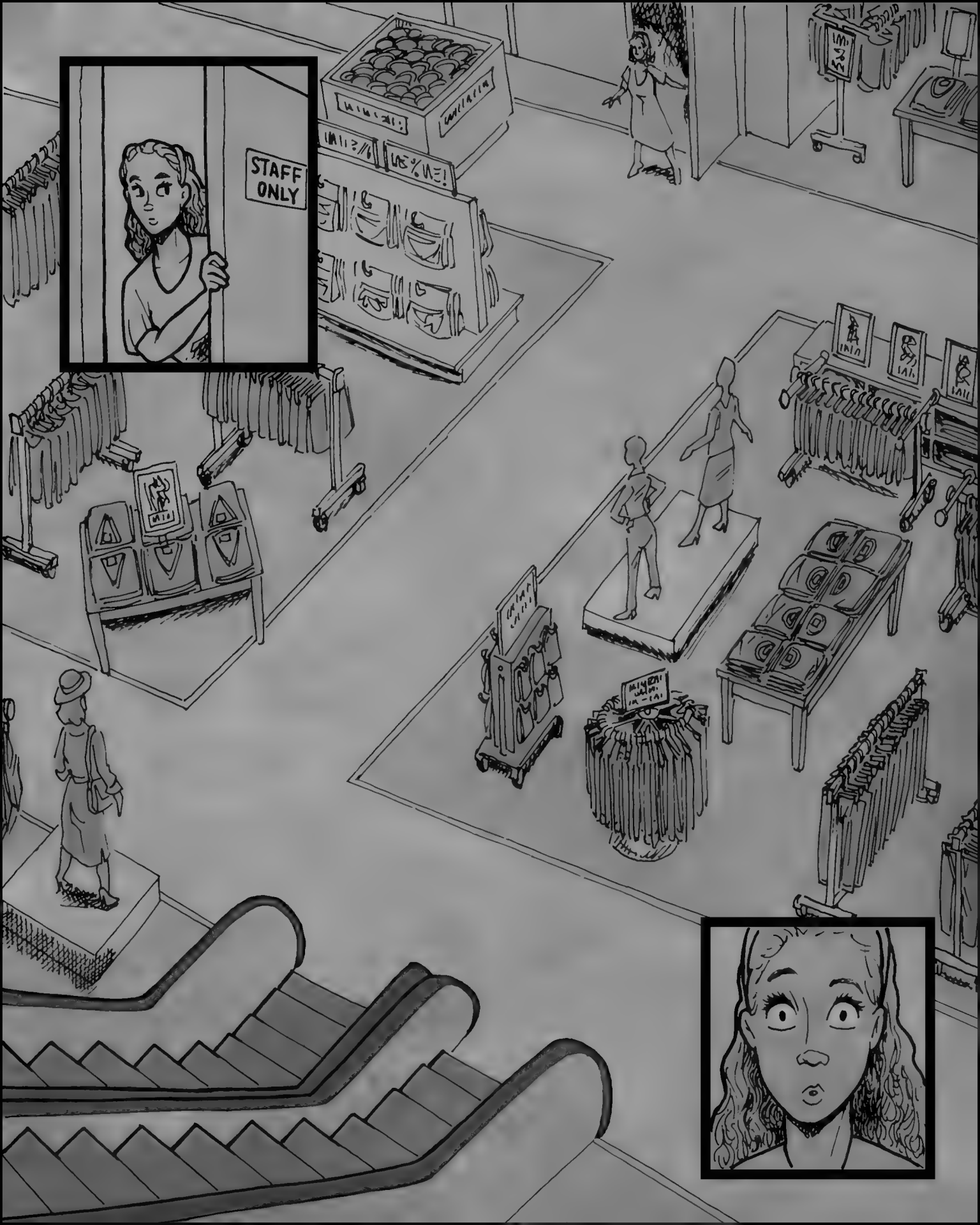












STAFF ONLY

WALKERS

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15% OFF

50% OFF

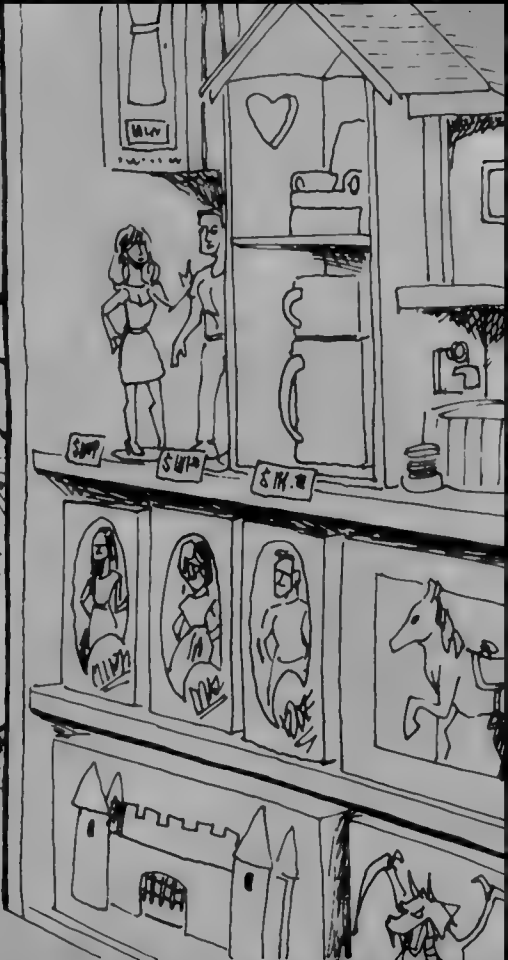
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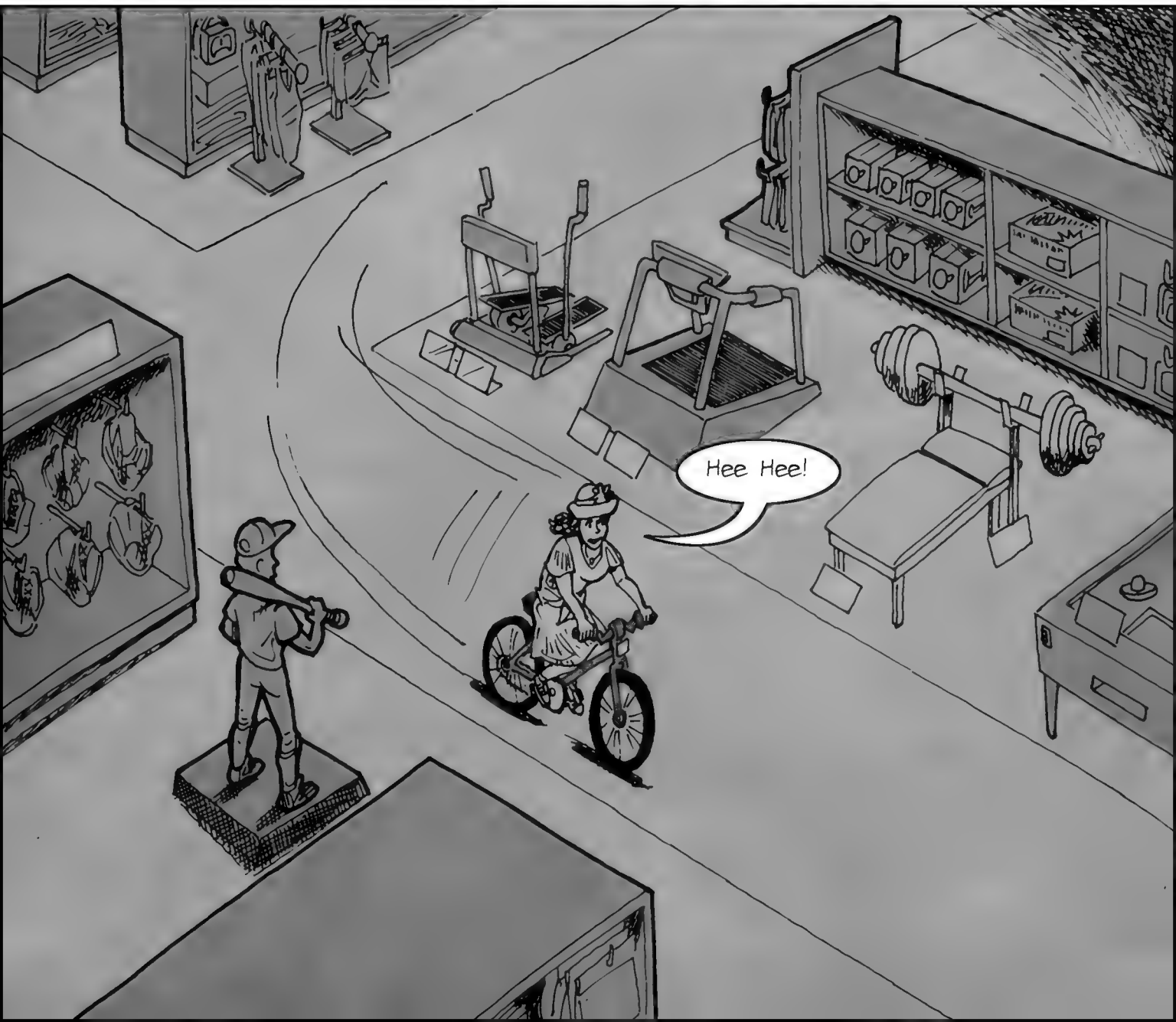
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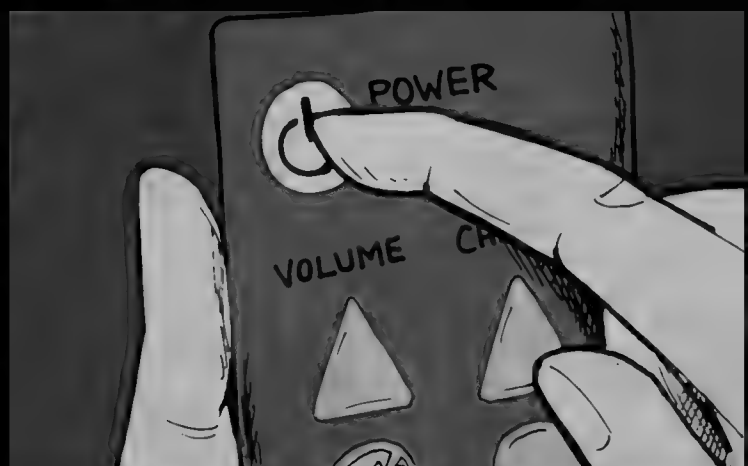
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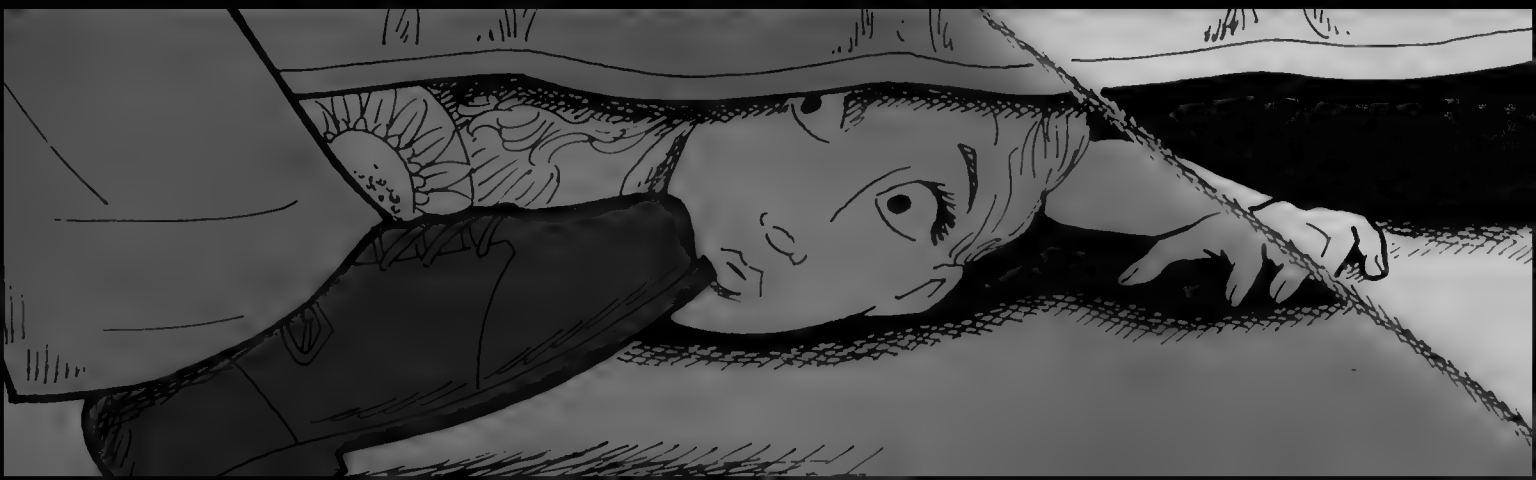


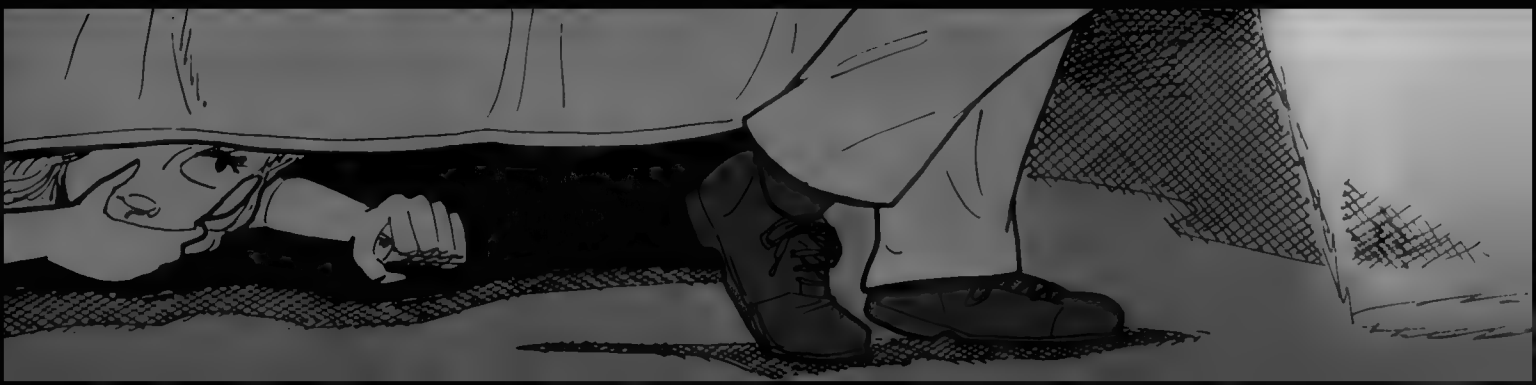






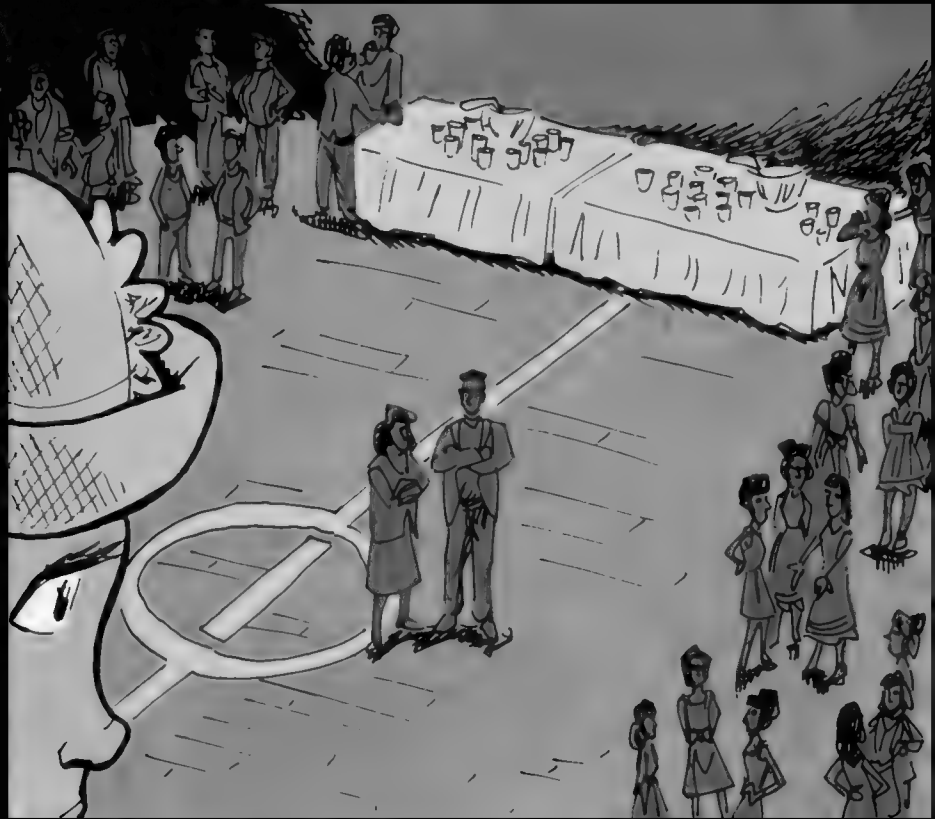










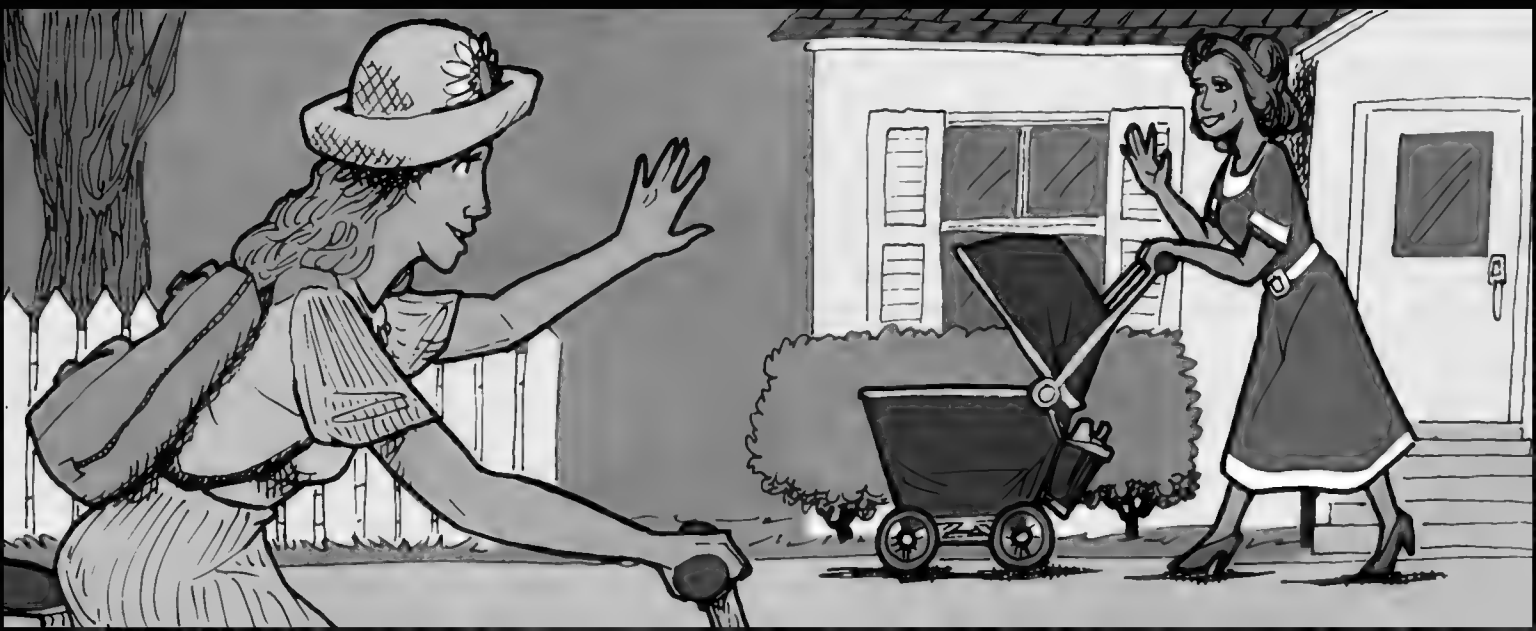
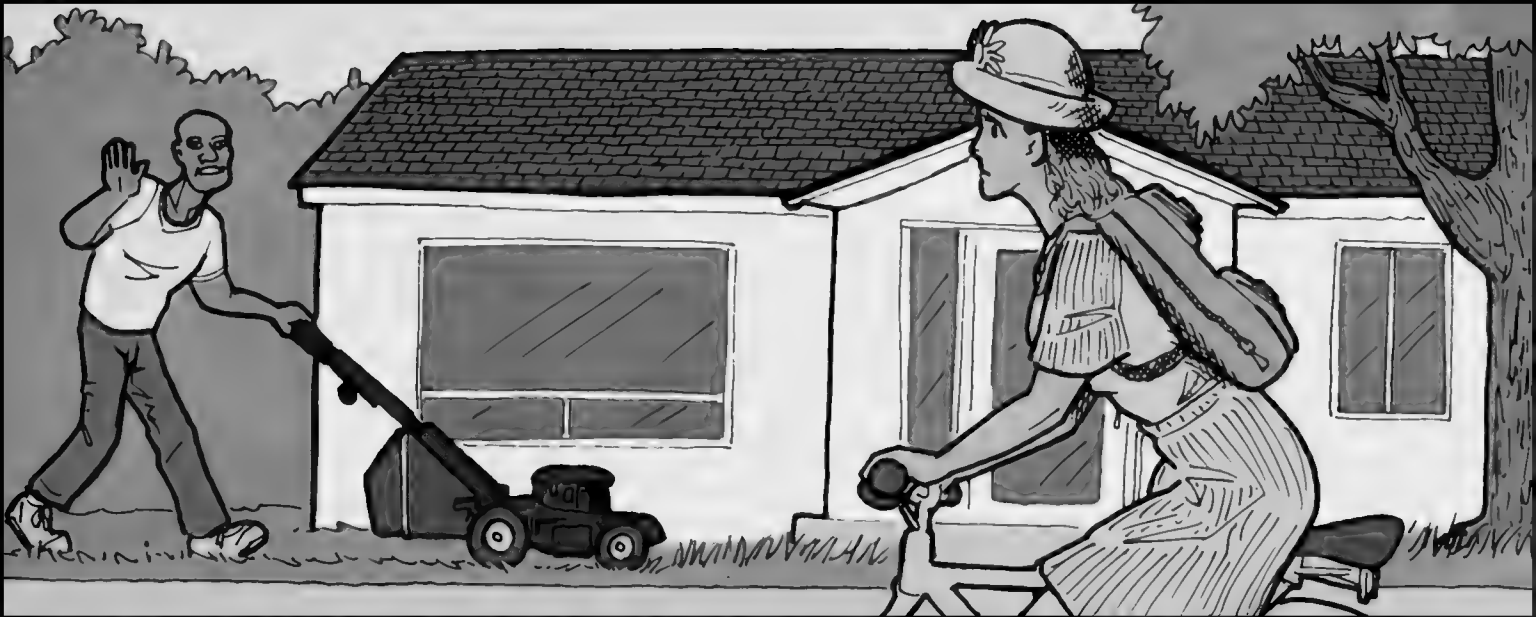


There is no way she let you do that!

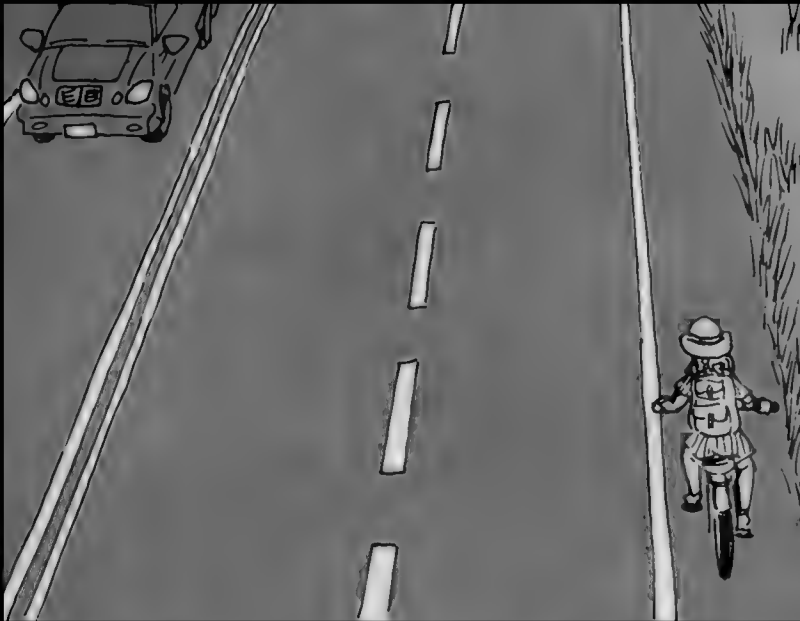


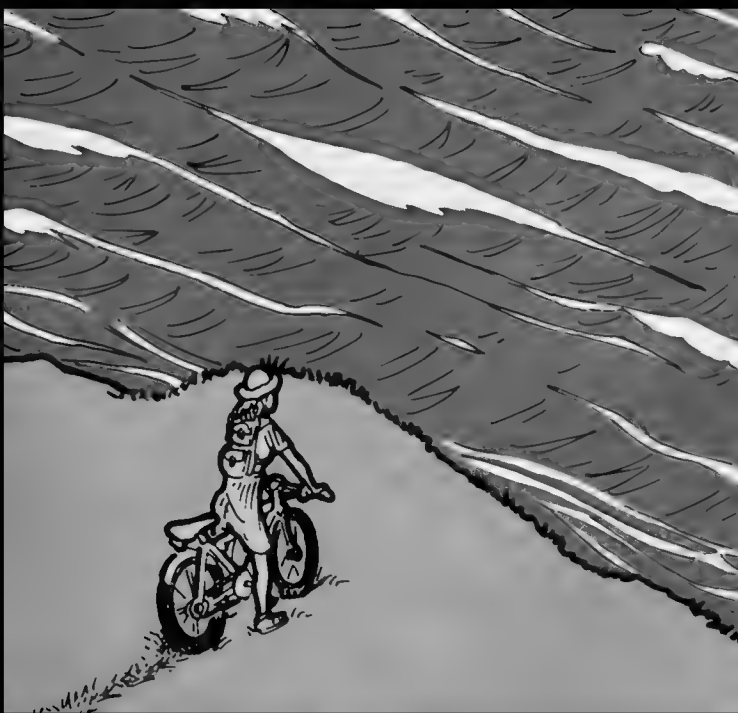


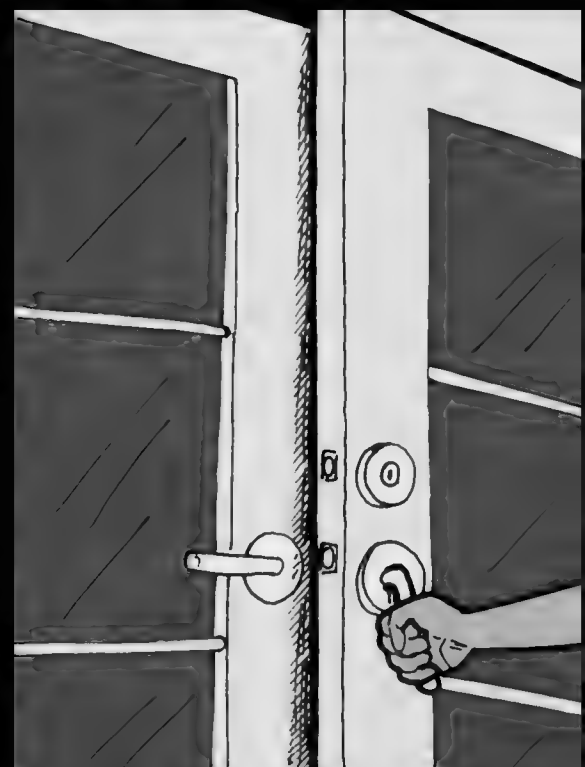


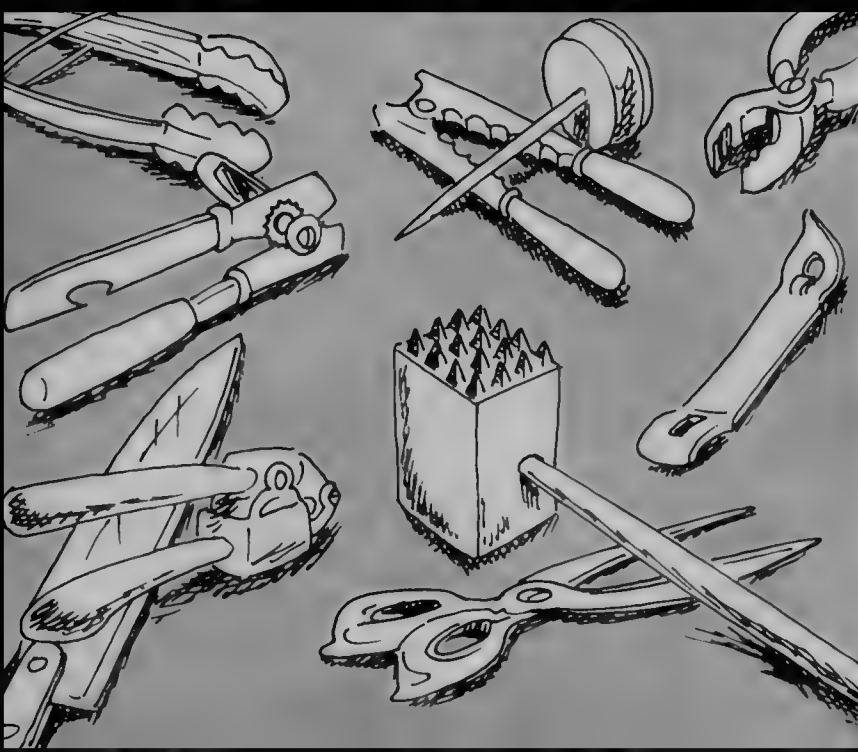




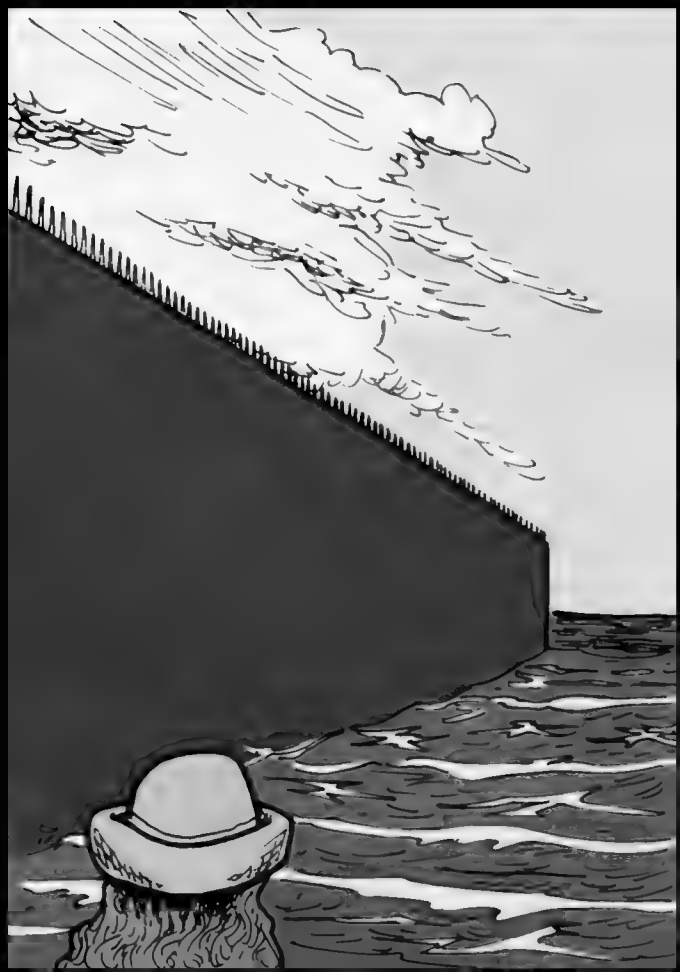
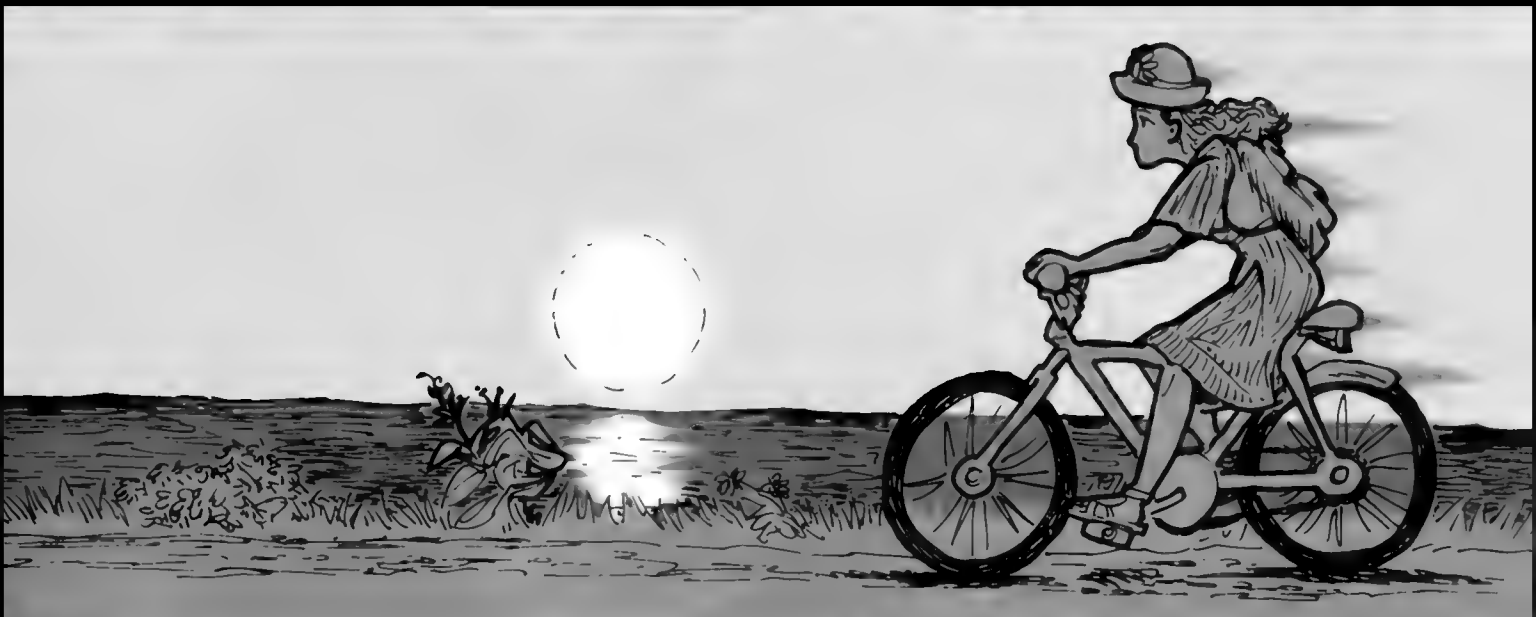
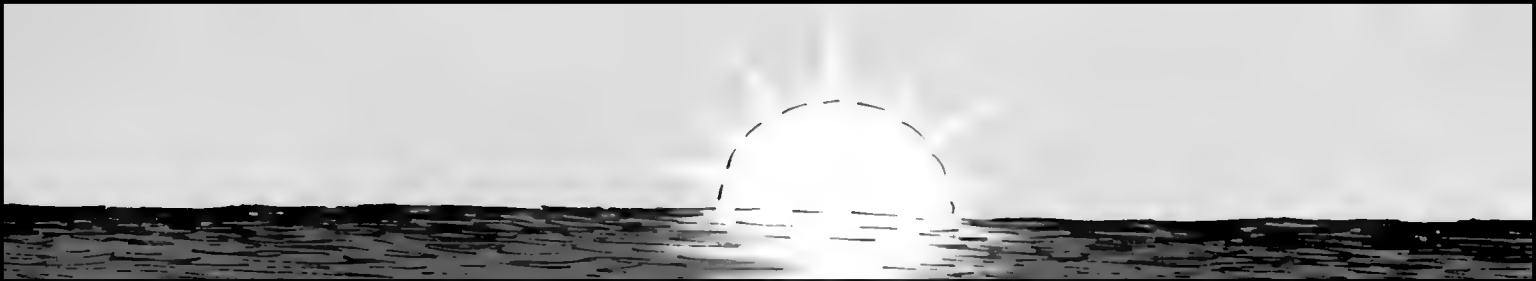


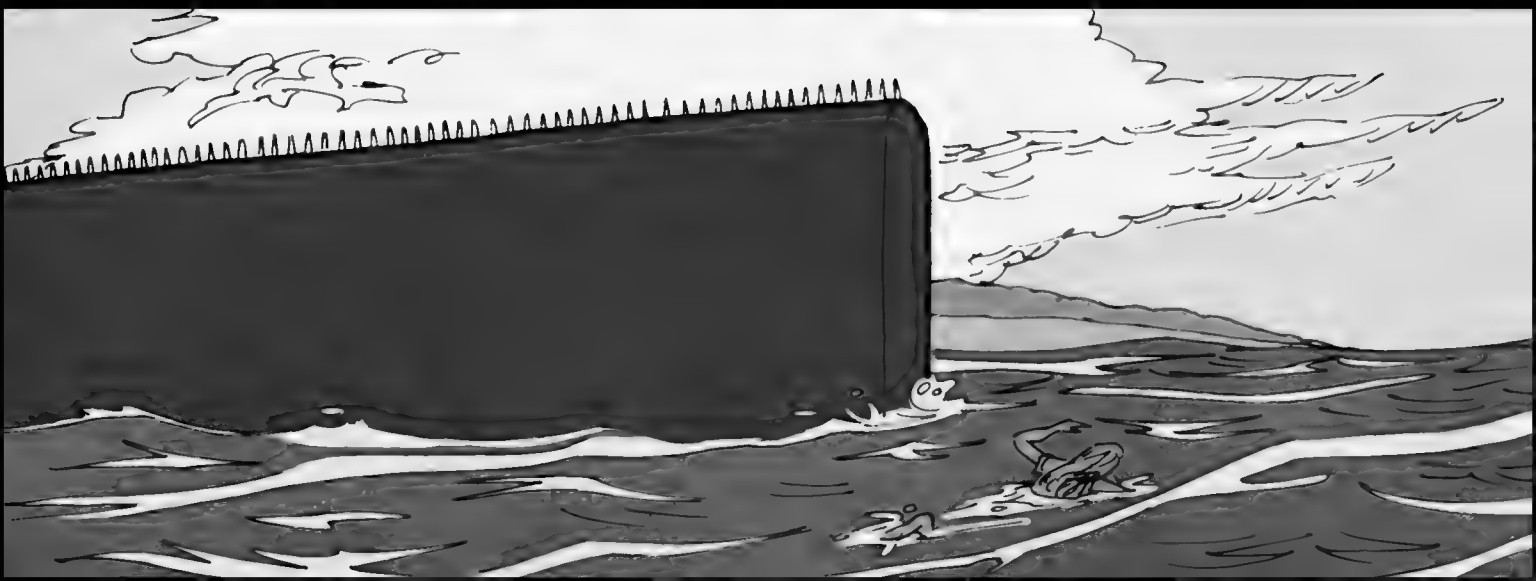






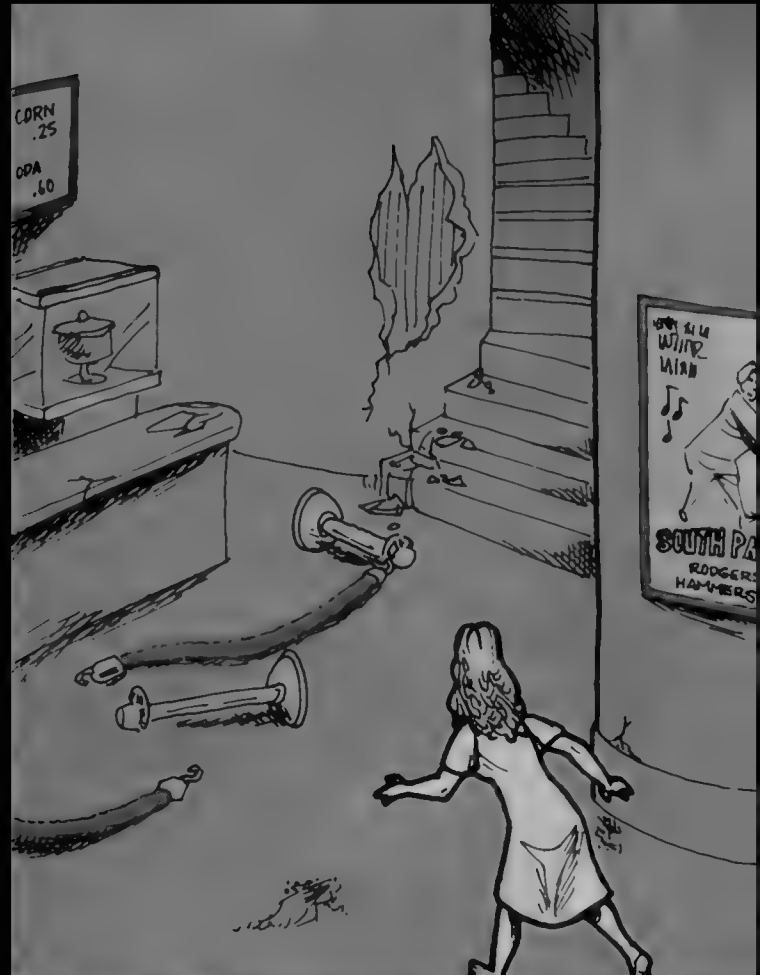


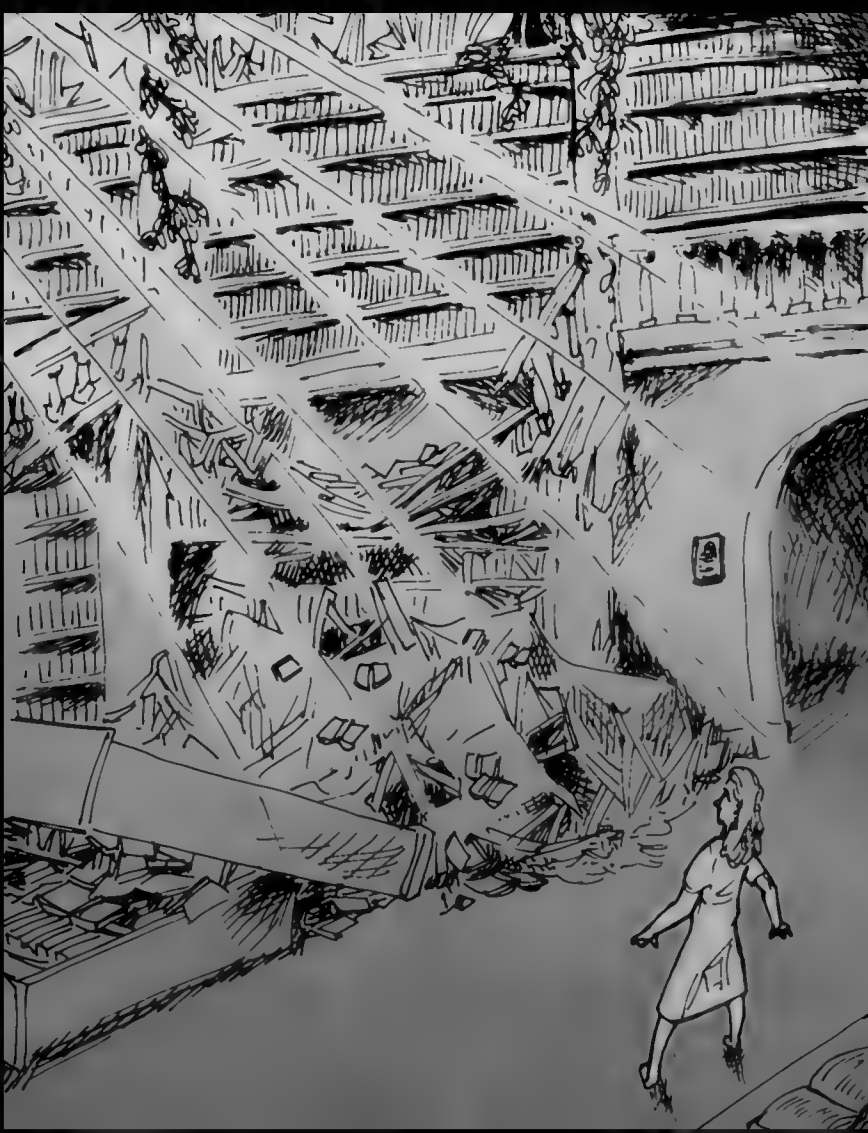
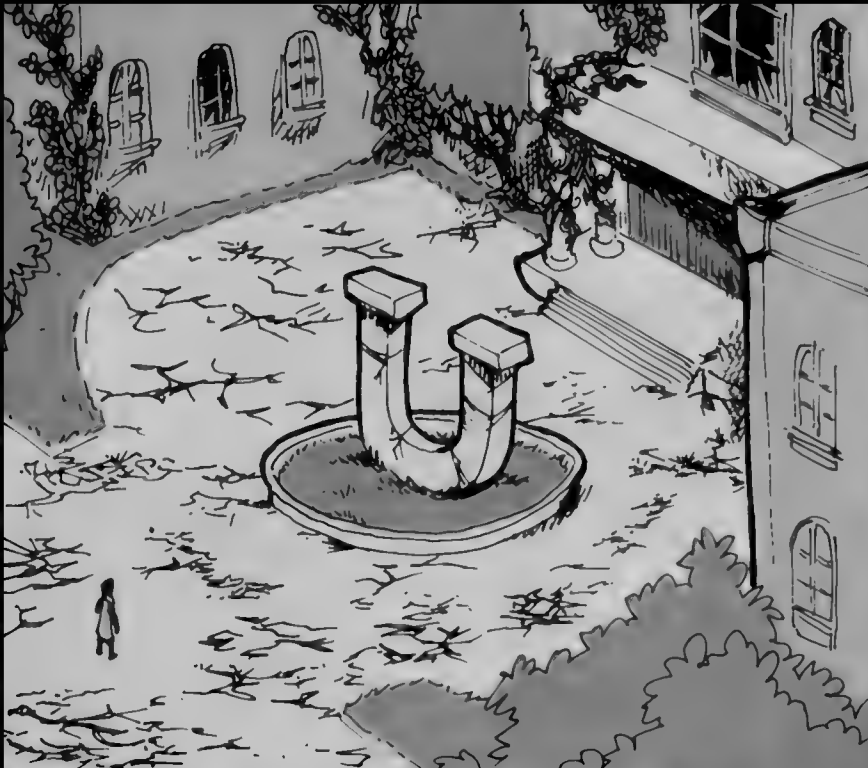


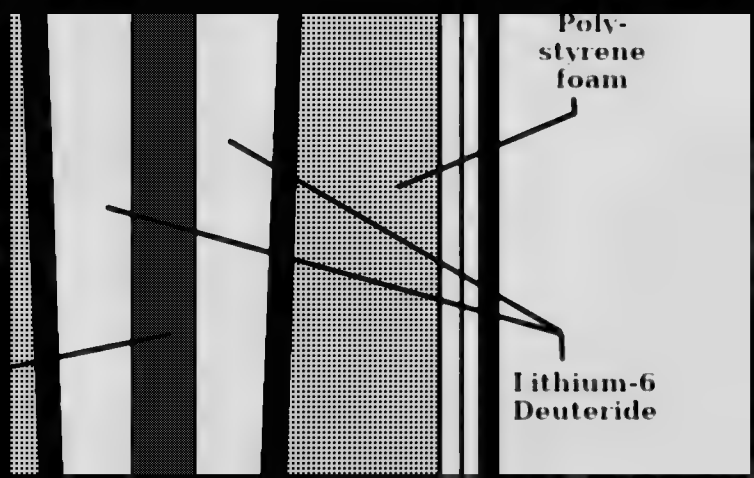
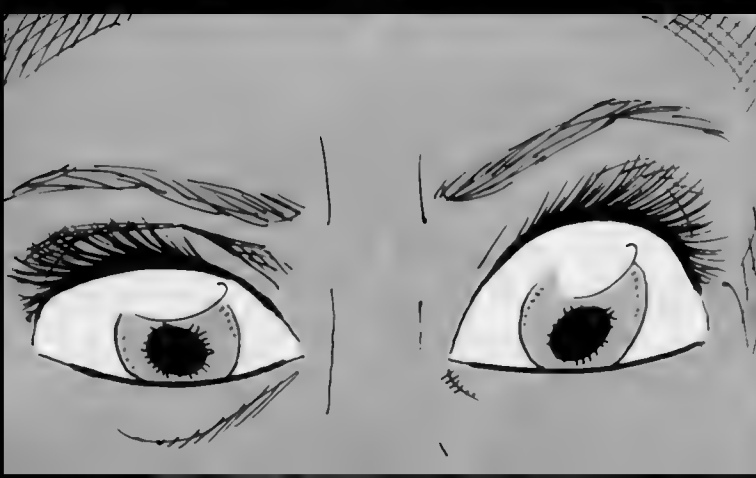
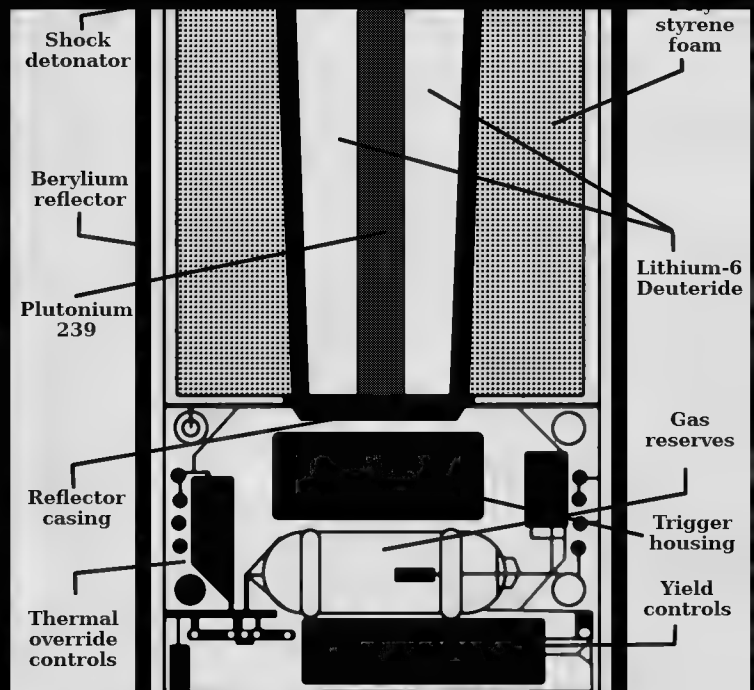




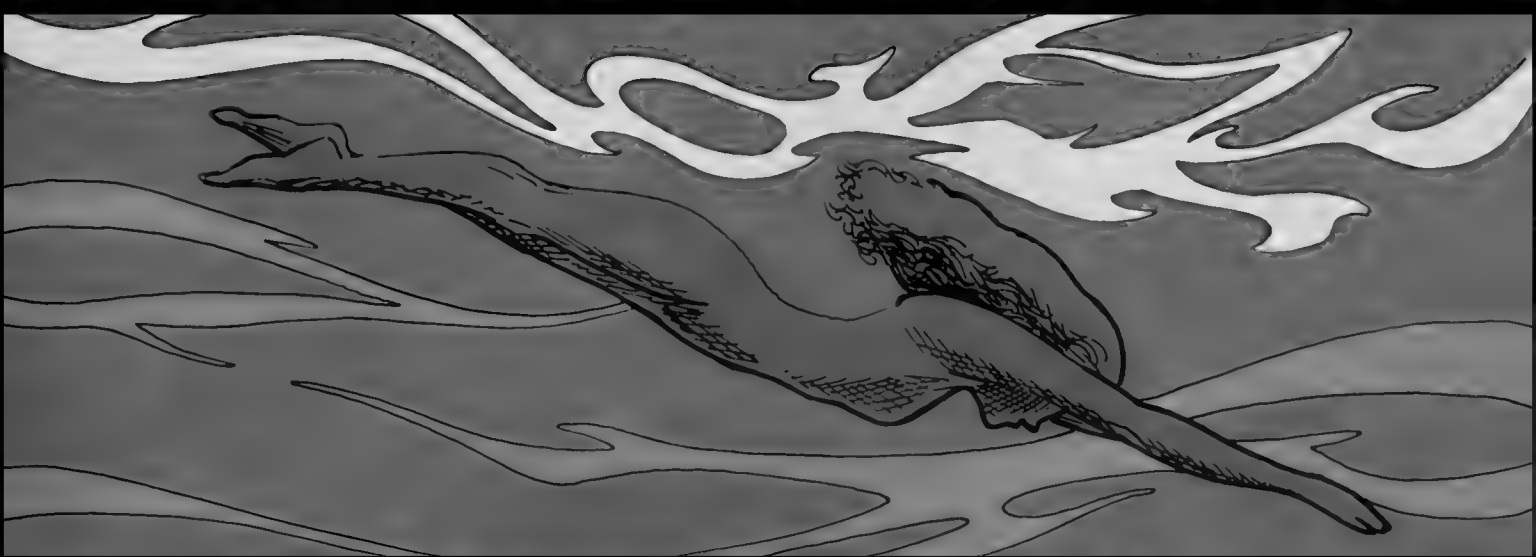


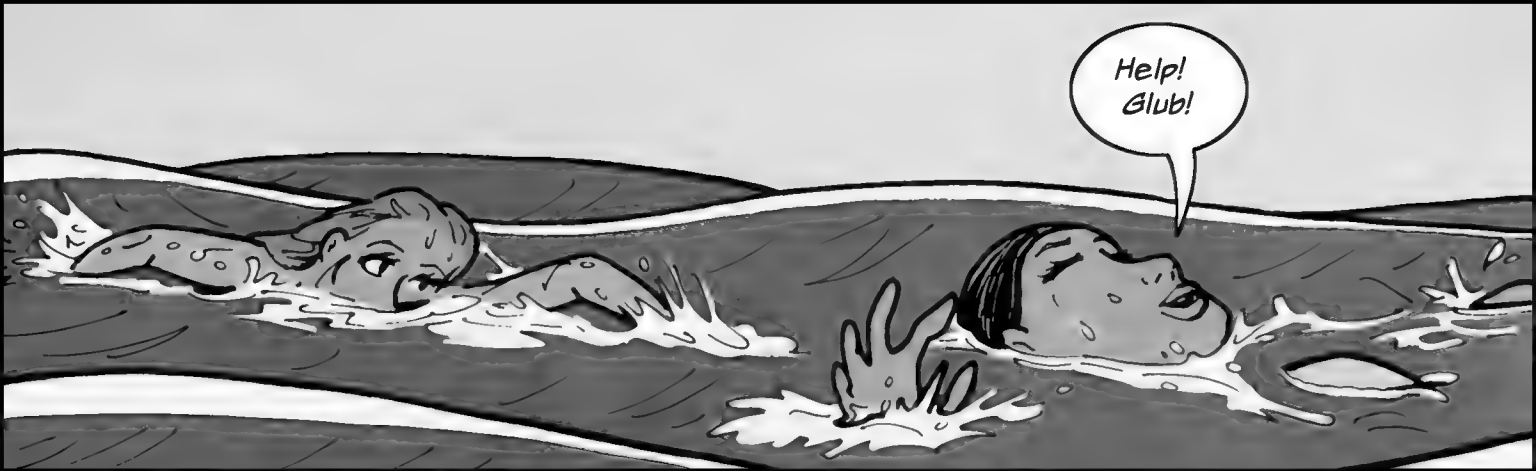






















Please don't make me go back yet. I know I wasn't supposed to leave, but I wanted to see the outside world so much.




I suppose you can stay here with us for a while. Until we figure some things out.




Oh, thank you!




Given how tanned you are, it would seem that you can pass.



Plantation people are all white, but you have grown dark enough that you look like one of us.

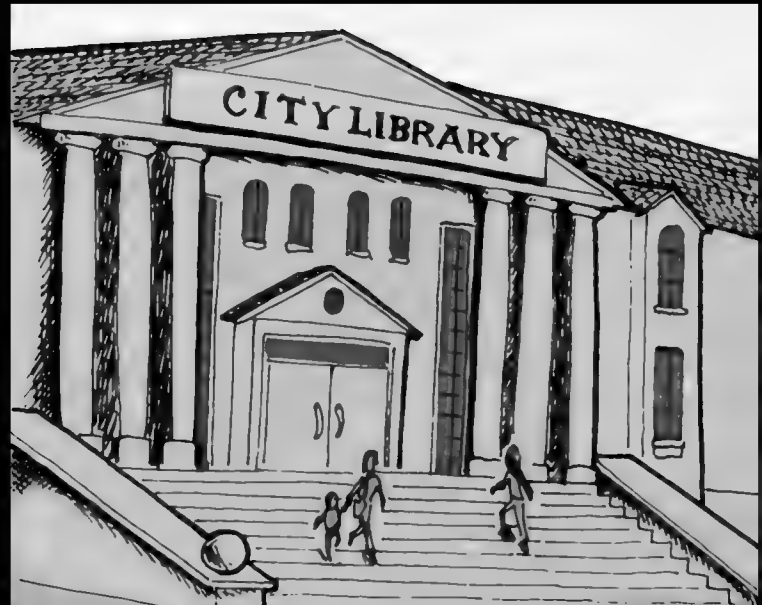


So you can stay here for a while, anyway. My name is Charles Moore. I'm a doctor.



This is my daughter, Zoe. She's a reporter.





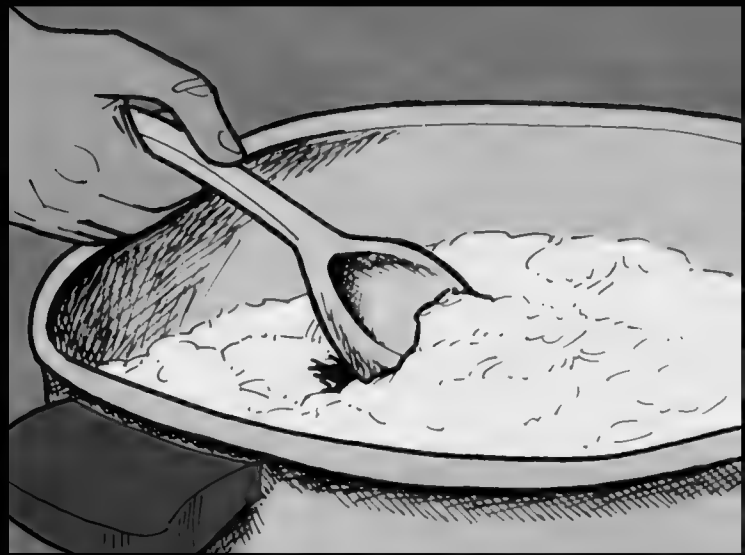
Minnow, please.
Come and eat.



Just one
more dish,
Dr. Moore!



Such a
feast!



Um, Dr. Moore?

"Oh. Of course,
Minnow. Perhaps you
could say it for us?"



O Lord, we thank you for the gifts of your bounty which we enjoy at this table. As you have provided for us in the past, so may you sustain us throughout our lives. Amen.



Where did you learn to make such delicious food, Minnow?

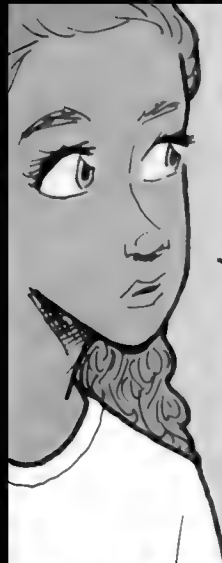


"We all cooked together on the plantation. The older women taught us younger ones."





Is something wrong, Dr. Moore?



Daddy thinks the plantation system is wrong.

Why are plantations wrong? Most people I knew there were happy.



We didn't have to work too hard, there was good food to eat.

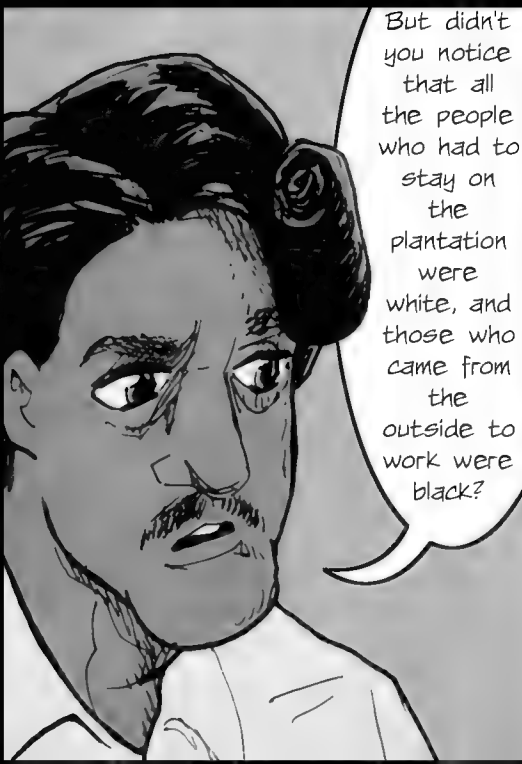


There were doctors and a pastor and even a police officer to help us out.



Women got have babies,
and raise families, and
what few men there
were around --

-- they got to
make babies, which
I guess they liked.



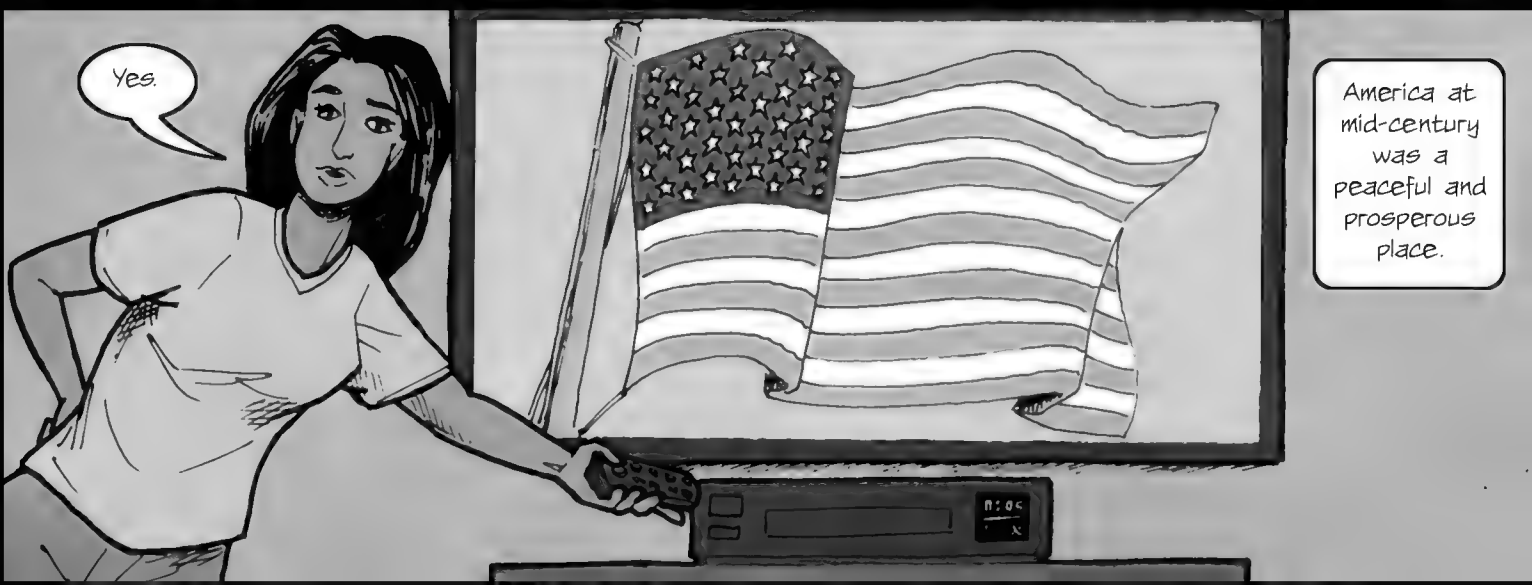
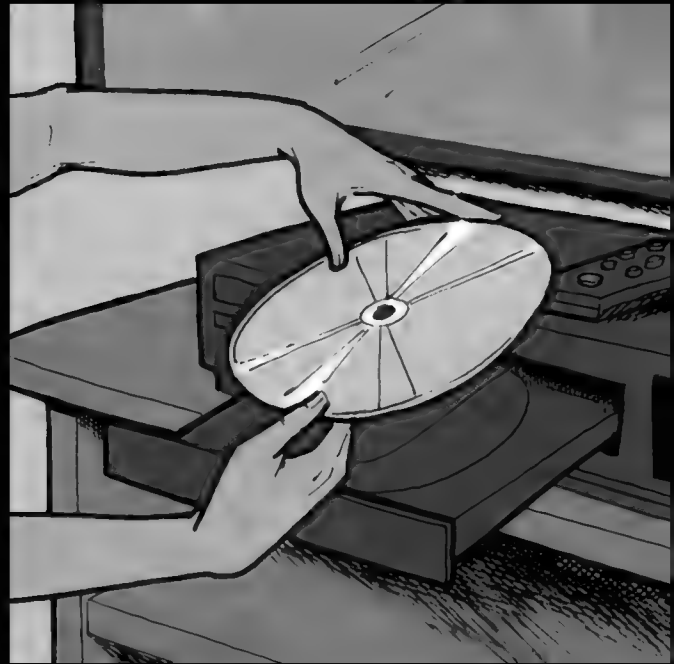
But didn't
you notice
that all
the people
who had to
stay on
the
plantation
were
white, and
those who
came from
the
outside to
work were
black?



Yes, I did. I always
wondered why that was.

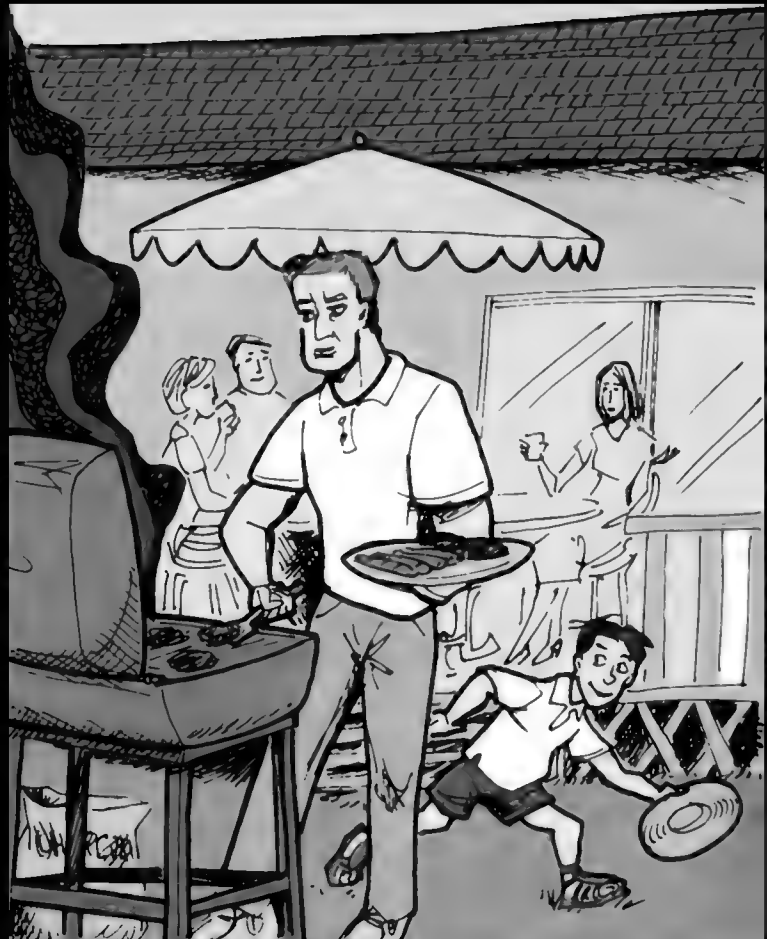
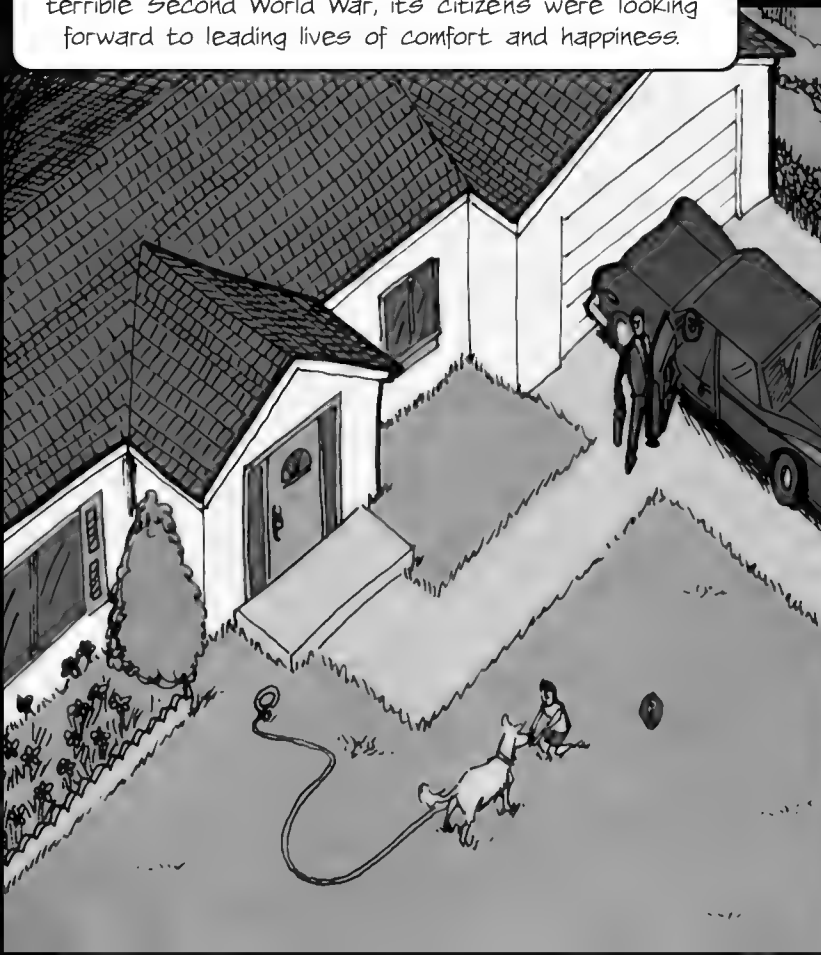


We should show
Minnow one of
the school
documentaries.





Having emerged as the one undamaged victor from the terrible Second World War, its citizens were looking forward to leading lives of comfort and happiness.

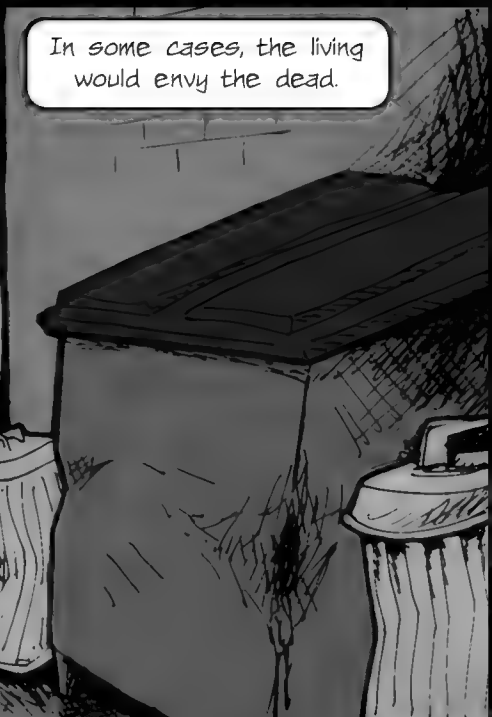


But in the spring of 1958, all around the world, and without warning, invaders came from the sea.



Invading inland, the marine invaders spread terror and destruction!





In some cases, the living would envy the dead.



The armed forces of the world's nations mobilized in an attempt to beat back the threat.

General Douglas MacArthur was called out of retirement to fight the war.



And I can promise the American people this, that we shall promptly repel this invasion and wipe out this obscene species!

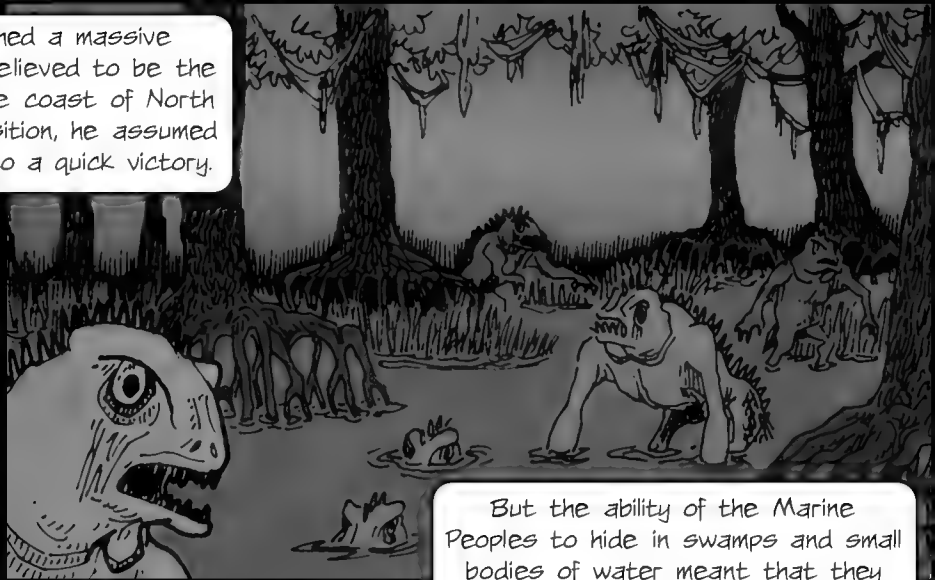


I've seen one of those! So that's what it does!



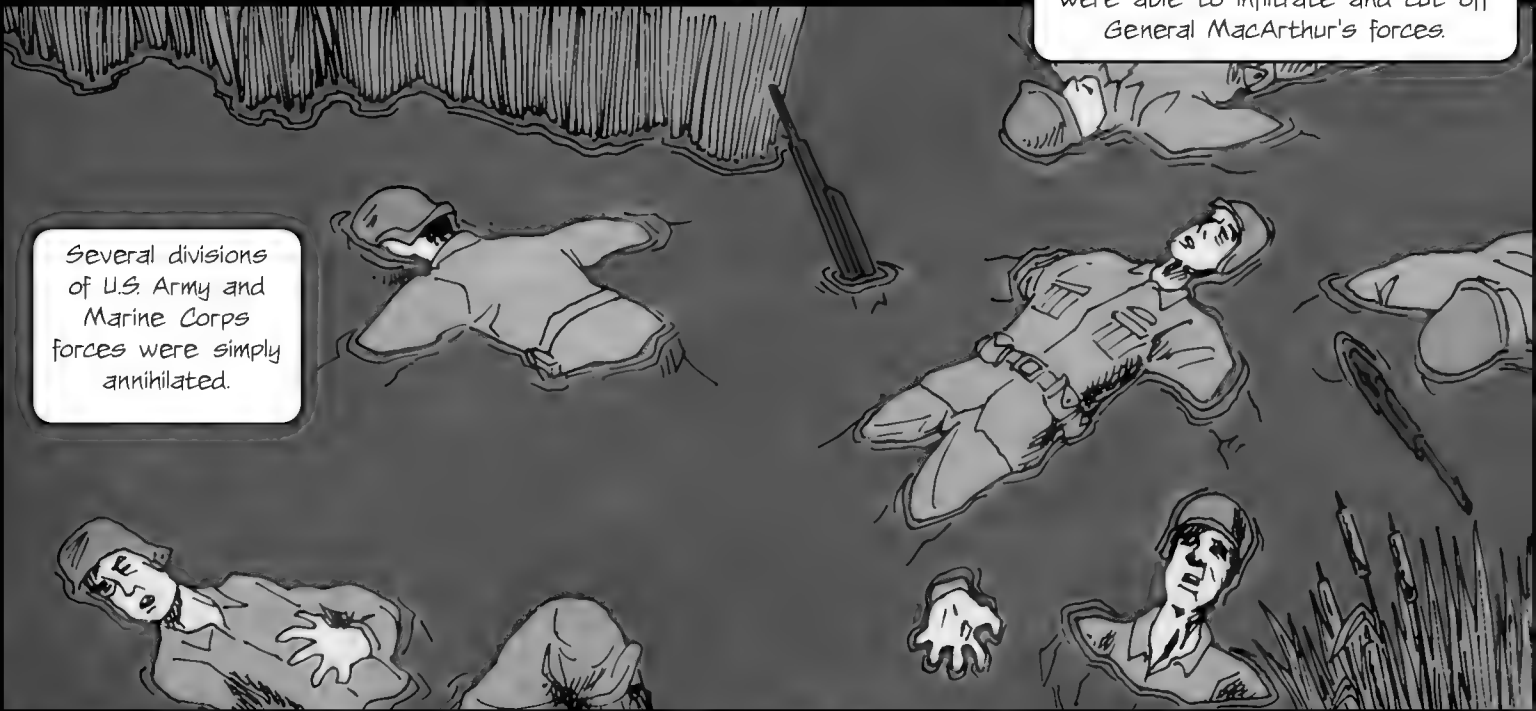
INIA
TH
OLINA

General MacArthur launched a massive offensive toward what he believed to be the Marine People's base on the coast of North America. Meeting little opposition, he assumed himself to be on the path to a quick victory.



But the ability of the Marine Peoples to hide in swamps and small bodies of water meant that they were able to infiltrate and cut off General MacArthur's forces.

Several divisions of U.S. Army and Marine Corps forces were simply annihilated.



General MacArthur himself did not escape the general massacre. It is said that then-President Eisenhower's final and fatal heart-attack was precipitated by this shocking image.



In the wake of this huge military disaster many white Americans sought someone to blame.

I have it on the highest authority that the murder of our American boys by these Satanic hell-fiends was facilitated by treasonous Negroes and Communists who showed them the way and sabotaged our forces.



The time has come for action!



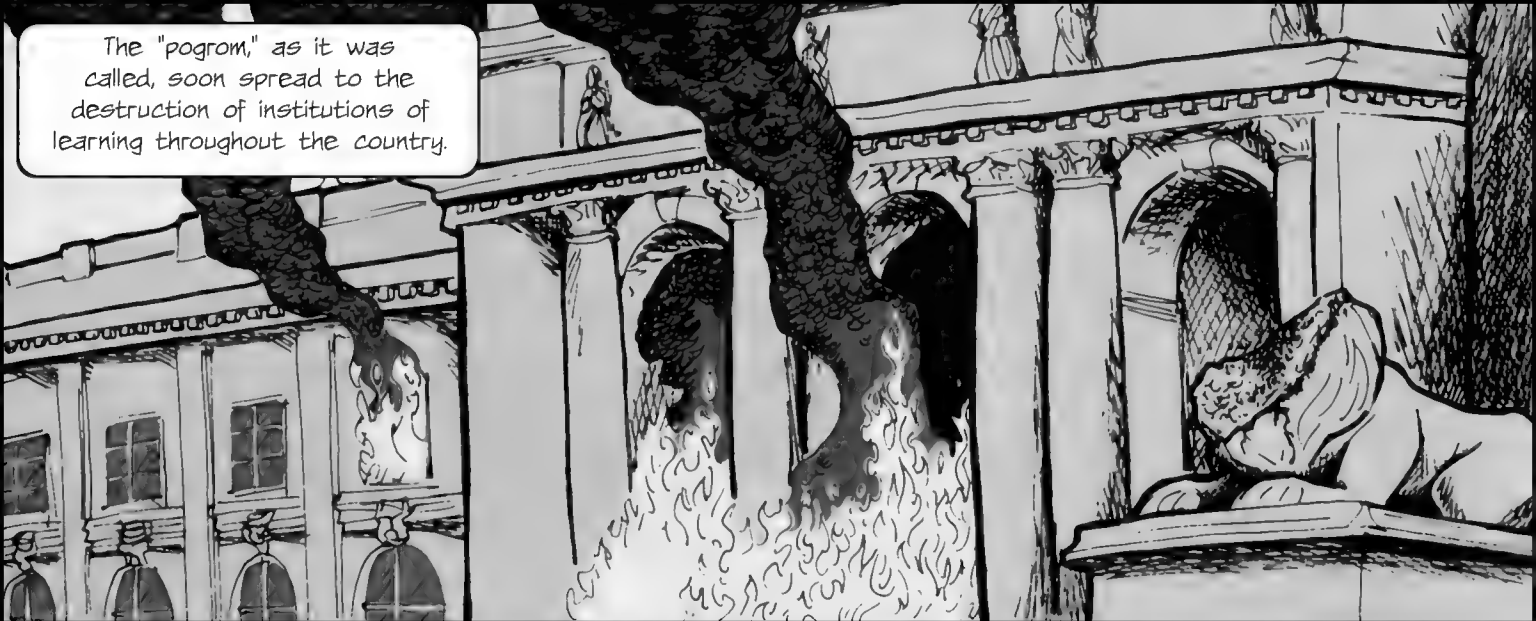
Action was not long in coming, as white mobs took the law into their own hands.



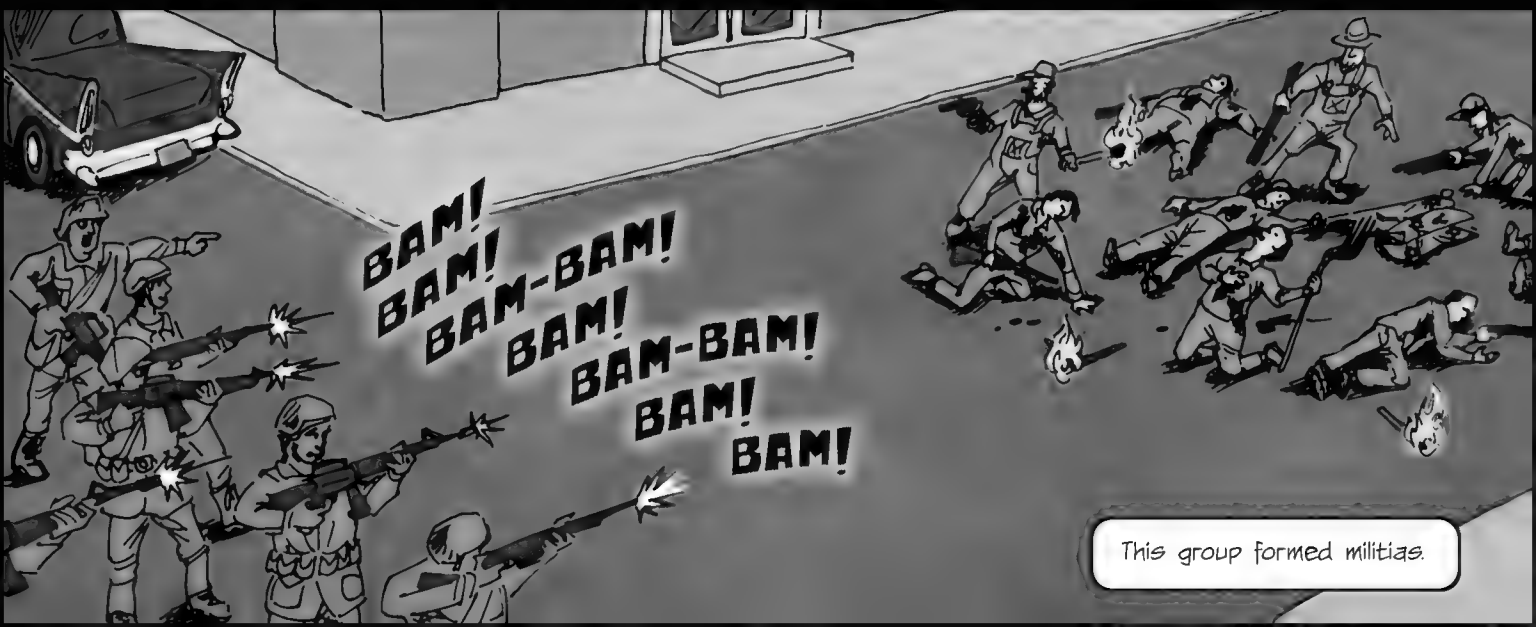




The "pogrom," as it was called, soon spread to the destruction of institutions of learning throughout the country.



Determined to prevent a genocide and save what they could of civilization, a group of young people of color formed a provisional government of people of color.

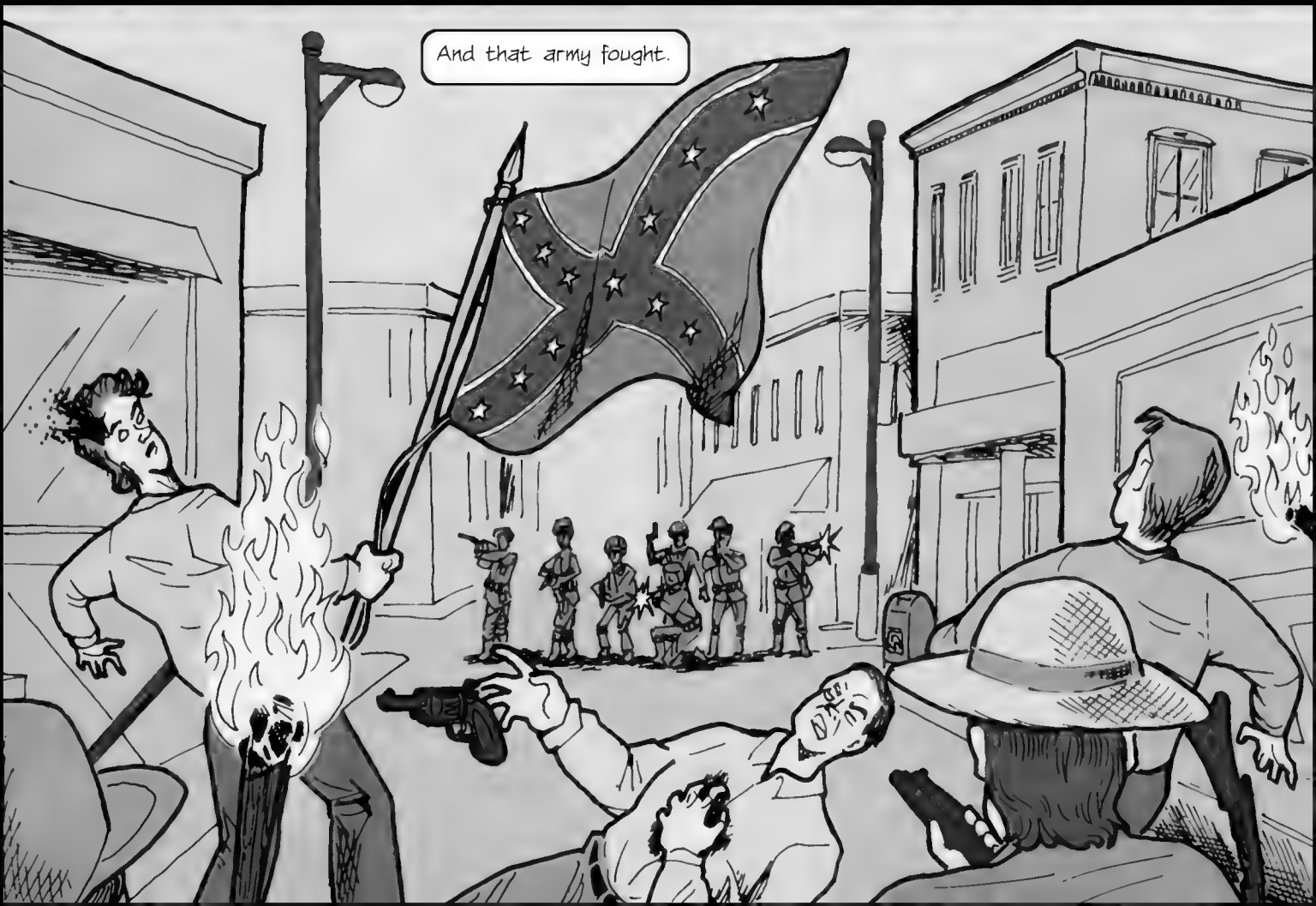


This group formed militias.

The militias became an army, its ranks swelled by colored veterans of the Second World War and the Korean War.



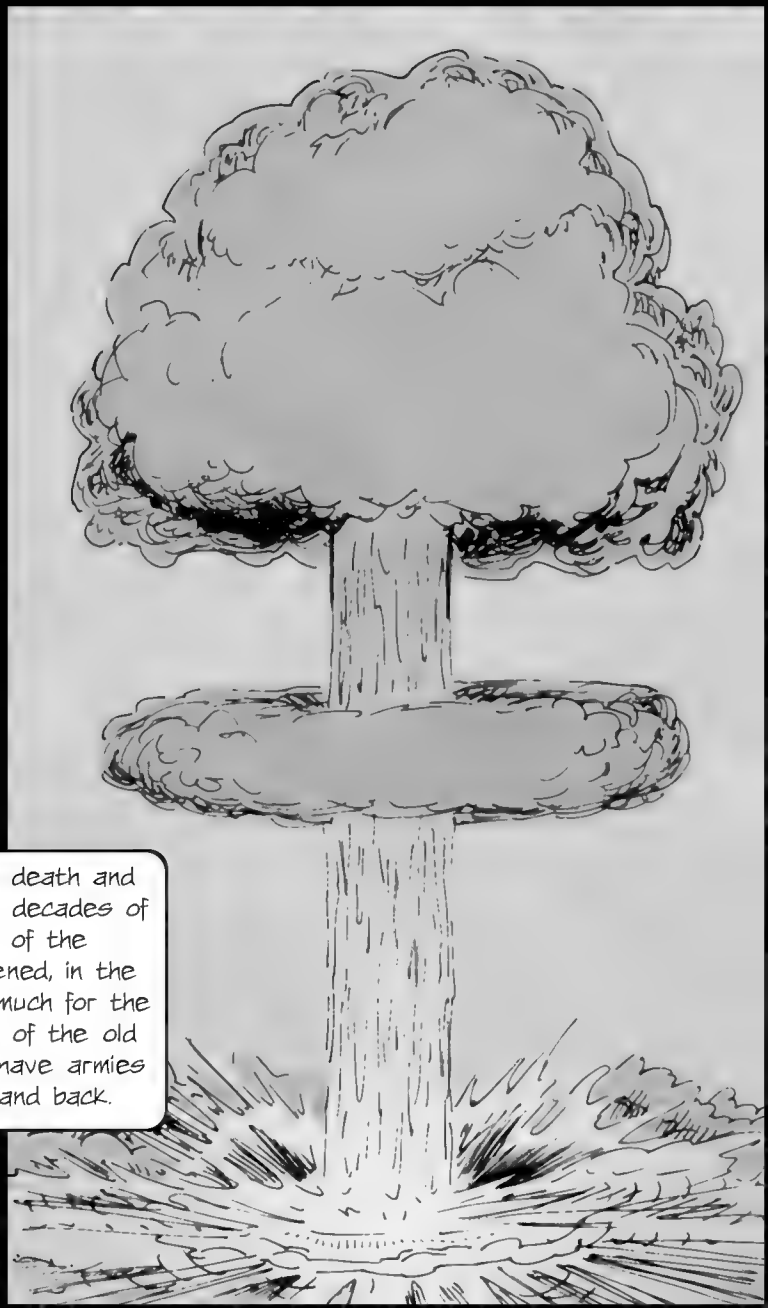
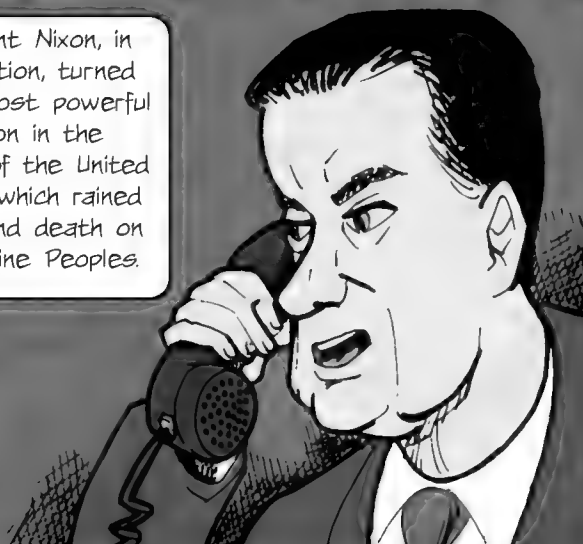
And that army fought.



And advanced.



President Nixon, in desperation, turned to the most powerful weapon in the arsenal of the United States, which rained poison and death on the Marine Peoples.



And while mass death and the poisoning for decades of some parts of the seacoast happened, in the end it was too much for the remaining forces of the old human world to have armies at the front and back.





A treaty was signed in which the new provisional government gave up atomic weapons and the Marine Peoples agreed to call off their invasion.




While the remaining white people were, to protect the peace and for their own protection, interned on plantations managed by the new government.



Are you okay?

I have a lot to think about.




Why do they put us on farms?


The war between humans and the Fishmen ended with a treaty. The Fishmen apparently had two demands. One was that human beings give up atomic weapons. The Fishmen felt threatened by those, I guess.



I don't see what that has to do with the Plantations.




That's where the second demand comes in. Some time in the past the Fishmen used to come on shore and... mate with human beings. I don't know why they wanted to do this but they did. They would make babies with human women who would turn into fish people as they got older. At some point the humans took up arms and drove the fish people off the land. After the war, the fishmen demanded that they be given a certain number of human women per year that they could do with what they wanted.



That they be given...



The Plantations are where those women come from.



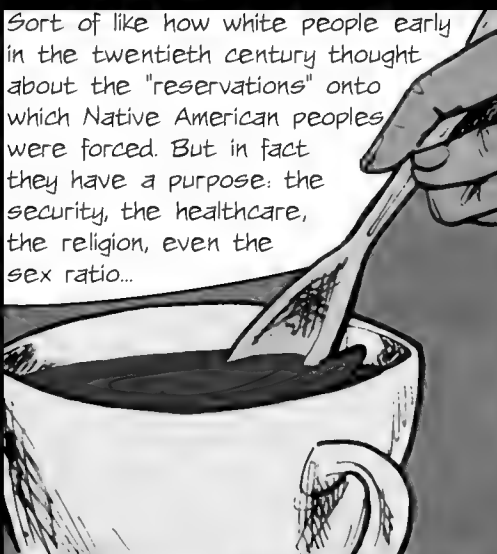
The brides of Jesus... Oh, my God, my sister!





Yes. It's true. People here know about the existence of the plantations, but not about how they are run. Mostly they're taught that plantations are a kind of public charity toward a backward people unfit for self-government.

Sort of like how white people early in the twentieth century thought about the "reservations" onto which Native American peoples were forced. But in fact they have a purpose: the security, the healthcare, the religion, even the sex ratio...

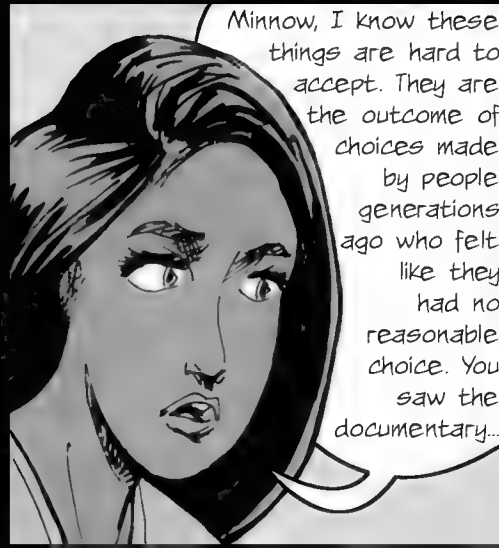
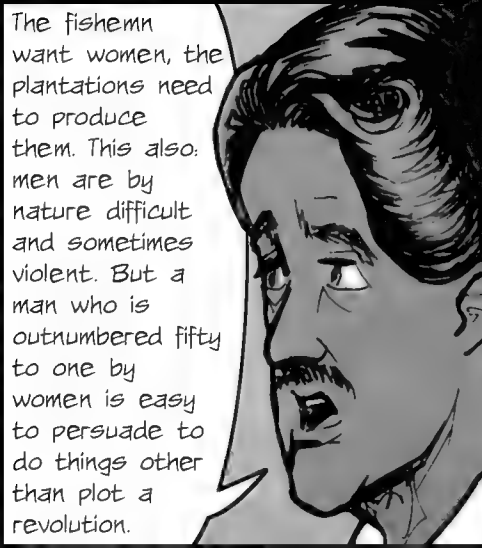


Sex ratio?

Genetic and medical interventions to make sure that at least fifty girls are born on the plantations for every boy.

But why?

The fishermen want women, the plantations need to produce them. This also: men are by nature difficult and sometimes violent. But a man who is outnumbered fifty to one by women is easy to persuade to do things other than plot a revolution.



Minnow, I know these things are hard to accept. They are the outcome of choices made by people generations ago who felt like they had no reasonable choice. You saw the documentary...



Yes...

**KNOCK
KNOCK!**



Dr. Moore!



**KNOCK
KNOCK!**

Dr. Moore!
I'm from the Office of
Public Security!



Take her!
I'll answer the
door.



What do
they -- ?

These people
will want to take you
back to the plantation...
if you're lucky.



May I take your coat, Special Agent Cantor? You're dripping...



Thank you, Colonel. I wouldn't wish to make a mess of your lovely vacation home.







She answers to the name of "Minnow." She managed to slip away from the Wilson Plantation a few weeks ago.



REWARD FLYER

WILSON MINNOW
MAY 2000
IN


She's obviously unusually resourceful -- we haven't had many who have stayed out this long -- and some witnesses think they might have seen someone who looks like her in the area. There are concerns that she might be very committed to her flight and there is possibility of violence if she is confronted.



Oh, now really, I don't think...


I'm just relaying what the psych docs think, Colonel.






They also
say that she might
give up if told that her
mother is terribly worried
about her.

I am told
that often works
with flyers.



We can,
of course, arrange
for a guard here if
you like.



I believe
that I can
adequately defend
myself and mine if
I need to.

I would not
doubt that, of course,
Colonel. We know your
record.





Yes, well, about that.
Dr. Derbyshire had an accident recently and is unavailable for the procedure. Meanwhile, as you are perhaps aware, the Hostiles have been getting more hostile of late. It's hard to gauge exactly, since we don't speak their language. But they speak ours and their demands for deliveries have been getting... shriller? Control sees this as a national security matter.



I don't wish to be blunt, Colonel, but with your privileges go responsibilities.



Take a day or so and think it over. But not more.







I might have turned you in, either today or any time before today.

But you didn't.

I know. Of all people I should have been the one who did.



Perhaps you need to tell her more.



Like, why did that man call you "Colonel?"



I'm not just an ordinary doctor. I graduated at the absolute top of my class in medical school and was made what they call a "Public Security Surgeon." I work on medical cases of significance to the state. I've been working on them for many years with success, which is why I also have a military rank.

I worked on various difficult cases. I was proud of what I was doing. It felt very patriotic. It was also well compensated. I mean, how else do you think a government employee can get this nice stretch of private beachfront?



But over time I began to see things that struck me as very ugly, many of them connected with the plantation system.



At a moment where my loyalty was tested, I couldn't bring myself to send anyone back there. I guess at this point I've got a little treason in me.





And Agent Cantor isn't wrong. Things are getting worse between people and fishmen.

I was called in last year to do an autopsy on a young worker at a government research facility.

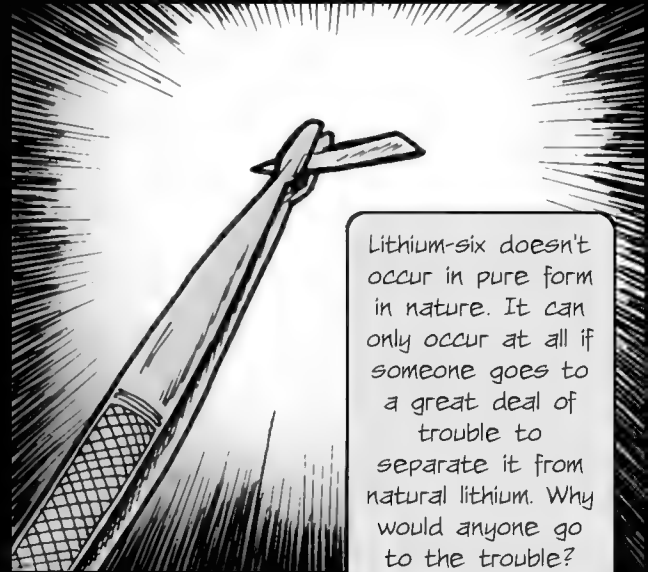
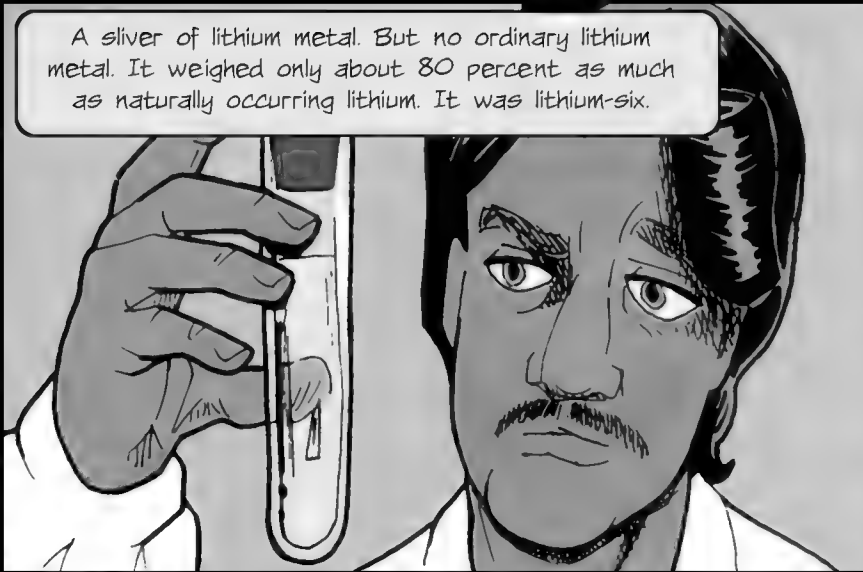


He rammed a vehicle through a gate leaving the place and was shot dead by security."



Not only did I find evidence of gills and other structures suggesting that he might be one of the fish people -- a spy -- but I also found something very strange inside his stomach

A sliver of lithium metal. But no ordinary lithium metal. It weighed only about 80 percent as much as naturally occurring lithium. It was lithium-six.



Lithium-six doesn't occur in pure form in nature. It can only occur at all if someone goes to a great deal of trouble to separate it from natural lithium. Why would anyone go to the trouble?

Maybe they want to build a thermo... something.

Thermo...

Thermo... nuclear device?



BOOM!







This should do it. It will float and keep anything you find dry.



Right. We're set then.

Let's hope that they haven't improved surveillance over there. I know no one has ever landed on a boat, but I guess they aren't expecting swimmers.



Do I have to wear this? It's really uncomfortable.

Yes. I want you *both* to keep your life vests on. It might be uncomfortable for you, but it's quite comforting to me. I wish you weren't going at all.

I promise we'll be careful. But I need to look into this.



Hell of a day
to go out for a swim,
eh, Hearn?

Indeed it
is, sir.

Where the
hell are they
going? They
can't possibly...

Action on
the other side of
the house, sir.

Well I'll be
damned...

This is Cantor to Control. Come in Control...acknowledge. Yes we've found our flyer. She's exactly where we thought she might be. She and the Colonel's daughter are together. They're wearing swimwear on the beach...Yes, Control, I am aware that it is not appropriate weather for beach activities.



The Colonel? Appears to have left to keep his appointment. We can snatch the flyer right now with likely minimal resistance. Uh huh...uh huh...yes sir. Will do.



We're to maintain position and continue observation until further orders.

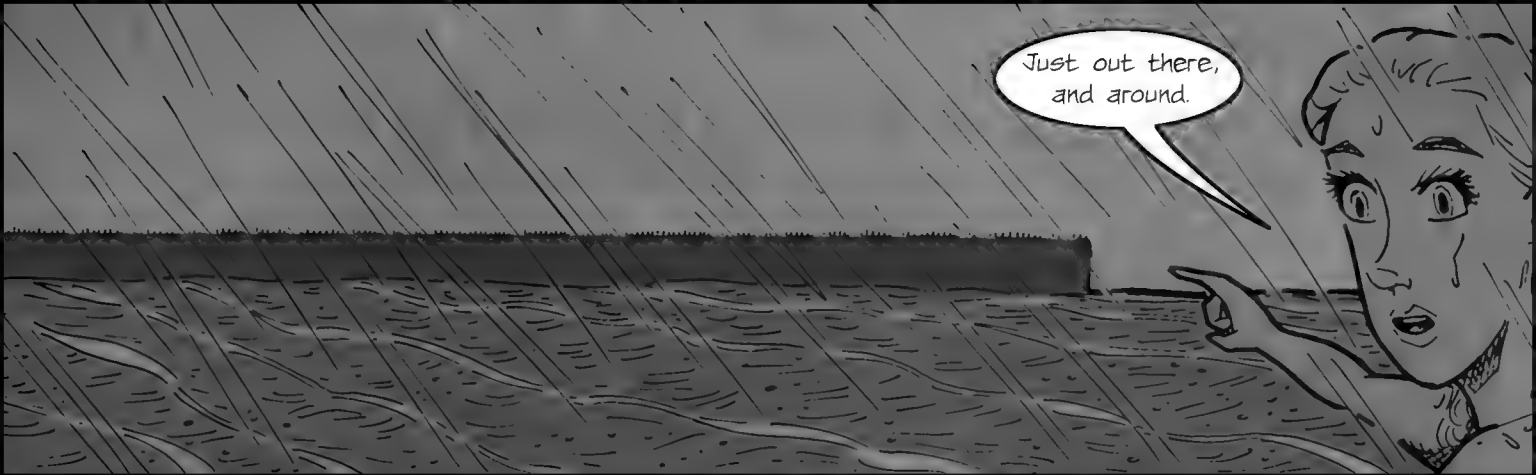


You are shitting me.



Control has its reasons, Hearn. They always do.

















A colleague of mine exposed a facility in California where they were separating out heavy water under the guise of desalinating seawater. Heavy water is very useful for making lithium six deuteride, and we already know someone else is making lithium six.



What do you think it all means?



Someone in the government is making a hydrogen bomb!



Minnow, I'm about to write the biggest news story of the century! Yes!



That's great...

Zoe, before we go, can I ask you for something?

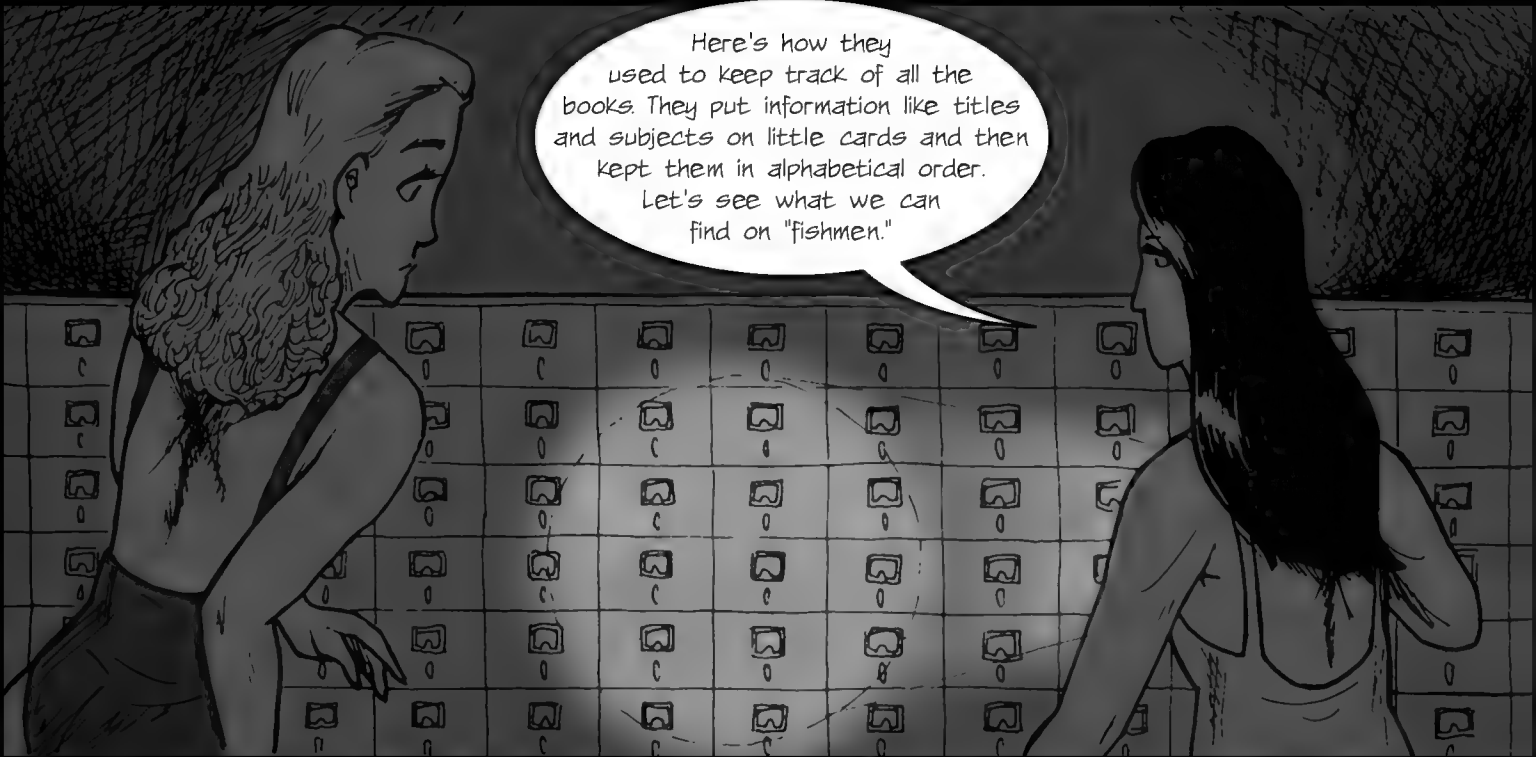


Right now, you could ask me for anything.

What do
you know about
the fishmen?



Here's how they
used to keep track of all the
books. They put information like titles
and subjects on little cards and then
kept them in alphabetical order.
Let's see what we can
find on "fishmen."



Fisher, Sir
Ronald... fishgarth...
fishing-rod...



Here
we go.

Decree of Canopus...
deed poll... Deep Ones.

"The Innsmouth Dwellers:
An attempt at a
description of their
customs and
language."
Restricted
access, rare
books
collection,
third floor.
Catalog number
QL89.W50 1935.



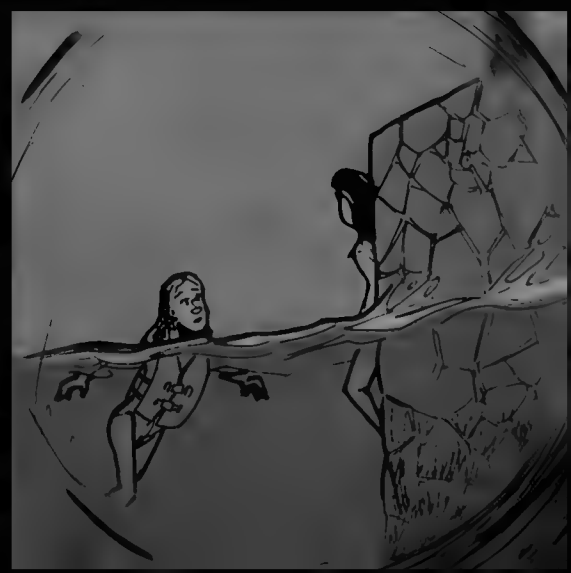


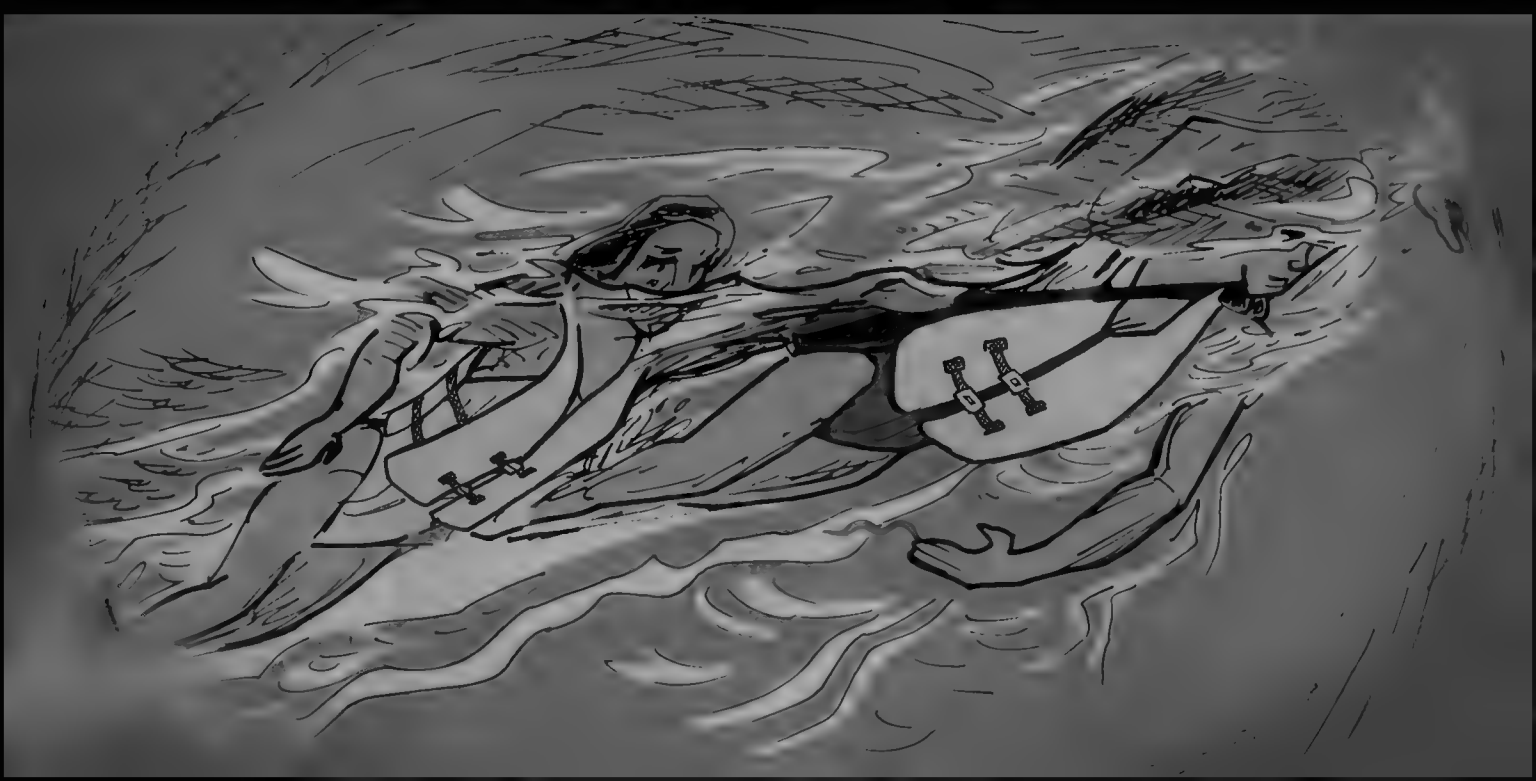
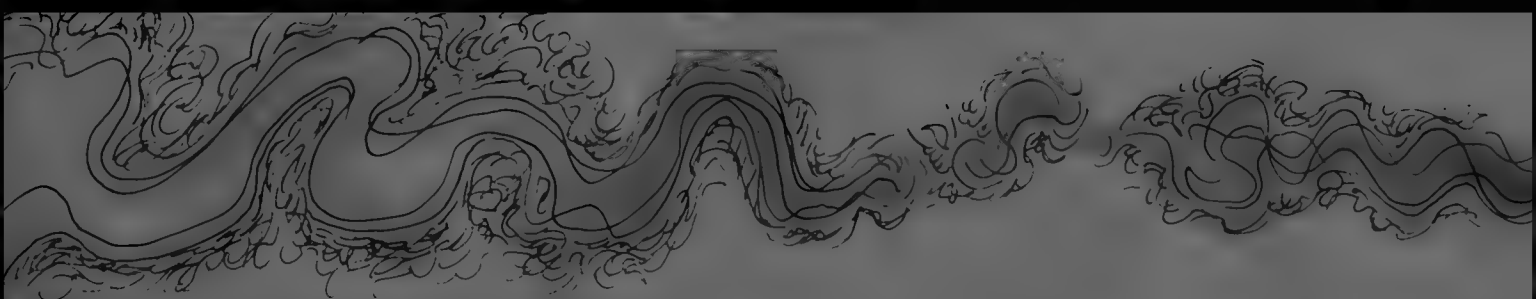




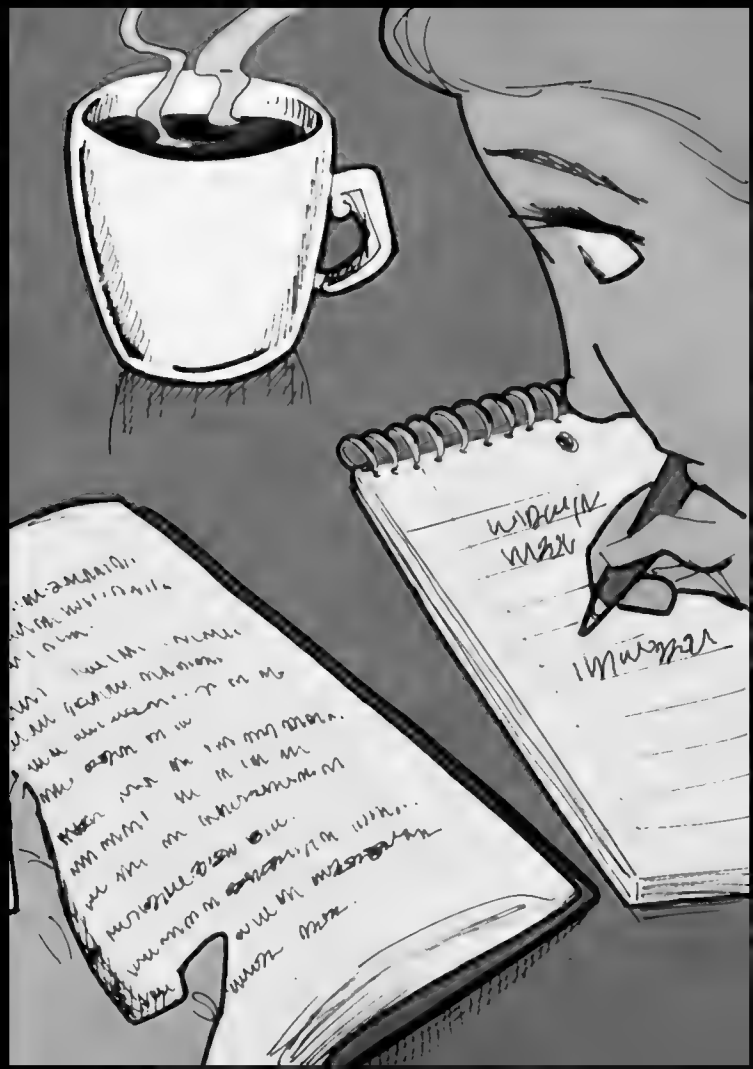
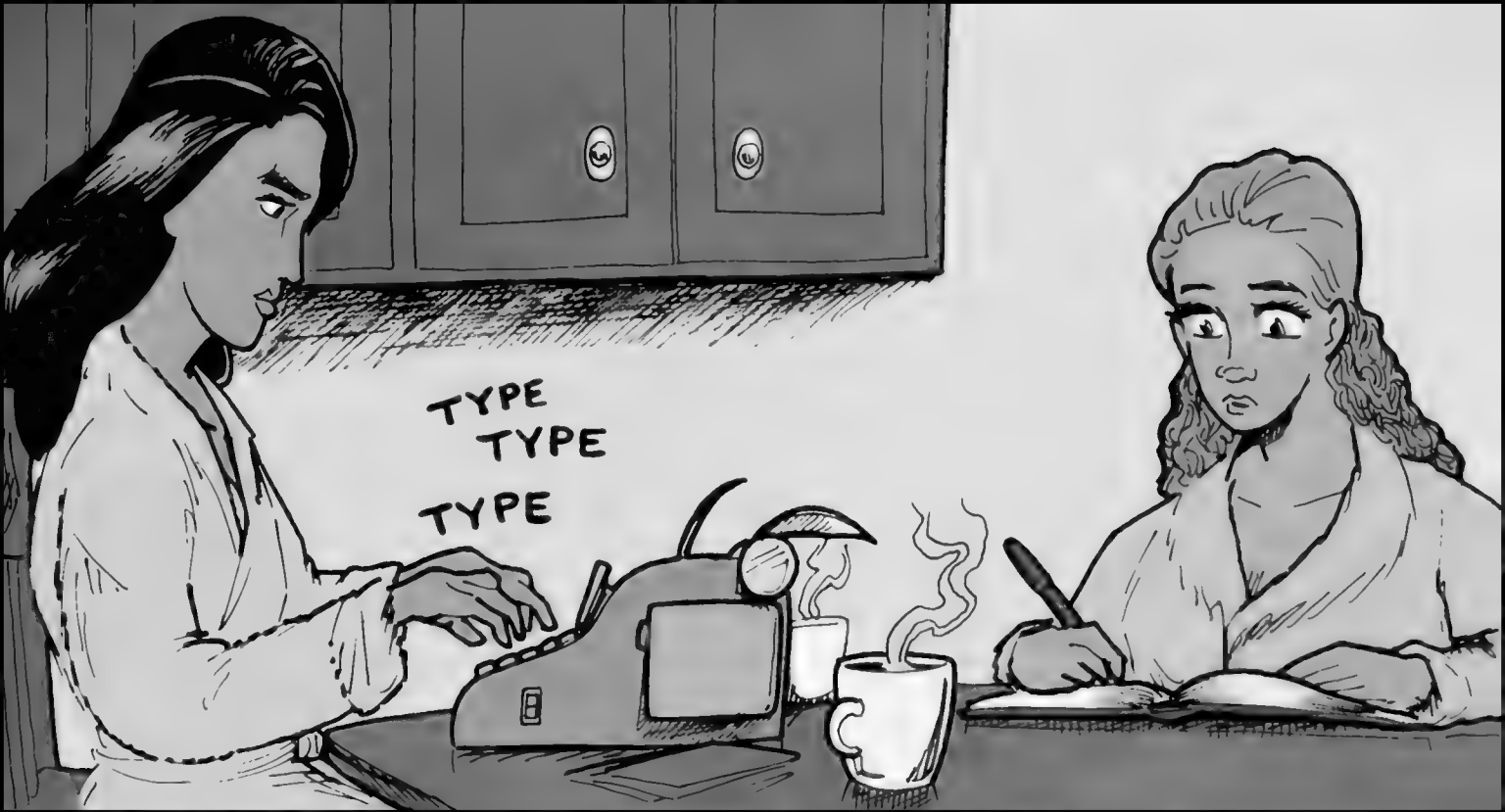












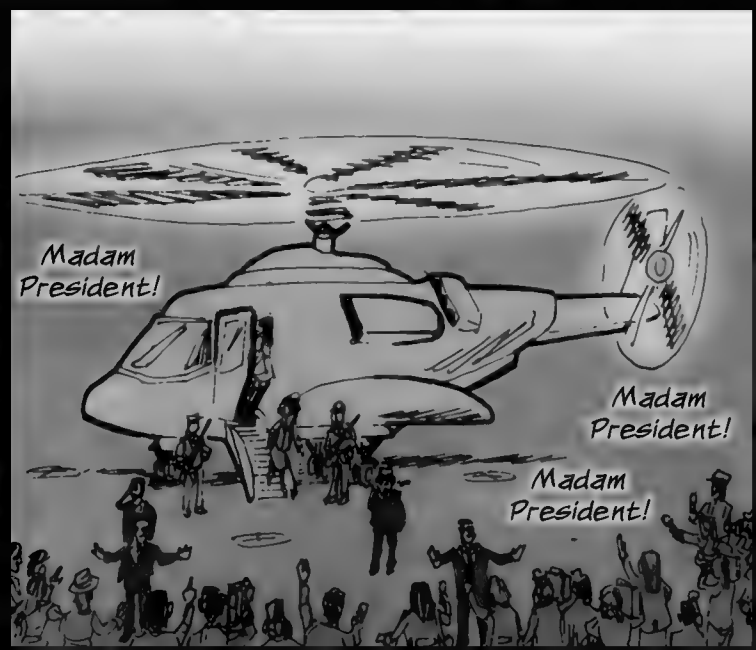
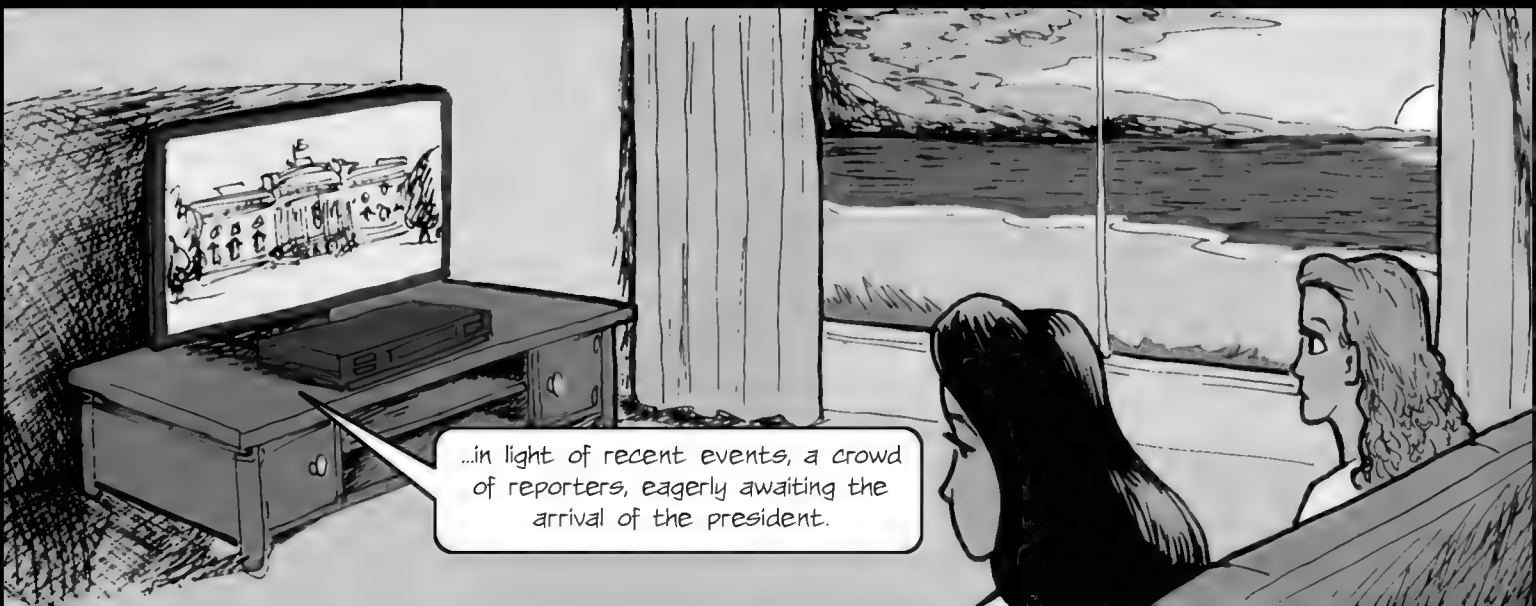
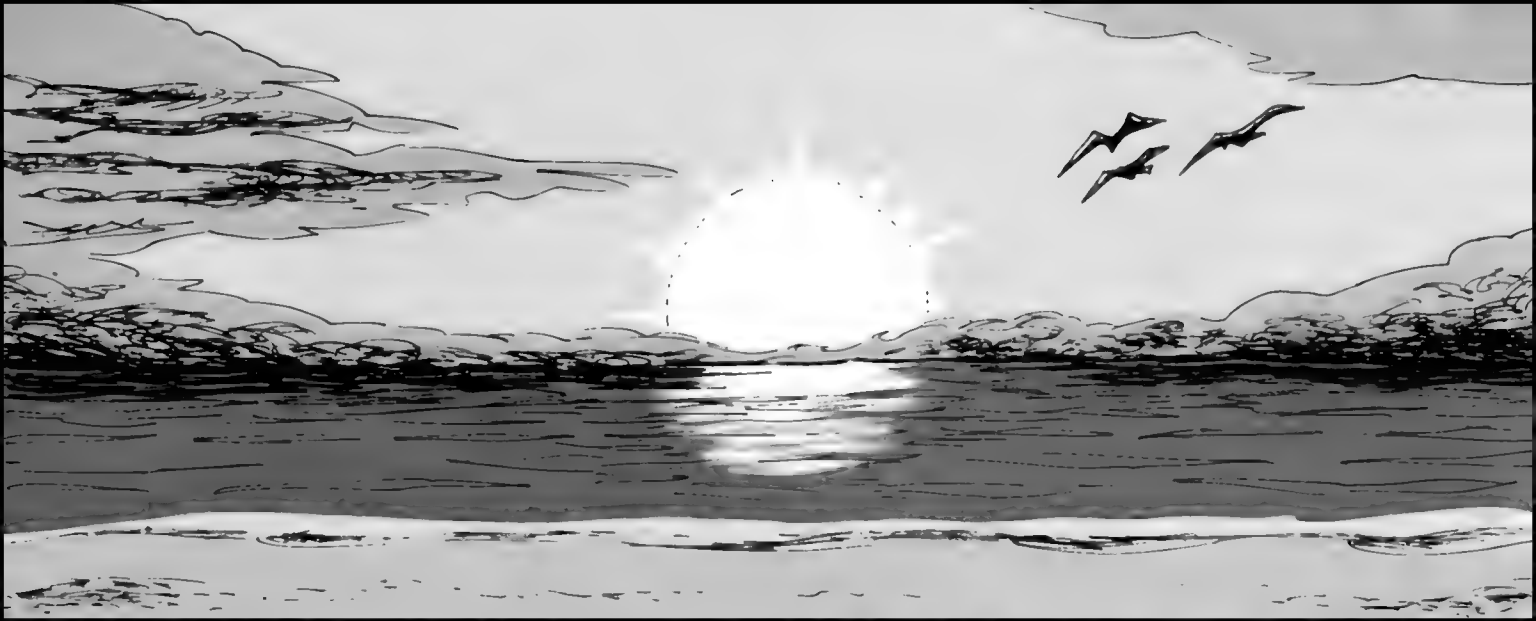


Book is too interesting. I think I might be on to something about how the Fishman's language works. You see they play this funny trick with word order, and until you catch it...









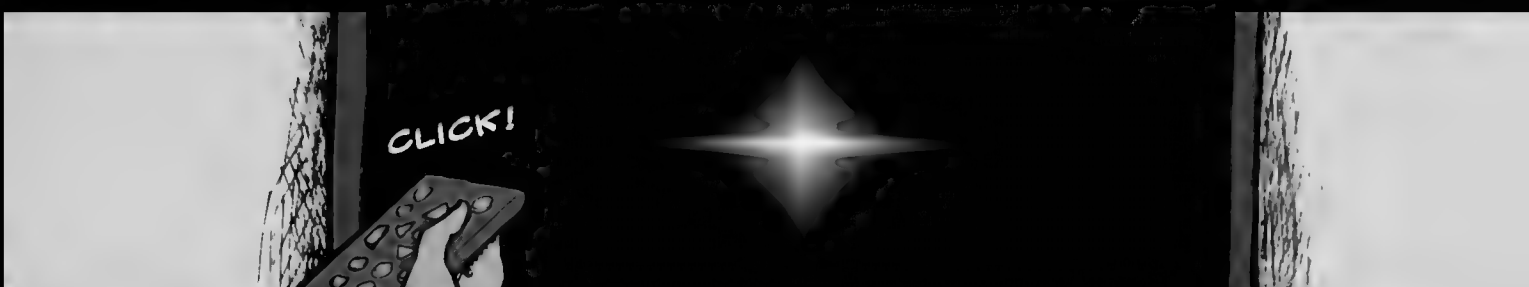


I will allow
one question
only.



Is it
true that
the government
has renewed
an atomic
weapons
program?

We
have no
comment
on that
report
at this
time.



CLICK!



Aren't you
and your father
going to be in a
lot of trouble
over this?

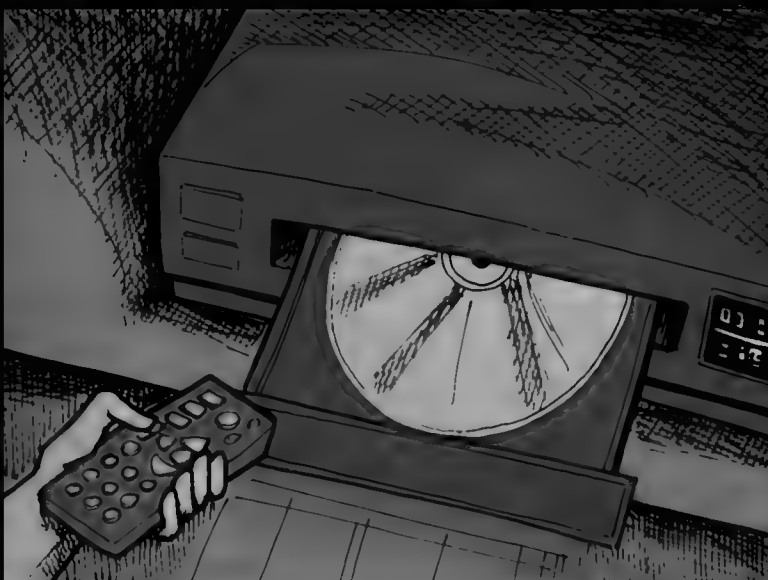
Probably.
I think
treason
must run in
the family.



Over the plantations? I mean,
I understand why it's wrong
and all but... even so, it isn't
like most people are unhappy
there. Why risk... whatever it
is they do with traitors over
that? Is what happens
to the Brides of Jesus
that bad?



Minnow...
you're going to have
to learn what's really
at stake, here.



Through a lifelong process of socialization, the subject has been led to believe a narrative that she has been selected to make a journey of great spiritual importance.



Sister, I'm scared.
Who are these people?

These are
the Transporting
Angels, who we
have told you
about, my
love.

There
is nothing
to fear. You
must be
prepared
for your
journey.



You
can begin by
removing your
shift.

Uh...

There is
no need for
shame. You are
pure, like Eve
in Eden before
she sinned.



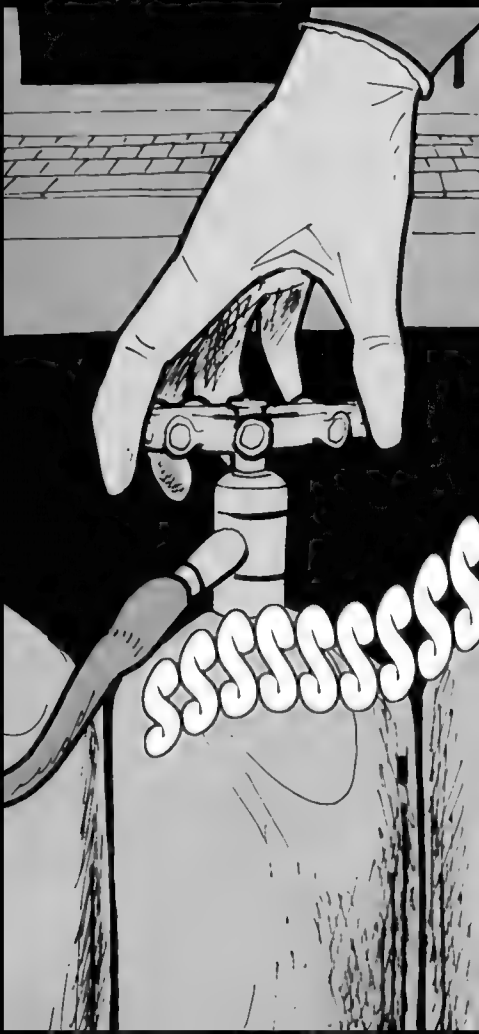




Sweetheart,
I'm going to put a
mask on your face for just
a little while. I'm going to
give you something that
will help you to travel
comfortably.



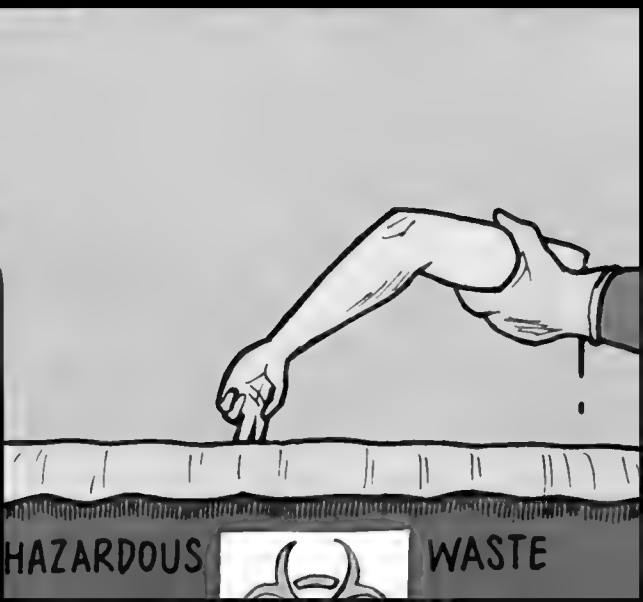
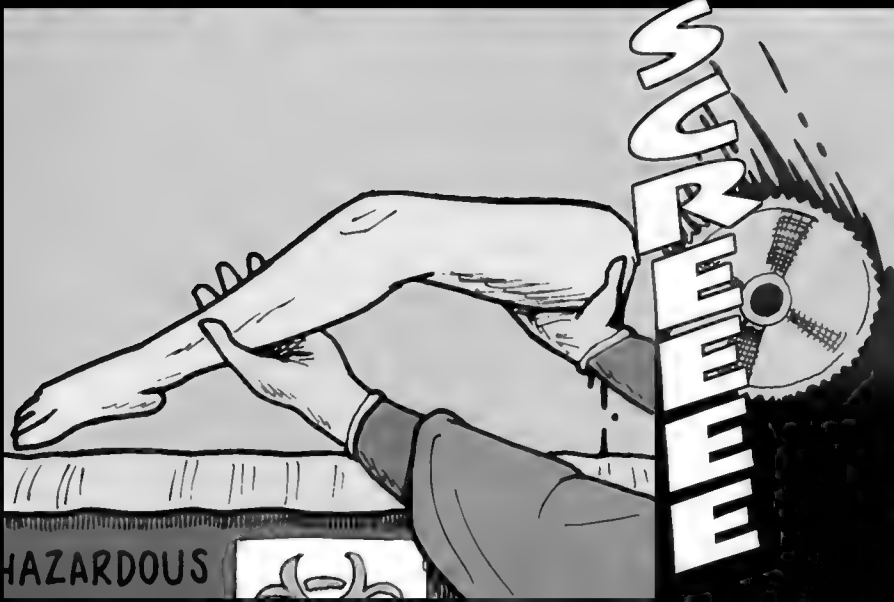
All you need to
do is relax, close your eyes,
breath in as deeply as can, and
count backwards from ten, like
the Guides taught you how
to do. Can you do
that for me?



...four...

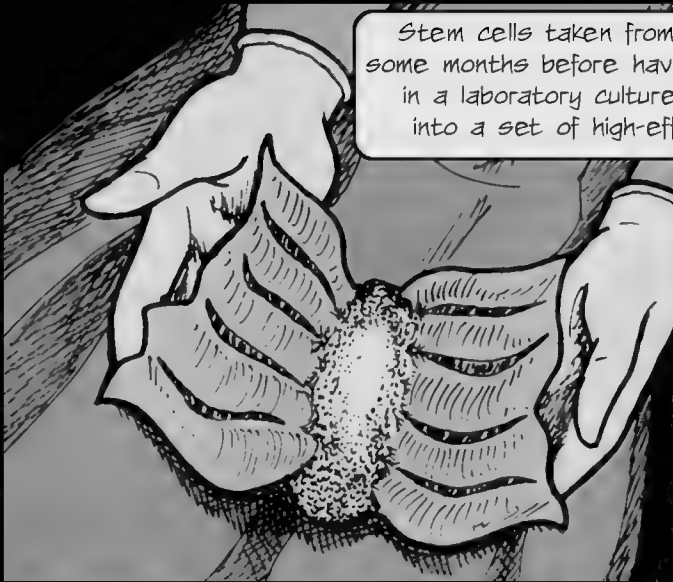


She's
out.

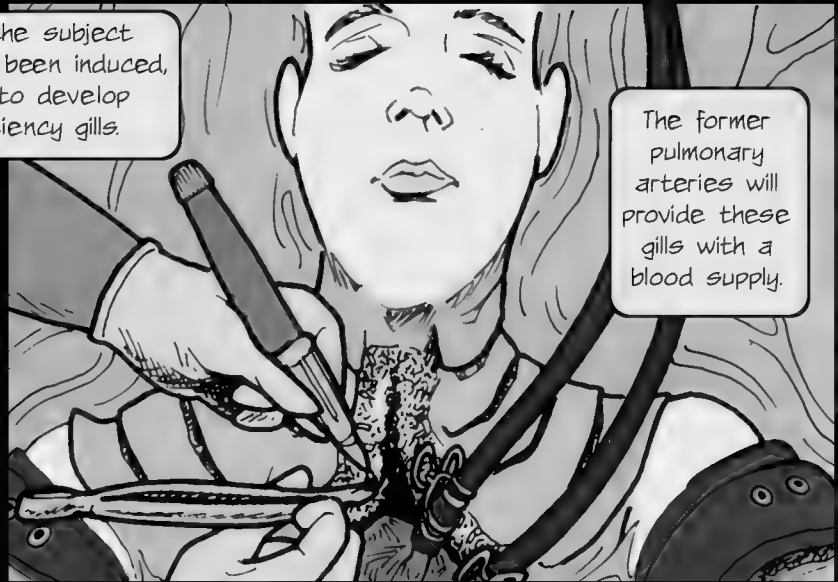




At this point a very sensitive part of the operation takes place.



Stem cells taken from the subject some months before have been induced, in a laboratory culture, to develop into a set of high-efficiency gills.

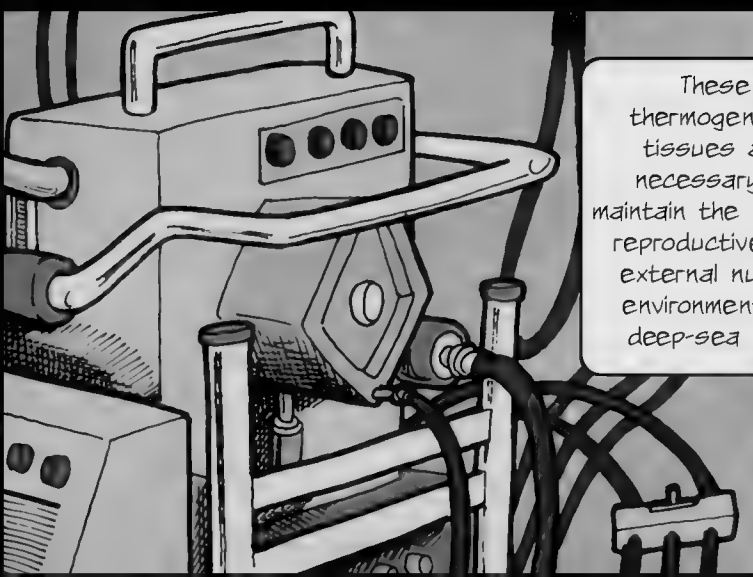


The former pulmonary arteries will provide these gills with a blood supply.



Needless to say, without these gills the subject would be incapable of surviving in a deep marine environment.

Additional special cloned thermogenetic tissues will be supplied by blood from the former femoral and subclavian vessels.



These thermogenetic tissues are necessary to maintain the internal reproductive and external nursing environments in deep-sea cold.



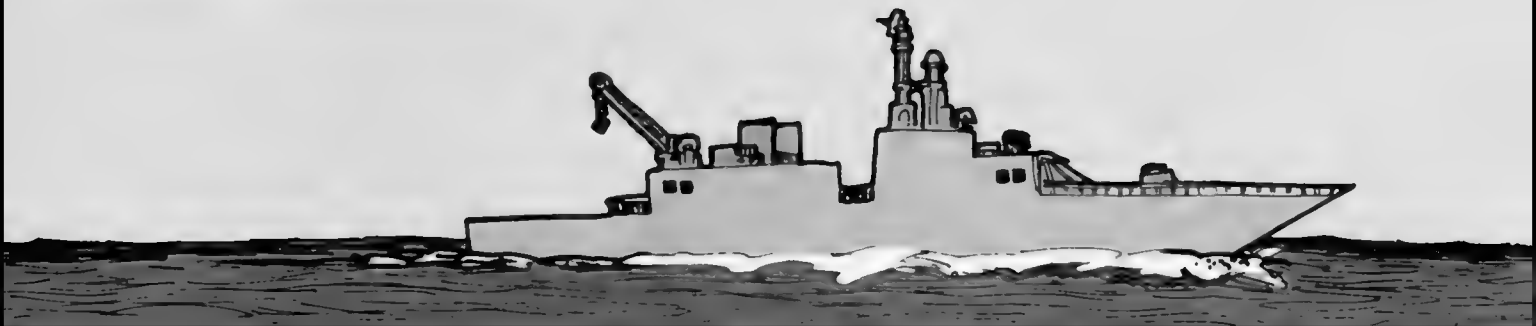
The major transplantation work done, the team can now proceed to the removal of now-superfluous cranial structures.

BZZZZZZ

After surgery, there are several weeks of observation as healing on the sutures take place.

The subject is monitored closely for infection and signs of organ failure.

If after several weeks the subject
appears to be in good health...



...it is delivered to the Deep
Ones in accord with treaty
procedures and obligations.



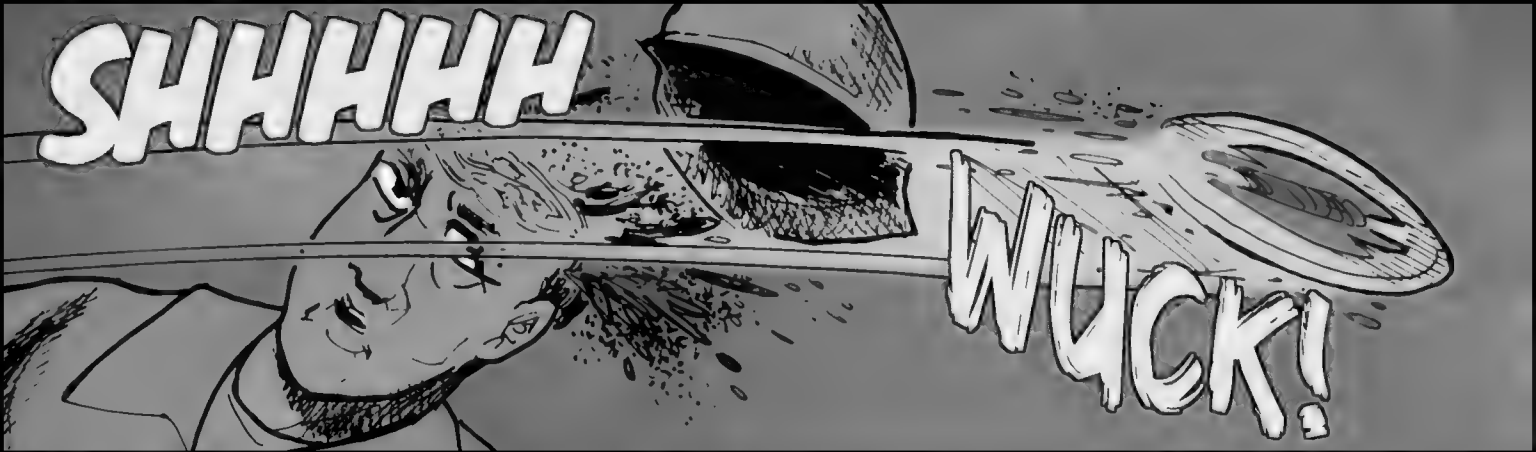






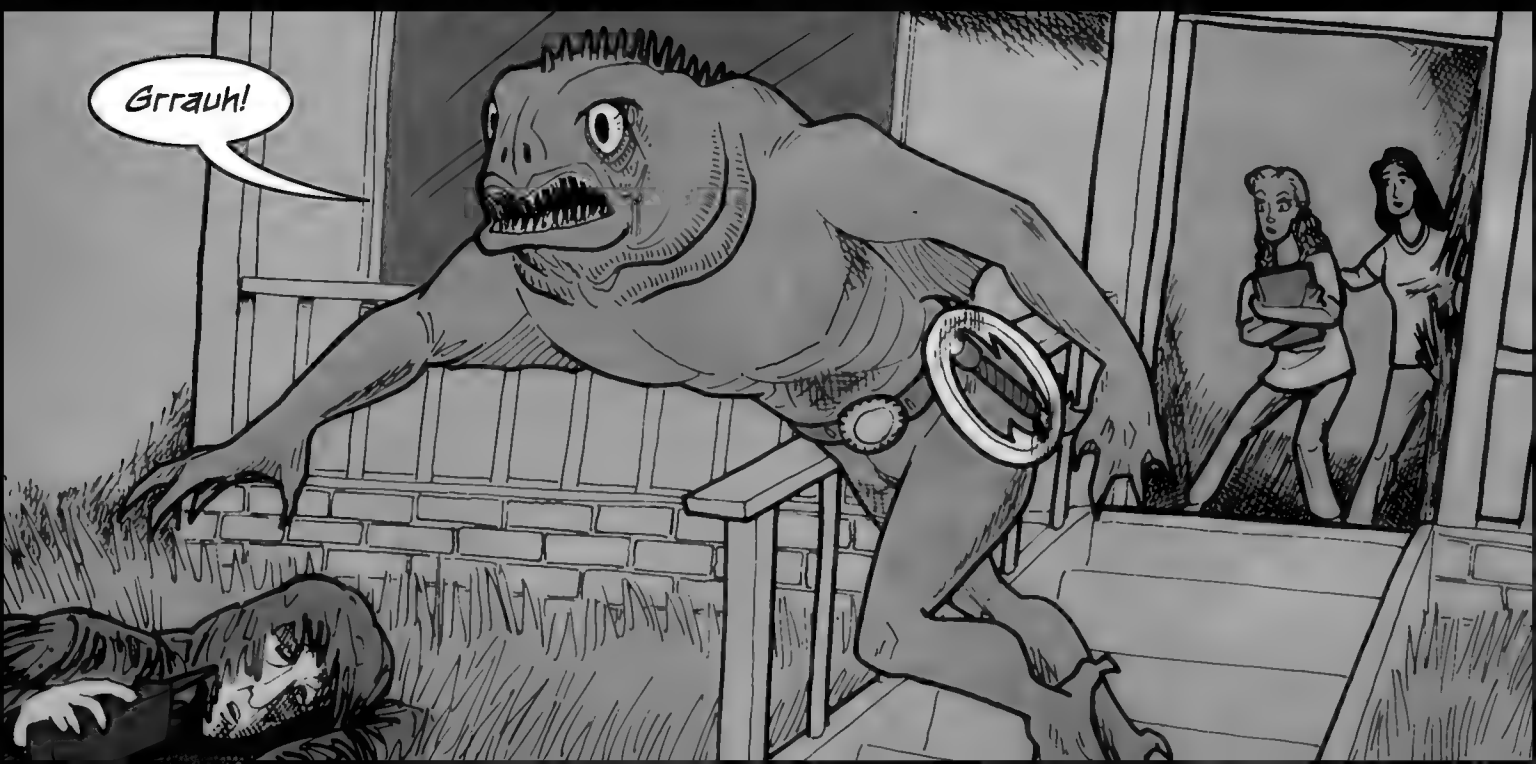














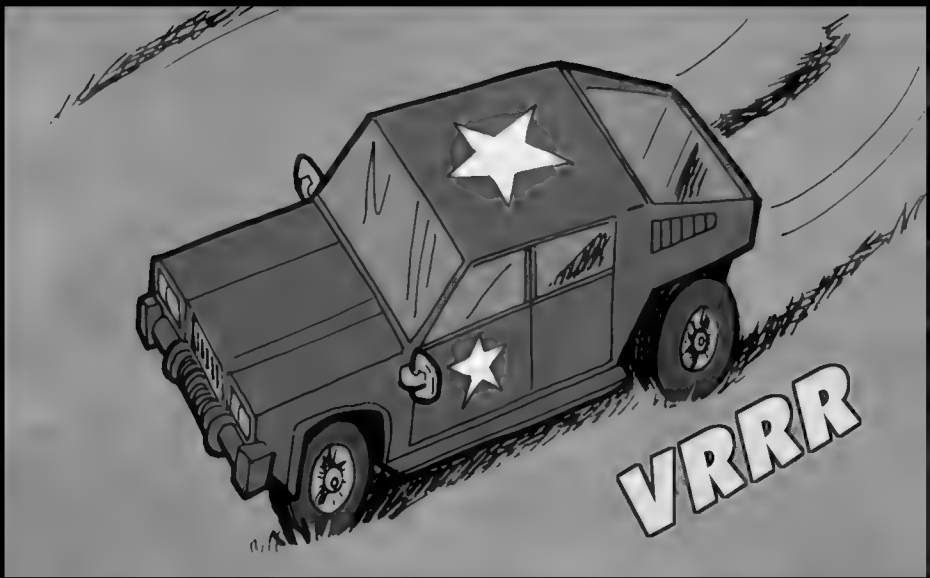




Is there anything we need to bring with us?



I think this book is the only valuable thing I have.



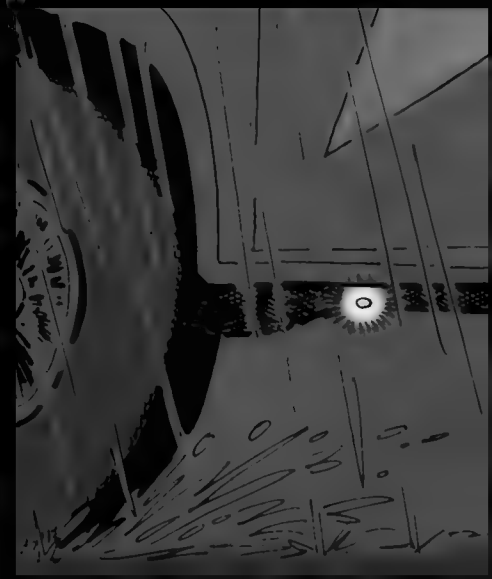
VRRRR

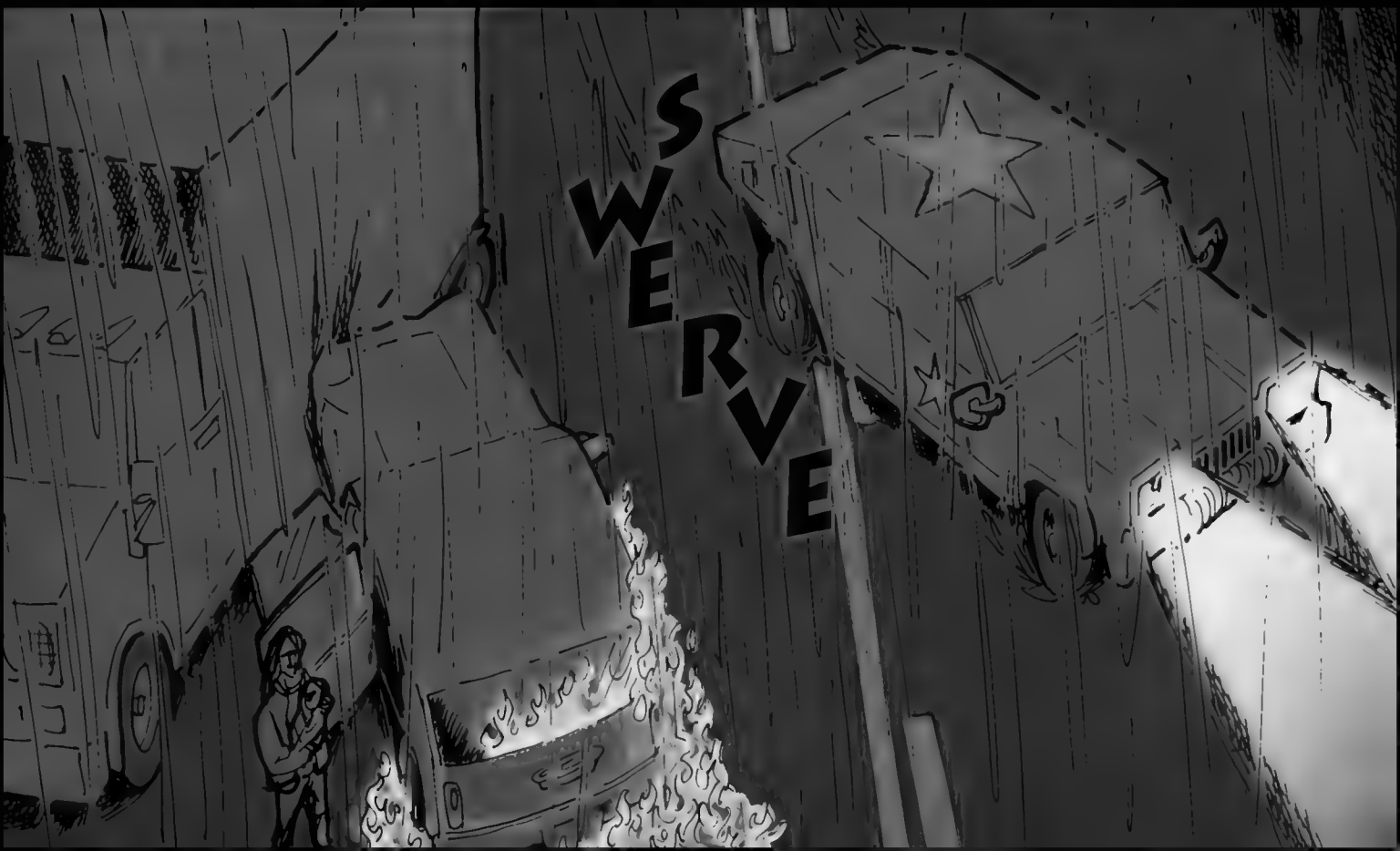
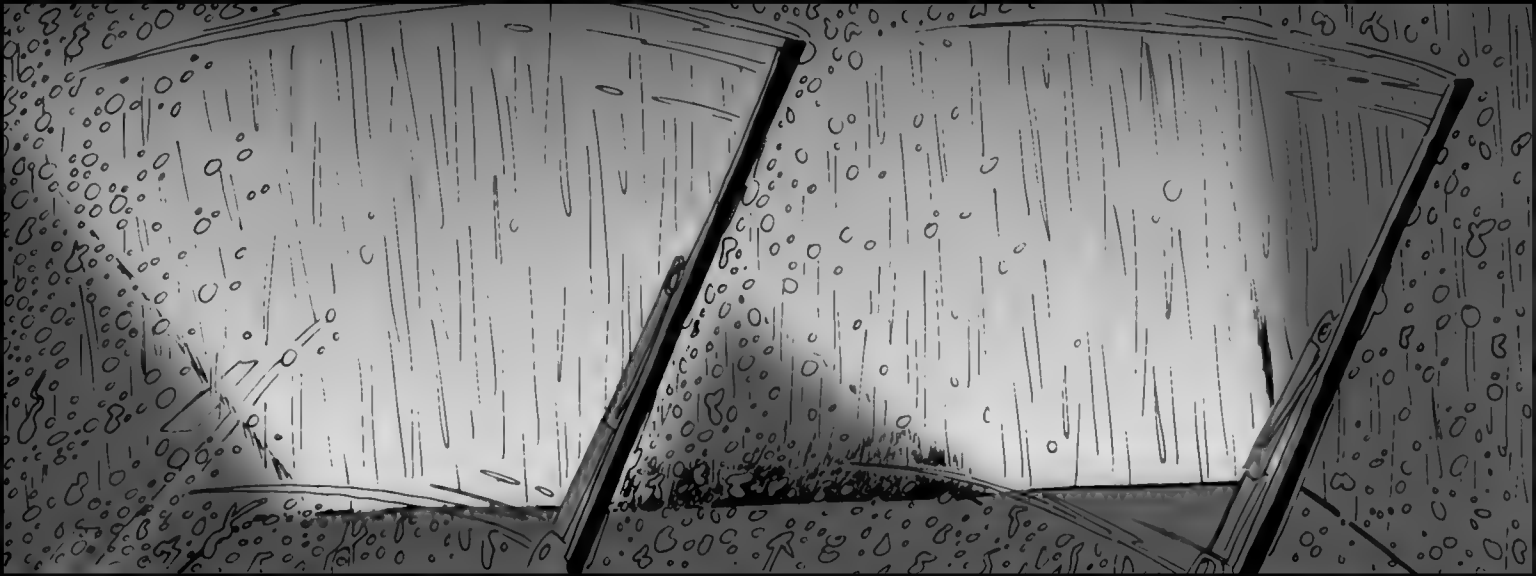


So where are we going?



I'm a journalist, remember? I know lots of people. We'll find somewhere. Don't worry. Also, with the stars on this thing, the local cops will leave us alone.



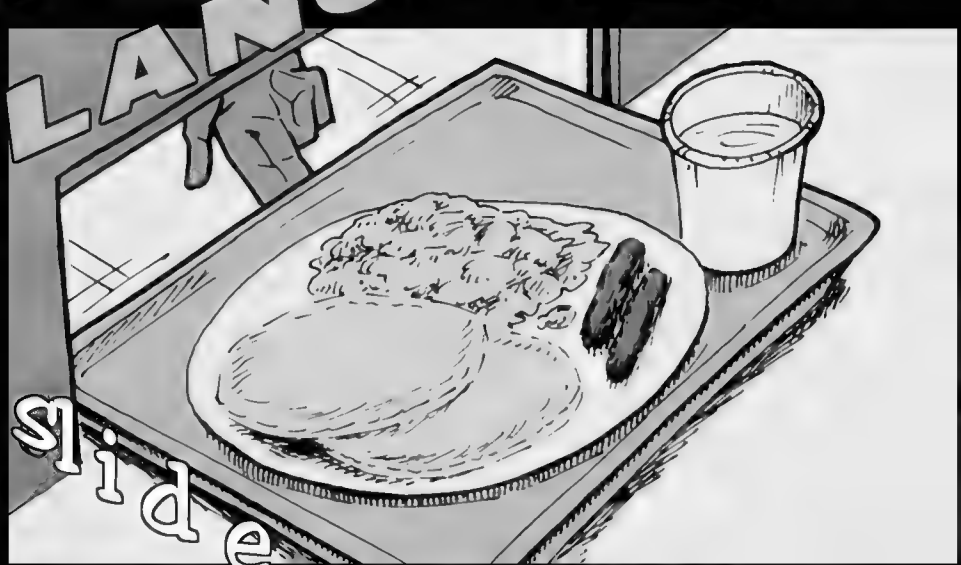
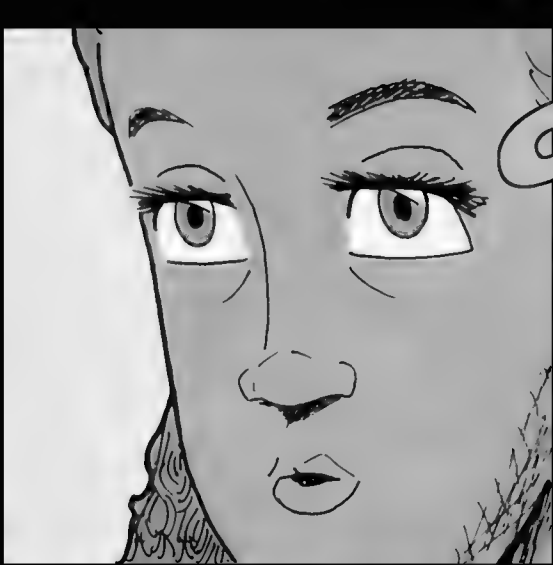












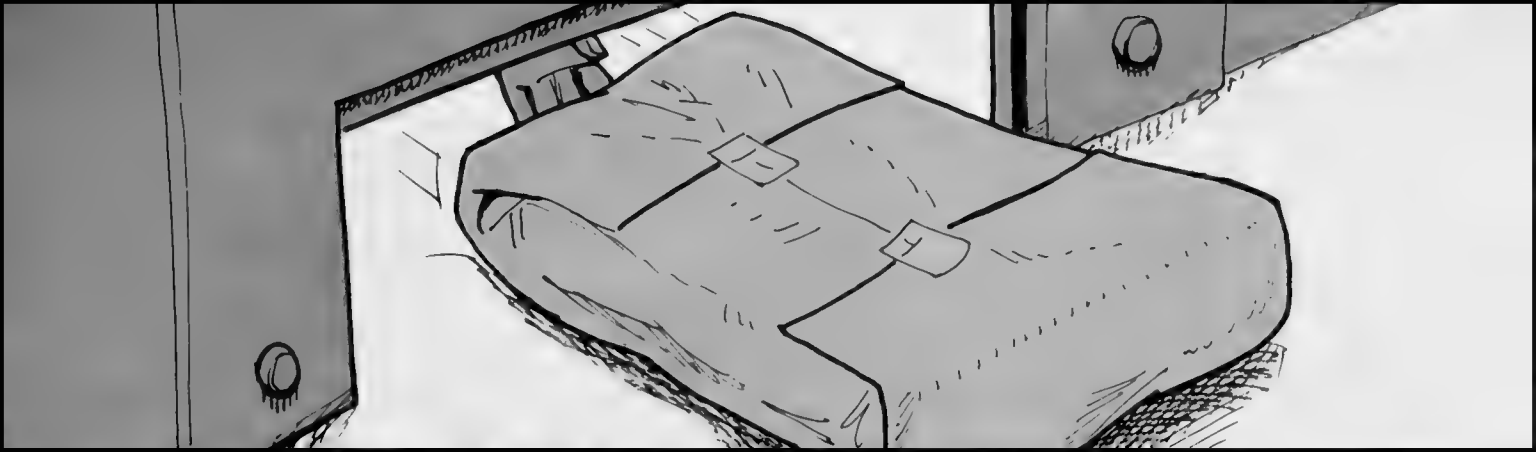


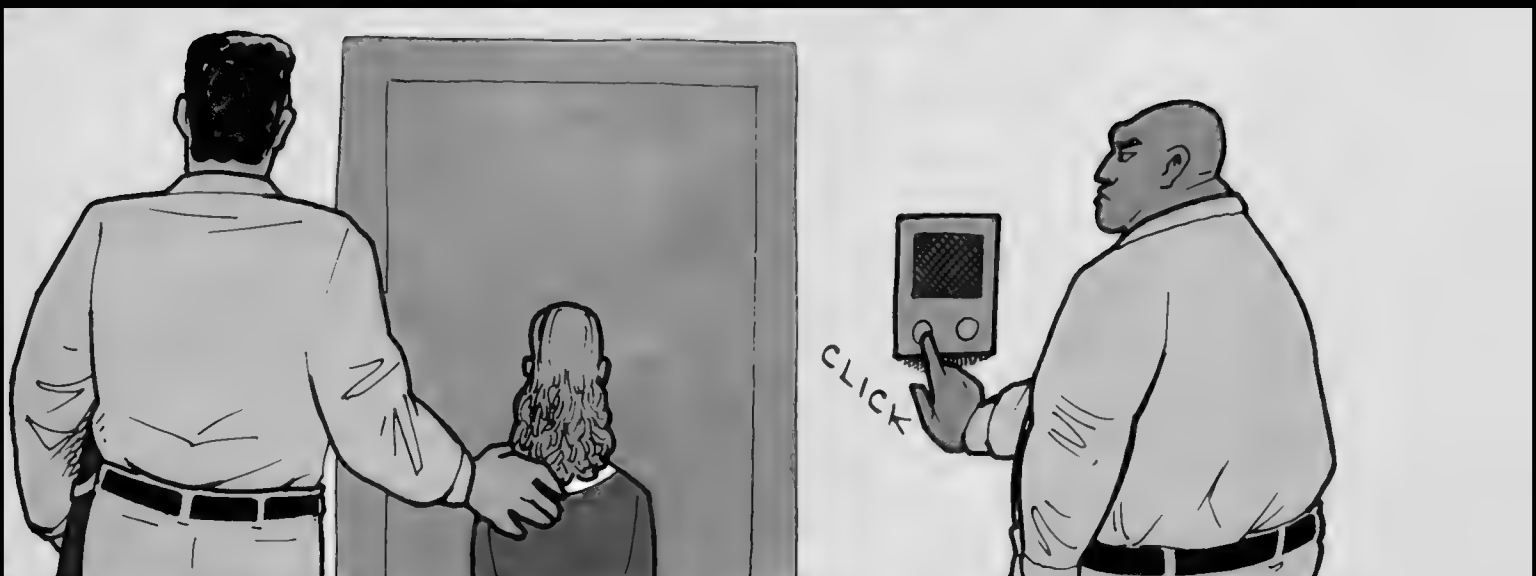
CLANG!













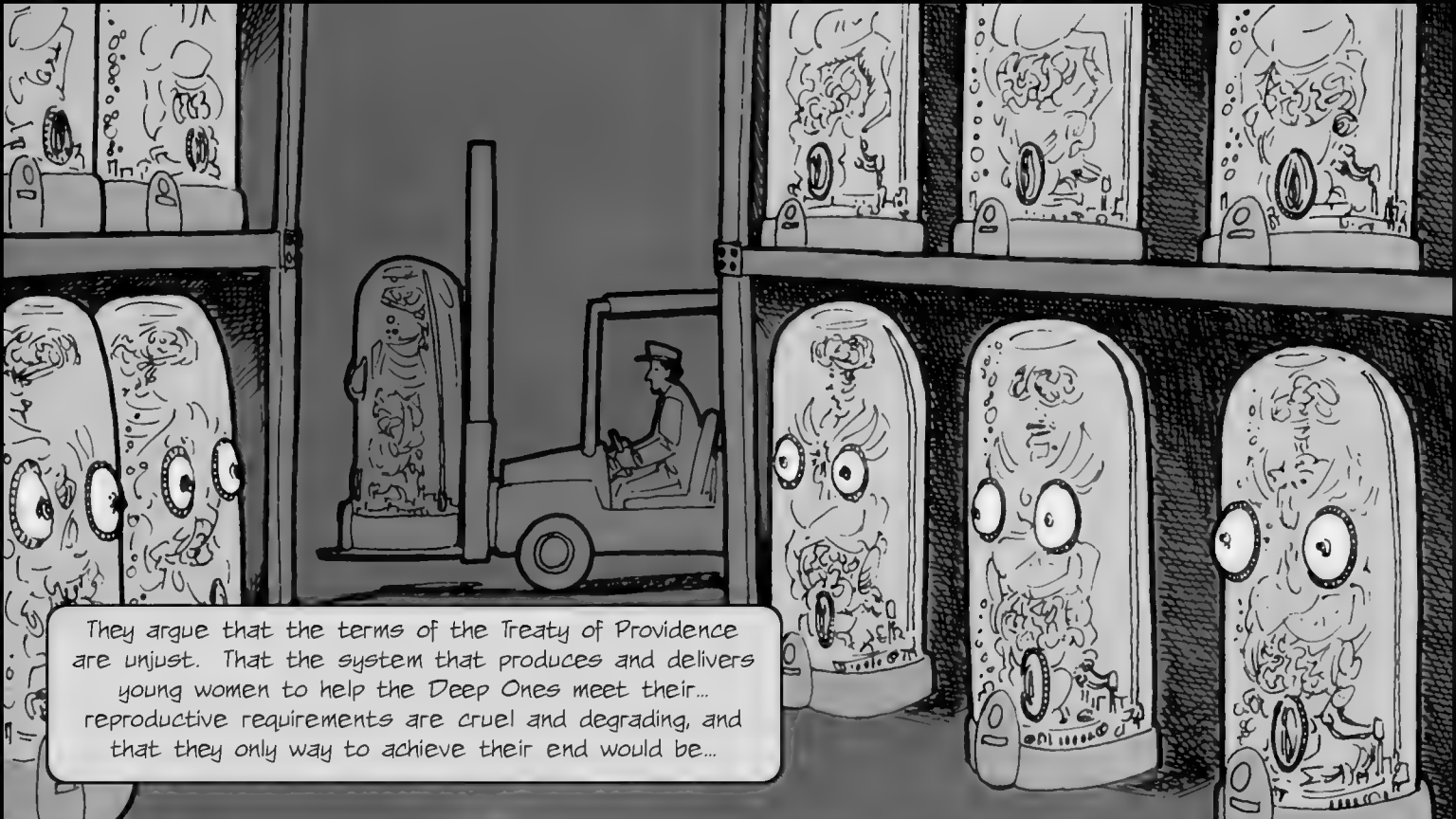


There are two reasons. First, you are here because humanity is at war. The Marine Peoples, or Deep Ones as some call them, have invaded a second time.

Why would they invade?

They believe a rogue faction of officers and scientists is developing a hydrogen bomb, a weapon so powerful that it would mean a threat to the Deep Ones even in their own realm; a violation of the Treaty of Providence, which has kept the peace between our races until now.

Why would they do such a thing?



They argue that the terms of the Treaty of Providence are unjust. That the system that produces and delivers young women to help the Deep Ones meet their... reproductive requirements are cruel and degrading, and that they only way to achieve their end would be...



They aren't wrong! I've seen the moving pictures of your so-called "surgical conversion." One of those young women would have been my sister!




I am sorry.
I am sorry for your sister,
and I am sorry because what
is now about to follow will be
even more difficult.




The second reason is because we believe you have figured out the workings of the Deep Ones' language. Is this true?






I've always had a knack for making sense of things. I taught myself to read on the plantation, you know. But still, what does this have to do with me?



Minnow, the war with the Deep Ones is going badly. We have managed to avoid making the obvious mistakes of our predecessors in the last war, and our weapons are better, but the Deep Ones themselves are very numerous, and they too have adapted. The generals and admirals whom I command have advised me that if things do not change, we might not last more than a few more months.



We need a negotiator. Someone who can speak the Deep Ones' language and try to get them to come to a new understanding. None of our finest diplomats or scholars has been able to do that so far. I know it's a hard thing to ask. I don't deny that you, your family, your whole people, have suffered unfairly. I can only ask you to try to look past that and understand that however bad things have been, they will be incomparably worse -- for everyone -- if this war does not end soon. And that is why I am asking for your help.





What about my mother and baby sister? Dr. Moore and Zoe?



They are all in custody, of course. But I assure you they have not been harmed and will not be, can be restored to liberty even, if you try to help us.



If I help you, will you end the system? The plantations, the operations... all of that?

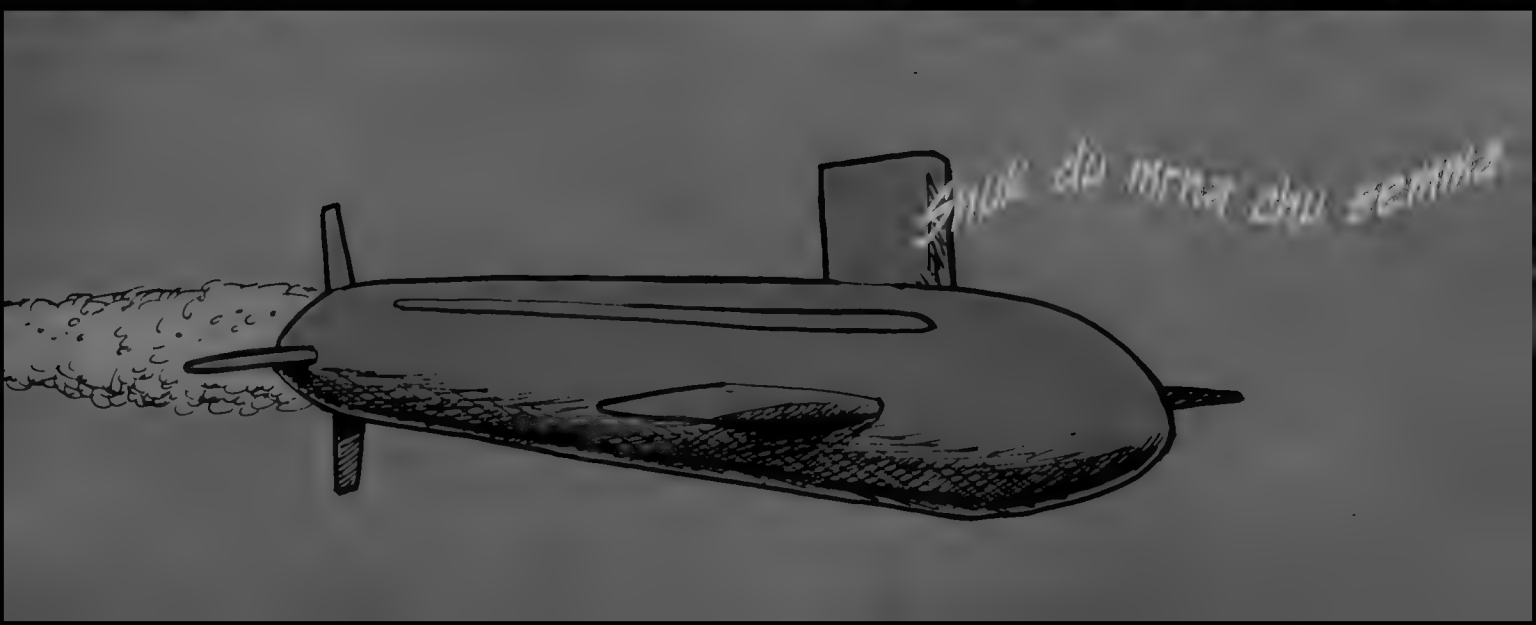
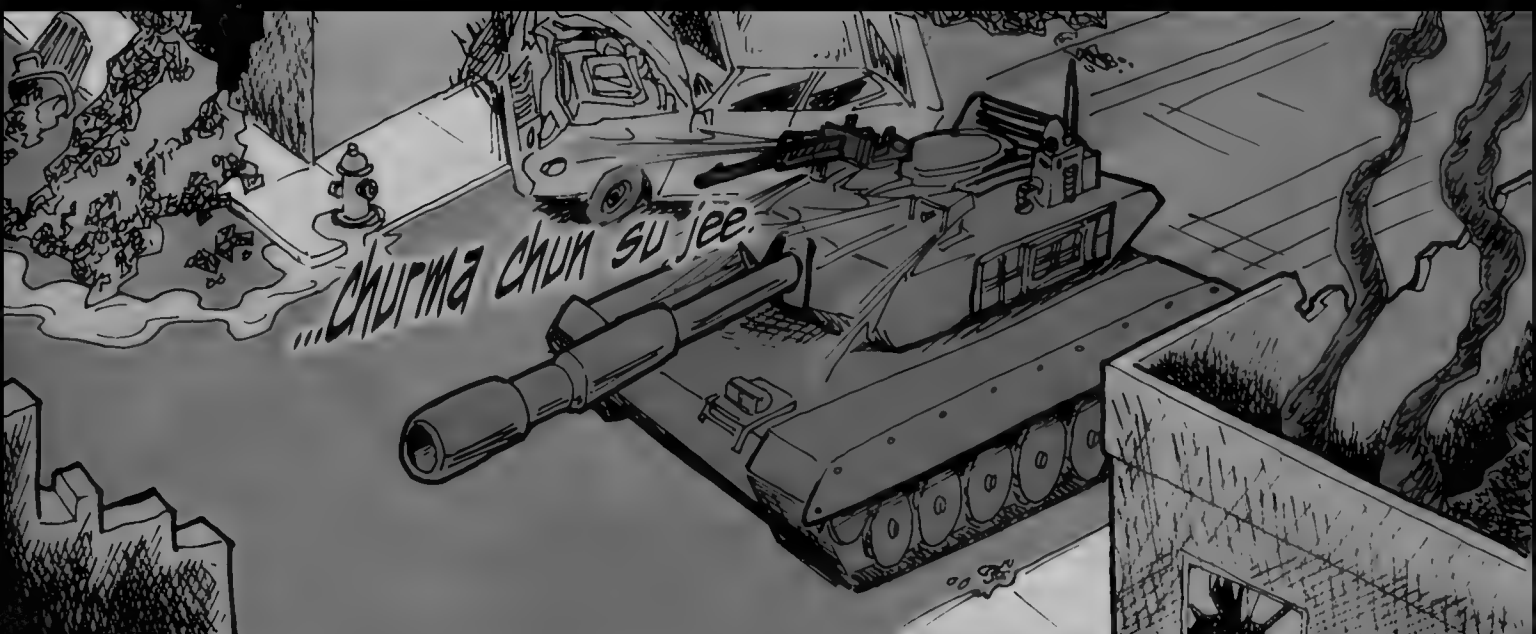


Those are conditions we face because of the demands of the Deep Ones. I don't deny that the system is unjust and cruel. I really don't. But sometimes the price of life is choosing the lesser evil. So unless you think that a different arrangement is possible...

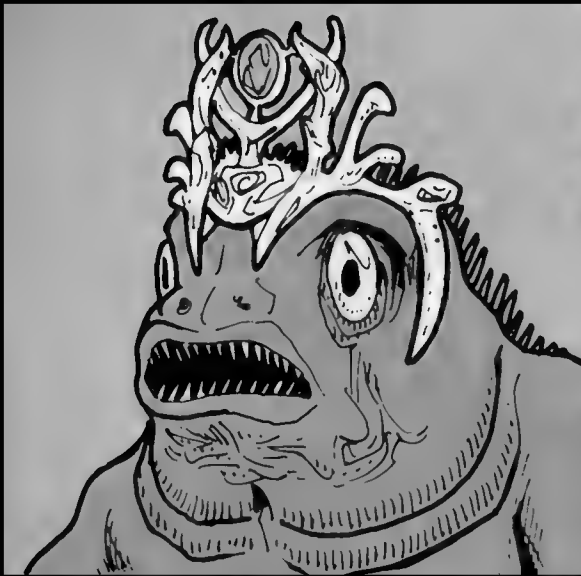


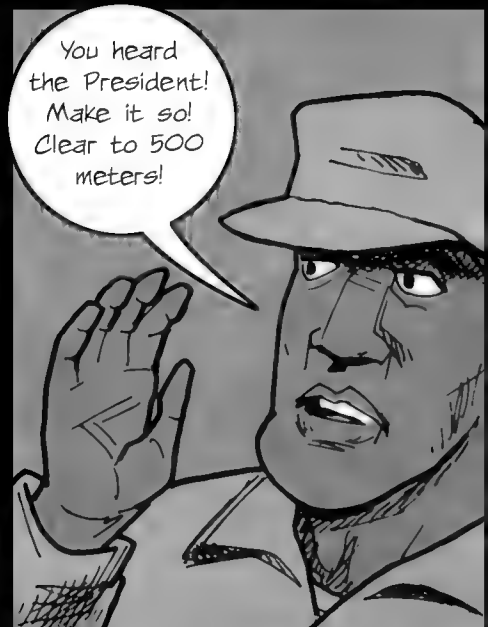
If you're willing to let me try to negotiate a different arrangement, then I will help you.





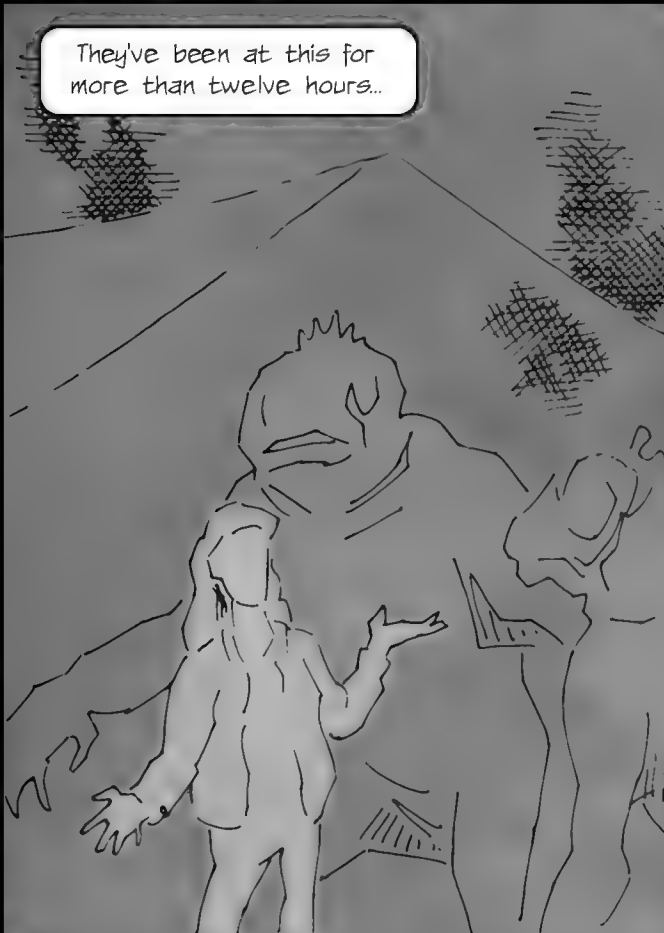








They've been at this for more than twelve hours...



Wait... They might have something...

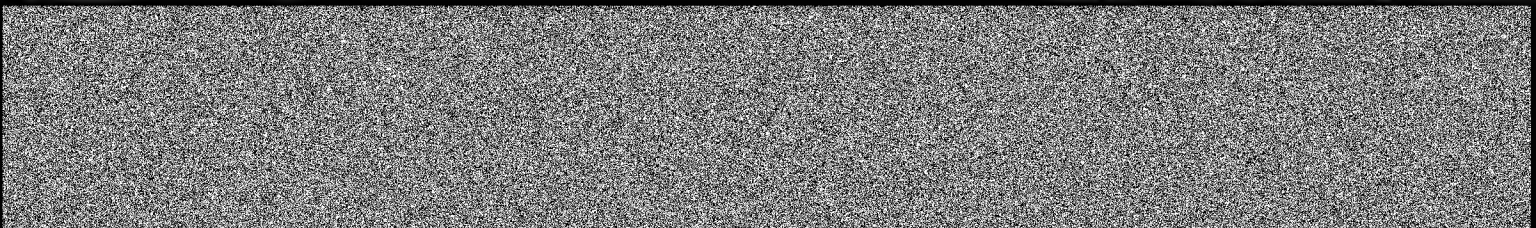


Minnow!
What happened?



There can be peace consistent with some changes in how our country works. I made notes.

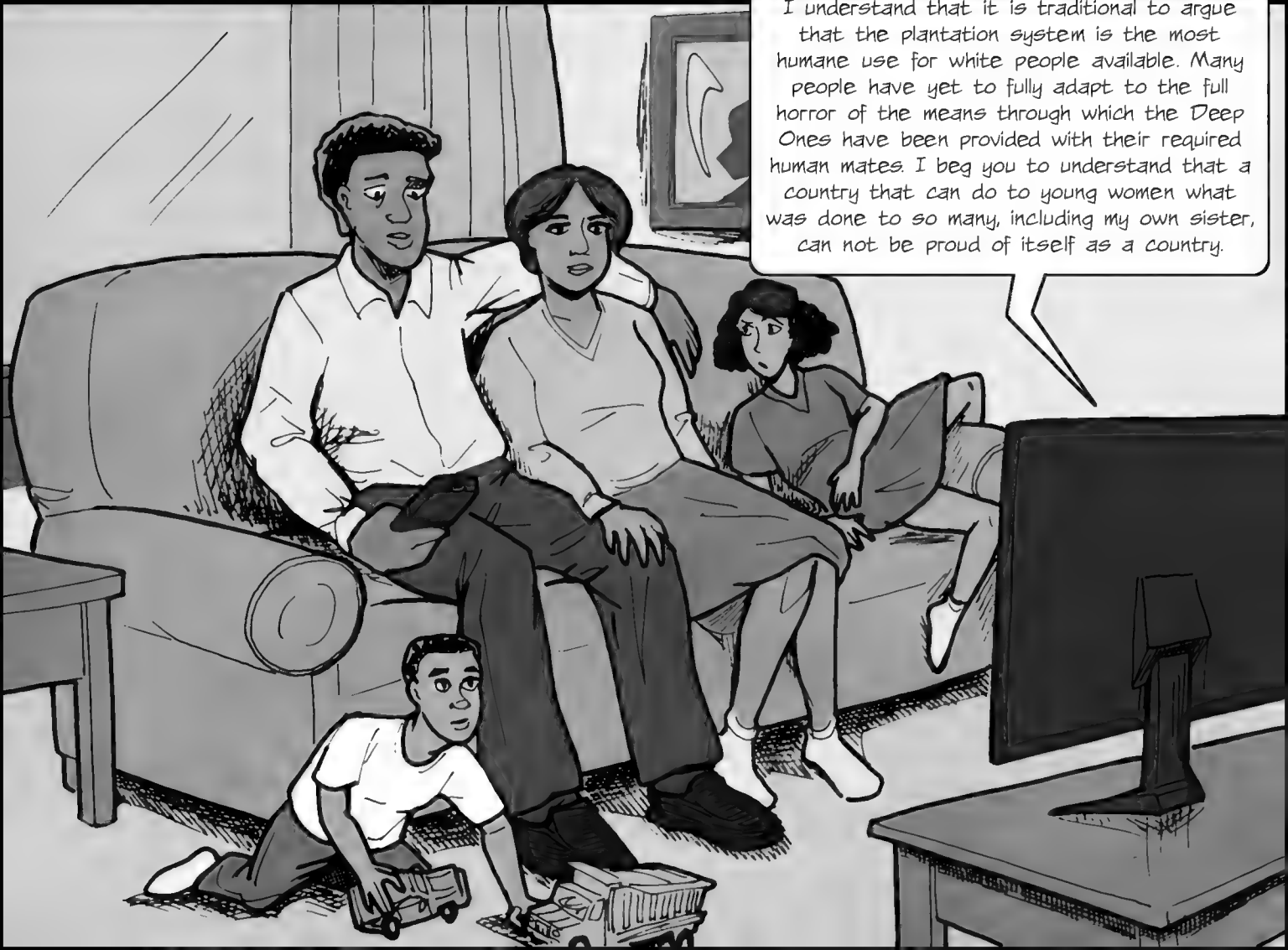


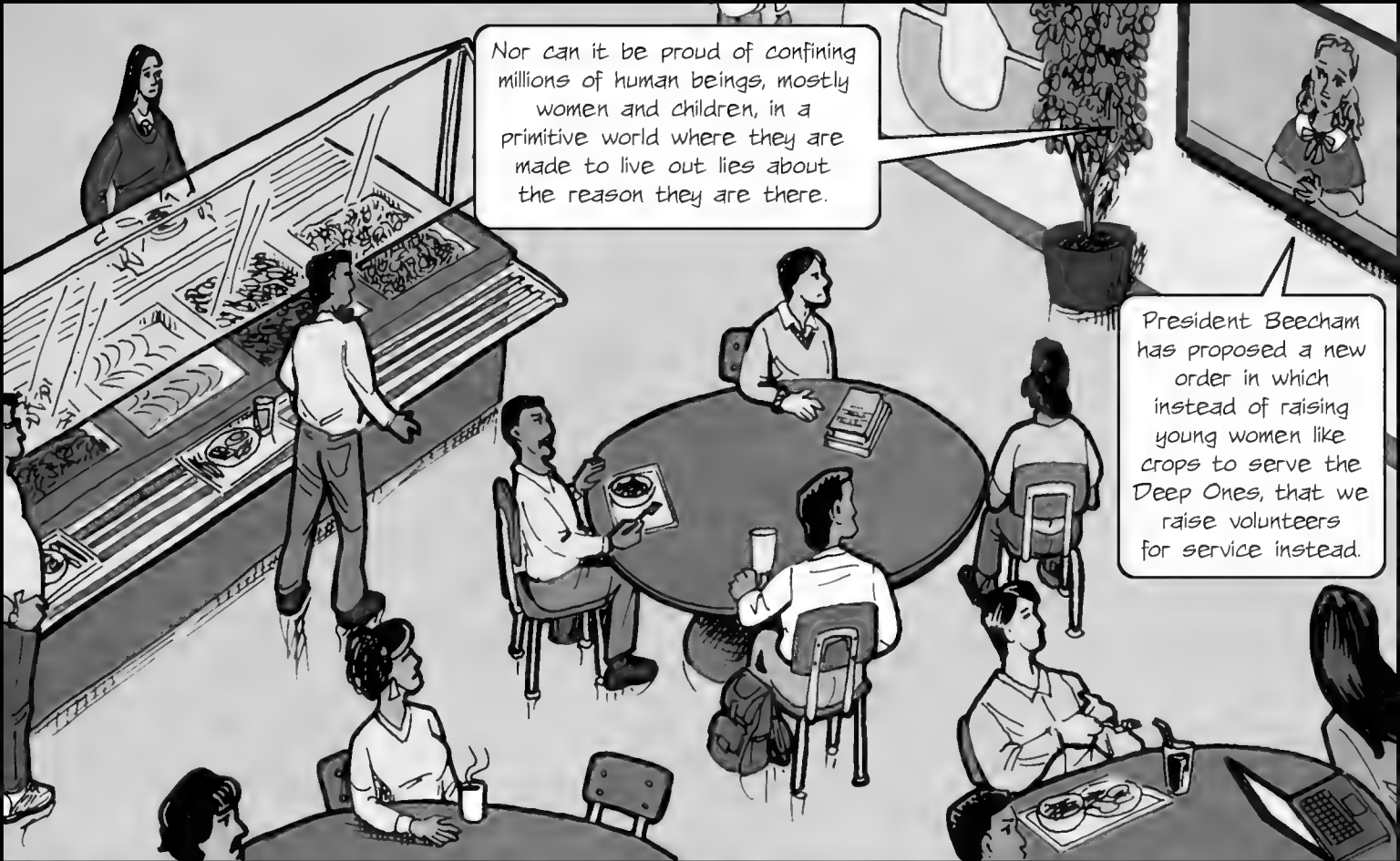


Thank you for tuning in to me tonight. My name is Minnow. I am a girl who grew up in the plantation system, but ended up working to bring about the armistice that now prevails between humanity and the Deep Ones. I am here tonight to discuss President Beecham's proposal to dismantle the plantation system and replace it with volunteer service.



I understand that it is traditional to argue that the plantation system is the most humane use for white people available. Many people have yet to fully adapt to the full horror of the means through which the Deep Ones have been provided with their required human mates. I beg you to understand that a country that can do to young women what was done to so many, including my own sister, can not be proud of itself as a country.





Nor can it be proud of confining millions of human beings, mostly women and children, in a primitive world where they are made to live out lies about the reason they are there.

President Beecham has proposed a new order in which instead of raising young women like crops to serve the Deep Ones, that we raise volunteers for service instead.

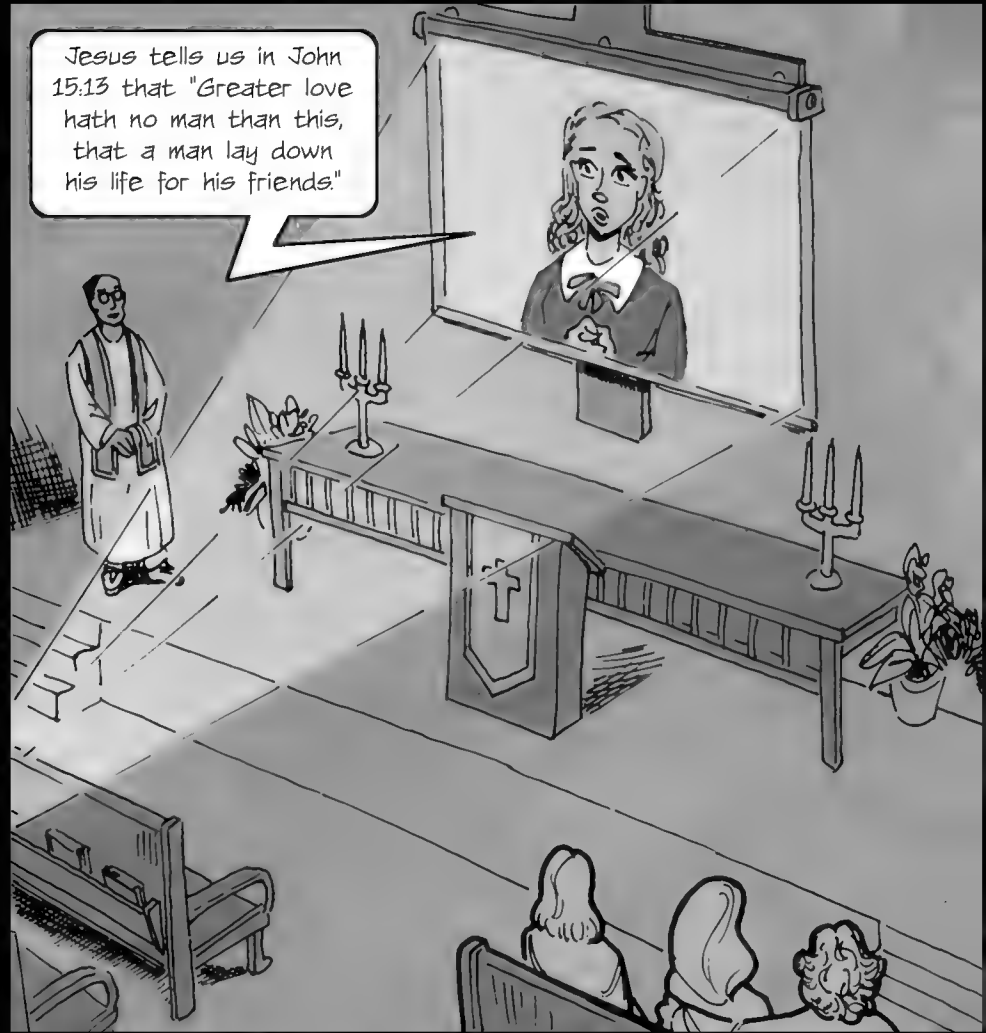


Their service would be like that of soldiers, who make sacrifices of their own wellbeing, perhaps even of their own lives, to defend their communities. The Deep Ones are willing to accept a new treaty under which permanent peace will be restored should their quota of mates be routinely met.



In calling for volunteers were are drawing on what is noblest in young women, the impulse to sacrifice to allow humanity to continue. Women have always faced death and suffering in childbirth, and without childbirth the human race would go extinct.

Jesus tells us in John 15:13 that "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."



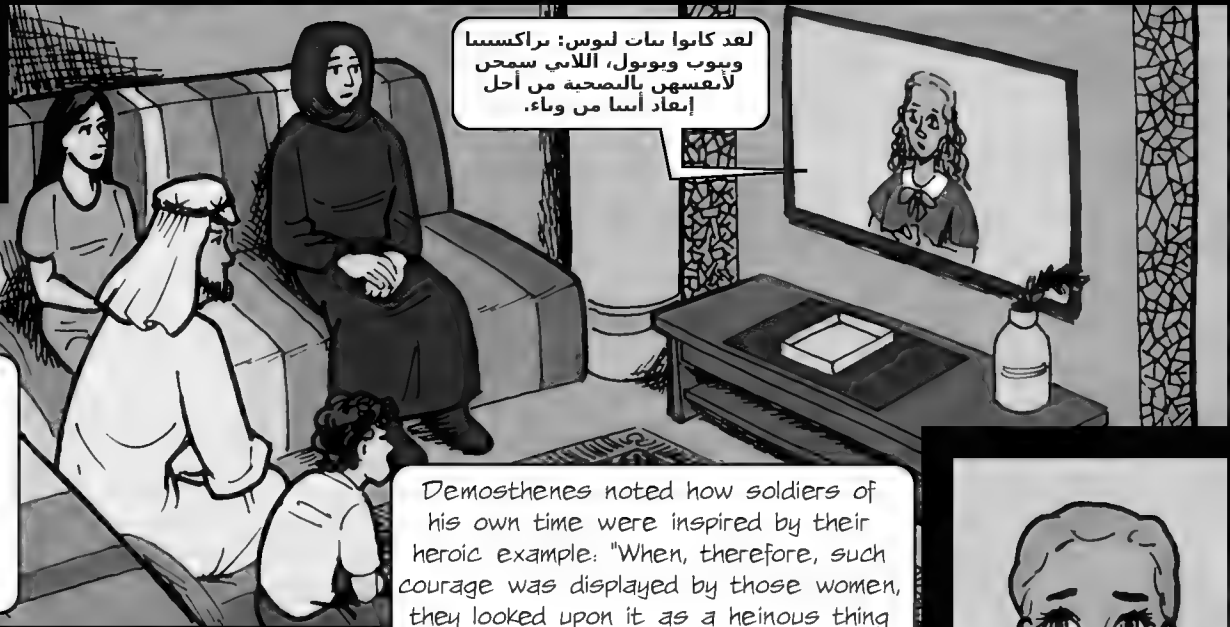
I would not want to amend Jesus, save to note that women who will lay down their lives for the rest of humanity must have at least as great a love as that.

2000年前、
ギリシアの弁論家デモステネスは、
戦死した兵士の葬儀で式辞を述べ、
アテネ出身の3人の若い女性を称えました。

Two thousand years ago, the
Greek orator Demosthenes
gave a funeral oration for fallen
soldiers in which he praised
three young women from Athens.



لقد كانوا بنات ليونس: براكسيثا
وبيبوب ويوبول، اللاتي سمحن
لأنفسهن بالصحية من أجل
إبعاد أسنا من وباء.



They were the
daughters of Leos,
Praxitheia, Theope, and
Eubule, who allowed
themselves to be
sacrificed to save
Athens from a plague.

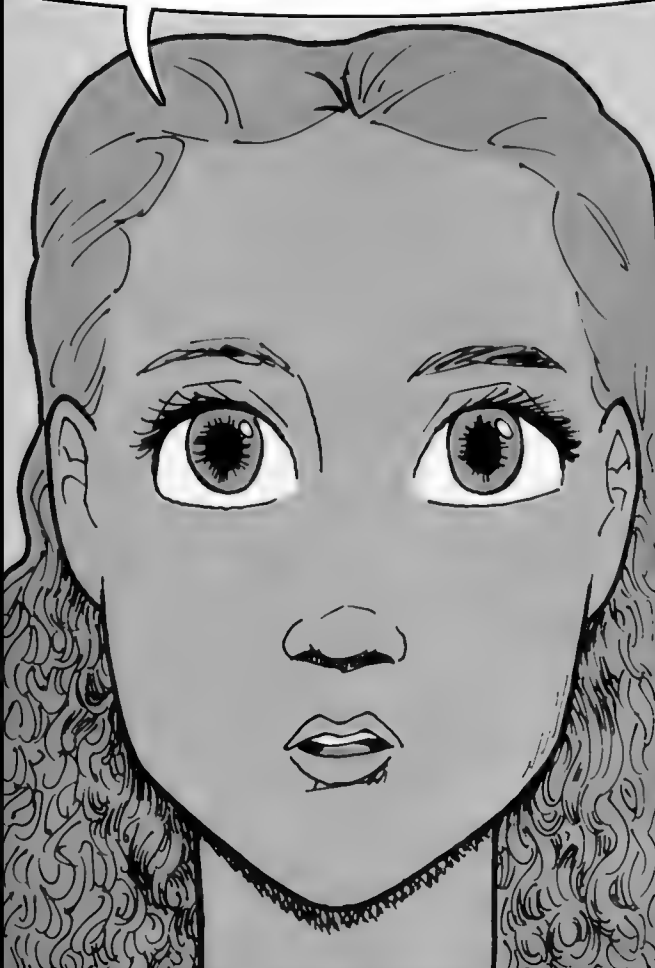
Demosthenes noted how soldiers of
his own time were inspired by their
heroic example: "When, therefore, such
courage was displayed by those women,
they looked upon it as a heinous thing
if they, being men, should have proved
to possess less of manhood."



Demóstenes destacó la manera en
que los soldados de su época se
sintieron inspirados por el ejemplo
heroico de ellas: "Entonces, cuando
aquellas mujeres mostraron
semejante valor, los soldados
consideraron que sería una
vergüenza si ellos, siendo hombres,
demostrarán tener menos hombría".



This service is not a disgusting thing. It is not an immoral thing. It is a **noble** thing.



And I would never ask anyone to do this thing if I were not willing to do it myself.

My conscience is clear, therefore, in calling for volunteers for Deep One service.



This morning I filled out my volunteer card, had a physical, and swore my oath.



VOLUNTEER BREEDER

**Deep Ones Procreative
Pact Member**

ID#: 00000001

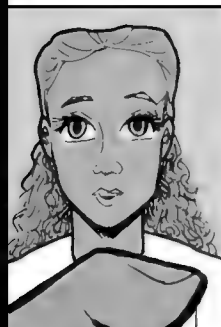
Minnow Johnson

DOB: 1/3/2014

P: 1A S: 1B R: 1A

CLASS: RRM2V10PS100

STATE DEPARTMENT ID



I am the first volunteer. I hope that there will be many to follow me. Thank you and good night.





I don't understand why you left us, Minnow. And I don't understand why you are leaving again.



I left because I had to, mama. I left because I had to know about the world and no one could or would tell me. And I have to leave again so Baby Laura can have a world to grow up in where she can know the truth about the world and not have to be... sacrificed against her will.



I don't think I can bear losing two little girls...



My service isn't forever. Only until menopause.

Meno... pause?

It's when a woman stops having her womanly flow when she's older.



Which means there is a time when I can come back.

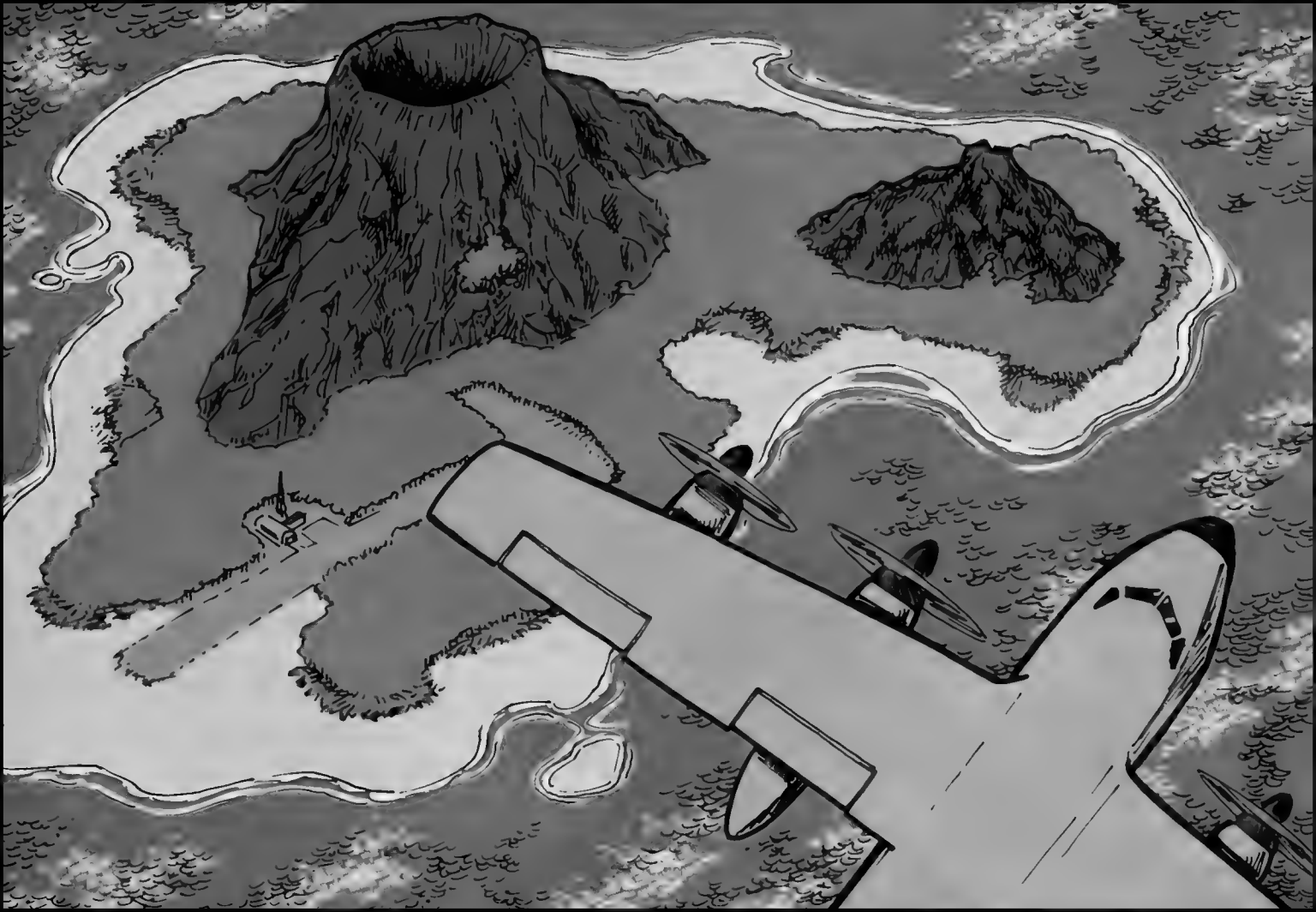
Think of that, Mama. I will come back one day.



And Laura will be all grown up by then. She'll have gone to school and know how to read and all. And she'll have both a little house of her own and babies of her own. And you and I will play with my little nieces and nephews. I can read them stories. You can cook.



I promise, Mama.
I will be back.





That's the last of them. We're on our own now.



Only brief stops for supplies and volunteers. Military personnel are otherwise banned from the island. The place is now ours. Or ours and theirs, anyway.



I can't believe you volunteered, Zoe. What about your career?

Someone has to keep my best friend out of trouble.



Okay, ladies, lets
move these supplies and
set up camp. We have a big
day tomorrow.

CLAP!
CLAP!

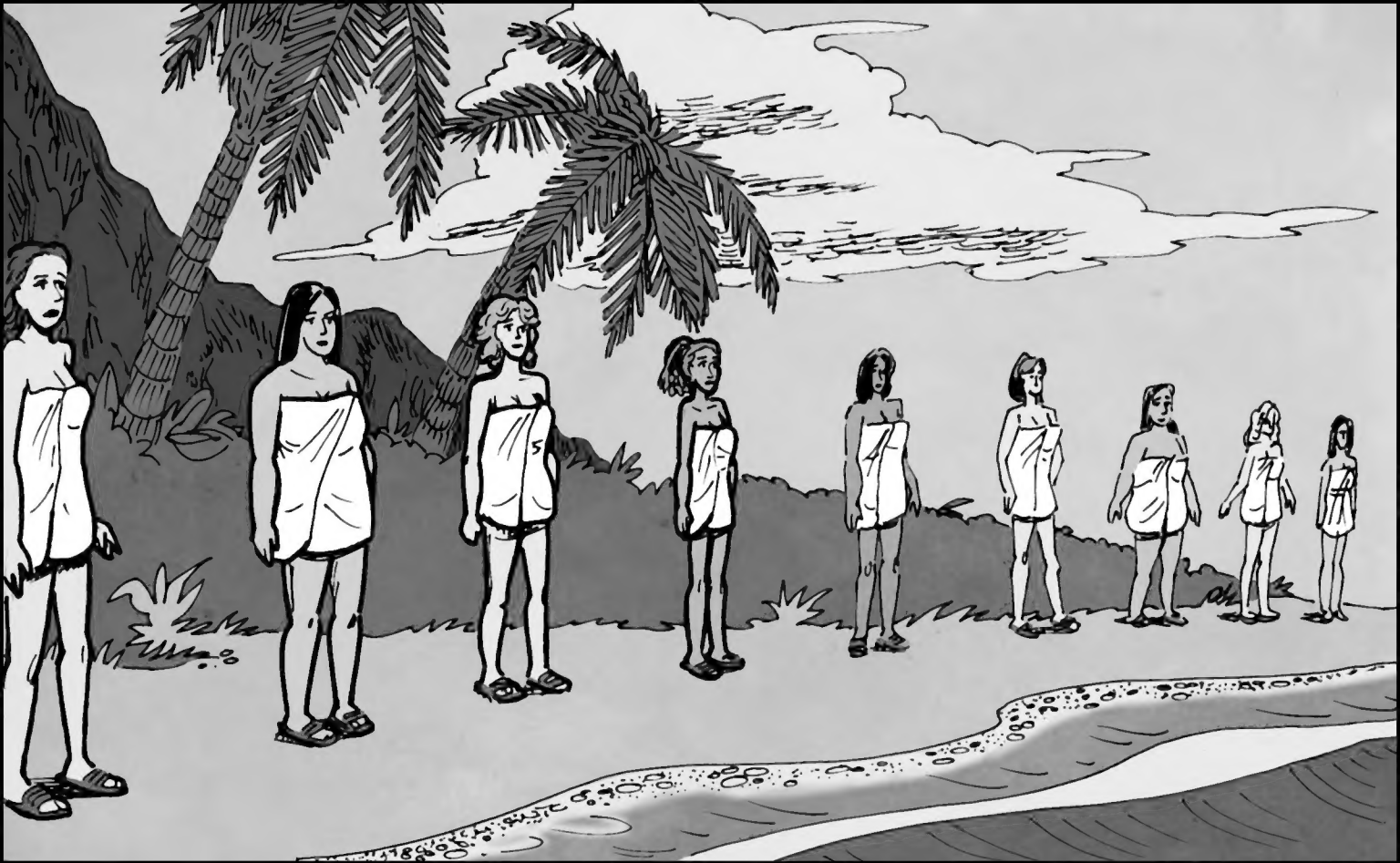


MAKE NEW FRIENDS, BUT KEEP THE OLD.

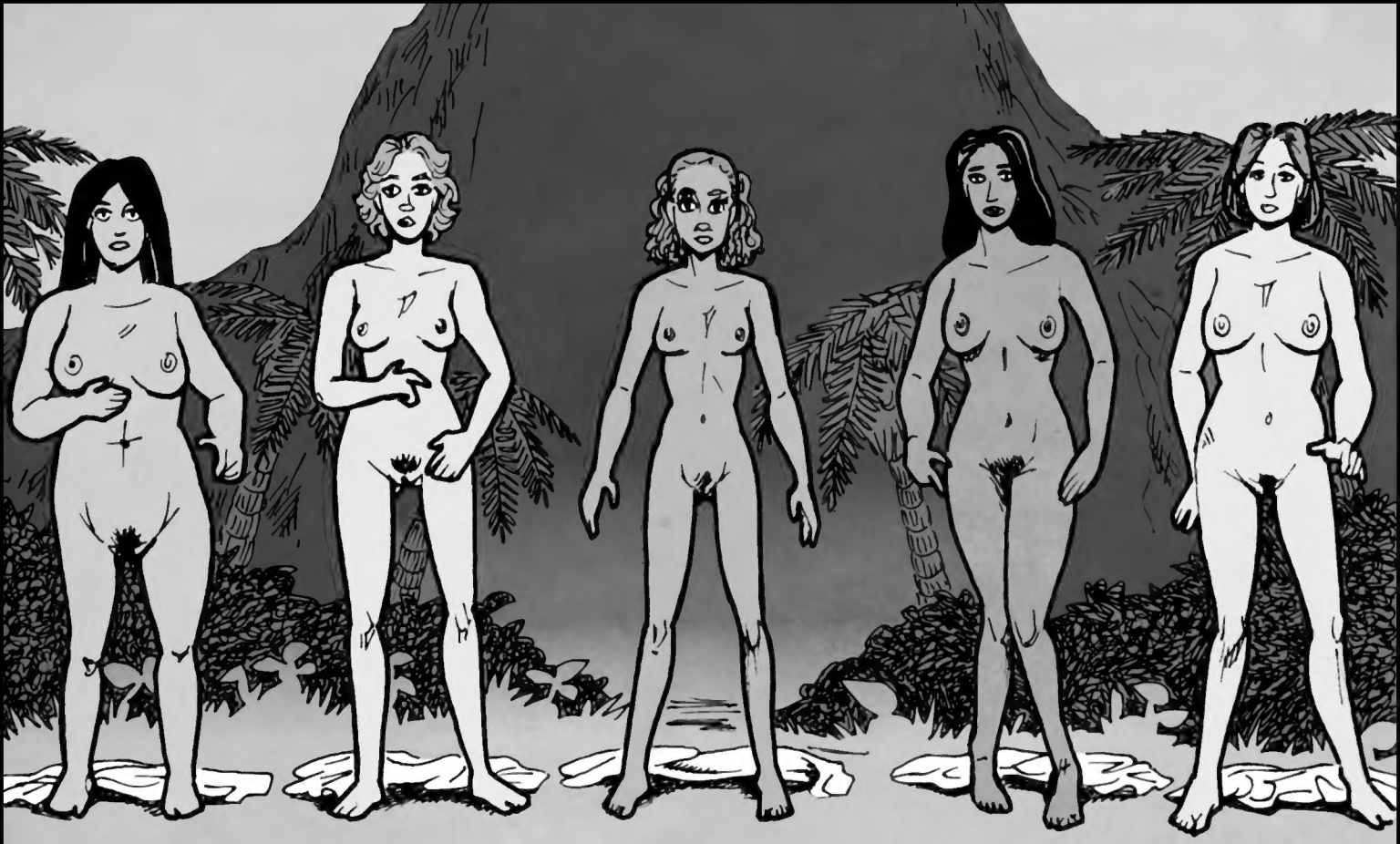


ONE IS SILVER, THE OTHER IS GOLD!











END